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June 20, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Corey Ford
Grantland Rice
Harris Dickson
Frank Condon
Arthur Somers Roche

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"*till* BREATH *do us part*"

Is the time coming when halitosis (unpleasant breath) will be legal grounds for separation? We hope not. There are too many grounds now.

Yet halitosis has already been listed as an act of "extreme cruelty." In another case, tried in the Chicago courts, it was set forth as the principal cause of a woman's unhappiness with her husband.

One thing is certain: There is no greater bar to pleasant business and social relations than unpleasant breath. It is the fault others won't forgive.

Don't offend others

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend won't tell you. Even when married, a man or woman hesitates to bring up this delicate subject.

One way to make sure that you are always free from halitosis is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Listerine instantly overcomes odors and leaves the breath and the mouth sweet, clean, and wholesome. Its amazing powers as a deodorant have been demonstrated in medical practice the world over.

Causes of halitosis

Every day, conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise in the mouth. Its common causes are: Fermenting food particles. Decaying Teeth. Teeth, natural or artificial, improperly cleaned. Digestive disorders resulting from excesses of eating or drinking. Too much smoking. Infections in the oral tract, such as pyorrhea, trench mouth, catarrh, and colds.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of Listerine's instant germicidal action, it halts fermentation and decay—each a cause of odors. Since it is, in addition, a swift, pleasant deodorant, it quickly gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it before any social engagement. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *ends Halitosis* {UNPLEASANT BREATH}

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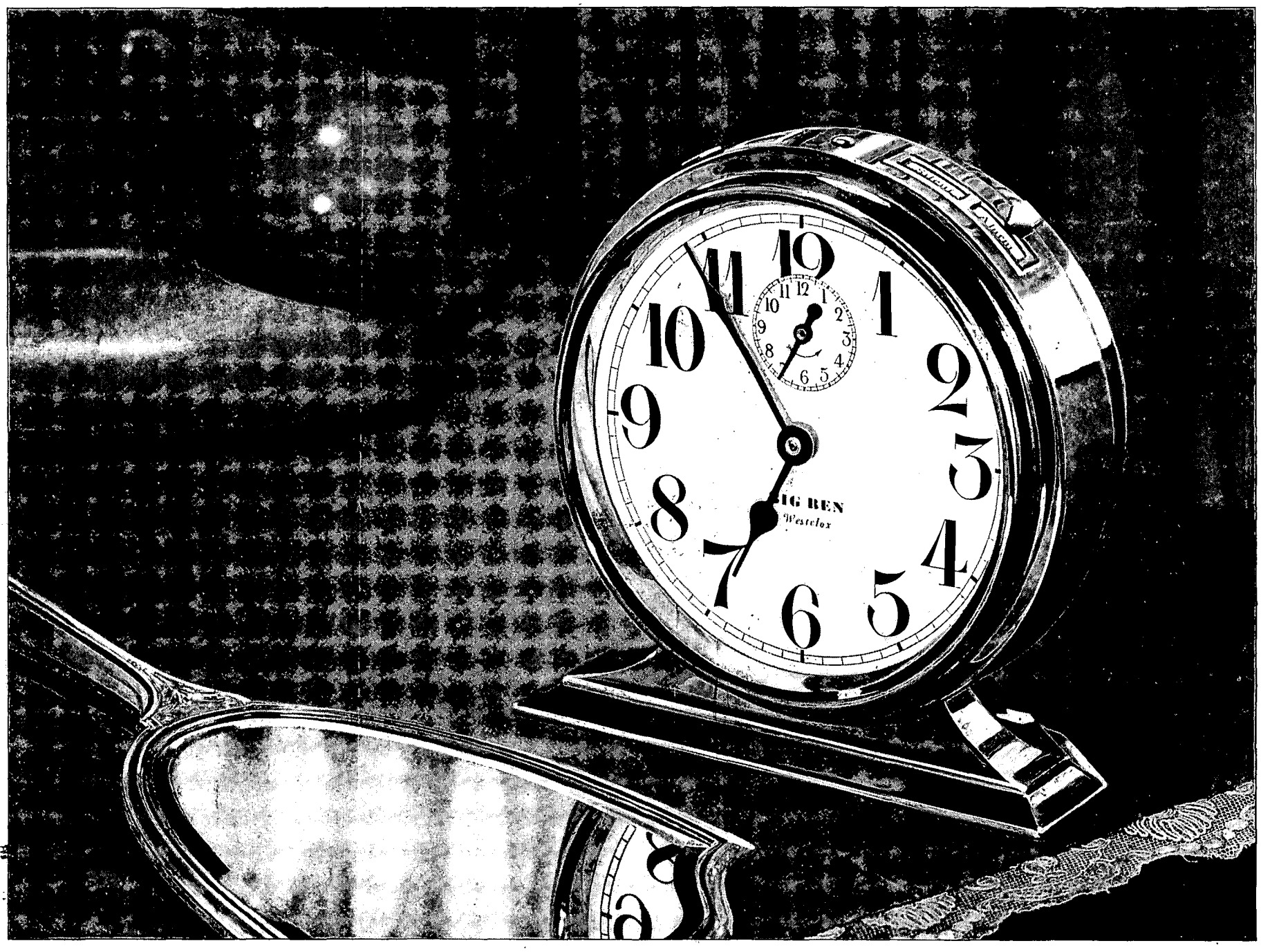
. . . TO LIVE BY THE TRUTH

No home can run smoothly if its daily routine is left to the whims of a battered old "guesser" clock... Discard that worn out alarm clock and resolve to live by the truth as told by the honest hands and face of Big Ben



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Collier's
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THIS WEEK

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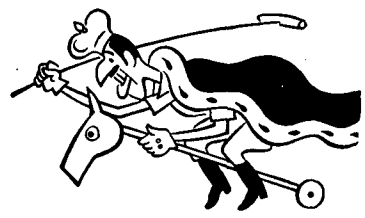
FEWER AND BETTER

Next Week

EVERY time we publish a serial by Sax Rohmer, doctors in every corner of the country write scores of prescriptions for insomnia; children, fascinated by the evil laughter of the head villain, cluster around loud speakers when Collier's program is on the air and newsstand men report that purchasers of the magazine forget their change and furtively glance behind them as they hurry home.

The effect of next week's story by Mr. Rohmer will be just as sharp but, since it is a short story and the mystery solved before you lay the magazine down, there will not be any marked difference in our national life. Merely a quickening of the pulse which will return to normal as Nayland Smith explains what happened to Mr. Henry Marsburg and then rise again as the villain is apprehended. For apprehend him we must, otherwise "The Mark of the Monkey" would alarm you and not, as we know it will, satisfy.



WAS Alfonso XIII a real ruler? Or was he merely an engaging polo-playing sportsman who happened to be a king? Did he think for Spain; or did he merely enjoy the pleasures of life without thinking too much about anything at all?

Mr. Winston Churchill, the British statesman who does many things and does most of them well, tells about the Alfonso he knows, king and man, in a graphic, penetrating article called "Unlucky Alfonso."

—

IF YOU were a quite young man and caught your father carrying on with a blonde we suspect that you would try to do something about it. Contrary to the ideas of a few sour commentators on human life, the young are sticklers for appearances and you would go first, probably, to remonstrate with the lady. Well, all right; go ahead but be sure you know what you're talking about. Wilbur Jones, in John Peter Toohey's story "The Blond Hussy" jumped at conclusions too quickly and see what a mess he very nearly made of things!

—

WHENEVER a drill hits a pocket and oil comes in, something else comes in with it. That's trouble. And that's also so certain you can bet on it.

Owen P. White's story of the oil field in Eastern Texas catalogs some of the many varieties of trouble that accompany oil. A few of them are funny, but usually there's not a laugh in a barrel. "Drilling for Trouble," he calls it. Nevertheless, anyone who thinks he can find trouble under our front yard is welcome to drill for it.

—

BUT vicarious trouble is the only kind you'll find in Collier's and not too much of that. Someone has to have a good time and it might as well be you, so let's get on with Frank Buck's yarn about animal midgets, Stephen Morehouse Avery's story, "It's Harder to Start from the Top," Courtney Ryley Cooper's short story, Arthur Somers Roche, W. R. Burnett, Grantland Rice and all the other entertainers.

Any Week

MR. ED ENGLE of Boston, who says he hasn't much to do just now, wants to know just how much he would have to do if he had the job of laying end to end all the copies of Collier's we distributed in 1930.

"Any details you want to throw in, such as how long it would take and how far I would travel," says he, "will be welcome."

We don't know how fast Mr. Engle works but he would have 116,910,212 copies of this superior magazine to lay, which means that he would have to travel 25,832 miles. In other words, starting at New York, girdle the world once and proceed on a second lap until he reached San Francisco. And even then he would have six or seven copies left over for relaxation after his exhausting chore.

—

ANYBODY raising the question: What of it? is referred to Miss L. C. Mander of Youngstown, Ohio, who optimistically notifies us that she voted for Al Smith and "in spite of all the slanders uttered against him" is going to do so again. Miss Mander will be glad to know that her loyal instincts are reflected in Mr. Harry Wein of Cleveland, Ohio, who says "if the Republicans are too yellow to nominate Mr. Hoover again I am in favor of nominating him on a third party ticket to be known as the Hard Luck Party."

—

WITHOUT any solicitation from us, Mr. Vergil Doremus of Lope Branch, Missouri, explains in some detail why "folks down my way get a sort of leaning towards the Dry Side." Reducing Mr. Doremus' argument to its essentials we find that residents of Missouri can "drink their likker and relish it too with anybody anywhere."

"But," says Mr. Doremus, "a man can't take on much of this Missouri Corn without somehow deciding afterward that maybe he could do worse than being without any. Mister, it skins you."

HAVE no fears for the morals of Mr. Henry Alweiler of Chicot, Arkansas. Mr. Alweiler sells newspapers and magazines. We asked him how Collier's appealed to his customers.

"If you got anything to do with that magazine," he said, "maybe you can tell me what you put into it to make it sell like a secret about a new preacher."

"Don't you ever read it?" we asked, surprised.

"No, sir," he said, "I don't. I'm a member of the church and I mistrust books and sich that sell quick and often. Things that people ought to read don't sell, and I always say that things that everybody wants to read is got something in them that a church member ain't got any right reading."

"What magazine do you read?" we inquired.

"I don't read none," he said, mournfully. "I don't get none I'd read. Nobody would buy any."

Due, however, to our remarkable persuasiveness we left Mr. Alweiler reading his first Collier's.

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WHAT A BUSINESS MAN SHOULD KNOW TO ADD $5000 A YEAR TO HIS INCOME

WE should like the privilege of sending you a little book which contains a chart of the range of knowledge a business man must have to increase his income $5,000 a year.

This chart will be of interest to every ambitious executive, no matter what his particular line of business may be. The man to whom business will pay its greatest rewards in the next five years is the one who understands the fundamental business principles which this chart covers.

This matter of adding to your income is not entirely a matter of brains. Not a matter of pull. Not even a matter of long experience.

Has the man who makes twice your salary got twice your intellectual ability? No. Has the man who makes $25,000 a year got five times as much brains as the man who makes $5,000? By no means.

Over a period of more than twenty years, the Institute has proved, in case after case, that very little is required to give the average business man that additional something that adds from $5,000 to $10,000 a year to his salary.

A shorter road to financial independence

The Institute does not claim that its training will turn failures into successes. It does not claim that the Course and Service will make a man successful who would fail otherwise. What it does claim is that its training helps men prepare themselves for bigger responsibilities in a shorter time than is possible without it.

Here are just a few of the examples of increased income that our subscribers have told us about in the last few months. Their names are all on file at the Institute.

SUBSCRIBER A.
Was Works Engineer at $4,200.
Now Vice-President and General Manager at $18,000.

SUBSCRIBER B.
Was Manager at $3,600.
Now Regional Manager at $15,000.

SUBSCRIBER C.
Was Production Manager at $4,800.
Now President at $21,600.

SUBSCRIBER D.
Was Business Manager at $7,500.
Now General Manager at $20,000.

The most valuable equipment a business man can have

Institute training gives you the most valuable equipment a business man can have—a knowledge of the fundamental principles of all departments of business.

It teaches you the up-to-date methods of successful men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000 and more.

It gives you new and valuable ideas—ideas that speed sales, ideas that cut costs, ideas that will increase the net profits of your company.

The Institute gives you a margin of superiority over your competitors that means an astounding difference in earning power. The story of Institute training is the story of salaries doubled and tripled in a few short years. It is the story of men rising to positions of large responsibility while they are still young enough to enjoy their success. It will be particularly worth your while to send *now* for "What an Executive Should Know." Besides the chart, it contains the facts about the much-talked-of new series of Business Courses recently announced by the Institute.

Famous contributors

The importance of these new Courses can hardly be exaggerated. So new that they are not yet off the presses in their entirety, these Courses number among their contributors the outstanding business leaders of today. Among them are: Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President, General Motors Corp.; Hon. Will H. Hays, President, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, formerly U. S. Postmaster General; Bruce Barton, Chairman of the Board, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; Dr. Julius Klein, The Assistant Secretary, U. S. Department of Commerce; Frederick H. Ecker, President, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; Hubert T. Parson, Pres., F.W.Woolworth Company—and many others.

Write for your copy of the booklet *today*.

SEND FOR THE FACTS

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 480 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

.....

BUSINESS POSITION.....

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

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Catch *all* their musical team-work with *new radio tubes*

The Revelers . . . one of the greatest musical teams ever assembled . . . each one has a marvelous voice . . . but it's their team-work *that makes them great. Don't let worn-out radio tubes spoil their close harmony. Replace your old tubes with new RCA Radiotrons* today!

WITH inferior radio tubes, even the finest radio set simply will not yield its true tone beauty. For years, leading radio manufacturers have recommended that you use RCA Radiotrons. Also, 200 big broadcasting stations use RCA Radiotrons. For thrilling radio entertainment, insist that the new set you buy be equipped with RCA Radiotrons . . . look inside the cabinet, and make sure! When you replace worn-out radio tubes, be certain you get RCA Radiotrons . . . look for the RCA trademark on the red and black cartons. Inside the RCA Radiotron cartons you'll find the printed *guarantee* of RCA! Remember, RCA Radiotron prices have been greatly reduced.

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC. • • • HARRISON, NEW JERSEY
A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

Beware of worn-out tubes!

Even a single worn-out tube can spoil your reception. Remember—the eye can't tell the difference between a good tube and a worn-out tube. So today . . . have your radio dealer test your old tubes. New RCA Radiotrons will put new life in your radio.

RCA RADIOTRONS

The heart of your radio

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The story of a sheriff who could tell black from white—even while working in the dark

McQuestion Rides

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by J. W. Schlaikjer

WHEN Matt McQuestion came through the throat of the low pass and paused to regard the ranch below he already had made a thorough and unobserved survey of the roundabout hills; and there was in him a rising belief that the man he wanted—a legal John Doe whose face he never had seen—was at present sheltered down there.

Proceeding down the slope, Matt McQuestion observed all things with the senses of an old hunter. A sodden, cloud-congested sky lent an uneasy dimness to the day, and the wind ripped wildly against higher trees to create the fury of some vast cataract pouring into a chasm. Faintly through this sounded the beating of the ranch triangle, announcing noon; a pair of riders cantered homeward from an opposite slope. House and outbuildings seemed to crouch beneath the tempest and in a distant hillside corral a bunch of horses stood passively dejected, backs humped and tails driven between their legs. As McQuestion drew beside the house porch a stout and florid man emerged.

"Light an' come in!" he bellowed. "Judas, what a day to fare forth! Lonny—come, take this horse to the barn!"

BUT the rider kept his place until he had observed the necessary amenities. "My name," said he, "is Matt McQuestion, sheriff of the county."

"Heard of you and mighty pleased to have you drum your knuckles against my door!" shouted the ranchman. "I'm French Broadrick! You're just in time to eat! Get down, sir, get down! We're too condemned polite for good health! Lonny, take the horse!"

McQuestion dismounted then, surrendered his pony to an appearing puncher and, at Broadrick's continued gesture, moved inside. Crossing to the bright maw of a fireplace, he stripped off slicker and hat while Broadrick kicked the door shut. The boom of the storm diminished to an endless muttering groan about the eaves, a table lamp thrust lanes of topaz light against the false shadows, and from some other part of the house rose a clatter of dishes. Broadrick rubbed his hands in front of him with a

There was a set rage on his cheeks and his mouth framed some round, violent word. Deliberately he slapped the other

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gusty, growling satisfaction and though there was now no need to raise his voice against the storm it had an unruly manner of smacking into the silence. "Mighty pleased to have you as a guest, Sheriff. Our trails have often crossed but this is my first pleasure of meetin' you in the flesh. Right ahead of you, sir, is the dinin'-room door."

THE sheriff went through it and paused, at once becoming the target of a sudden scrutiny from eight men and a girl seated around the table; and as he stood there he seemed very little like a law officer who had spent the major part of his life in an exceedingly rough country. Dressed in neat black, he made a distinctly genteel, clerk-like appearance. Though tall, there was a worn fragility about him and the slight stoop of age. His wrists were thin, the hollows of neck and cheek considerably accented and a gaunt Adam's apple terminated a series of thoughtful features rendered almost melancholy by the presence of a drooping, silver-streaked mustache. A pair of mild blue eyes met the general stare diffidently and fell without seeming to have observed much of the scene.

"My crew," said Broadrick. "And my daughter, Marybelle. Boys, the sheriff. Be good now, blast you. Sheriff, the chair at my right."

McQuestion bowed slightly and sat down, observing the sharper interest of those at the table when his profession was mentioned. The girl sitting opposite him smiled and as this sudden light broke across her candid, boyish face there was a flash of spirit that at once commanded McQuestion's instant adherence. She was no more than twenty, unmarked as yet by the sadness of the sheriff's world. Pale gold hair ran softly above fair temples; and in the firm, fresh lines of shoulder and breast was the hint of a vital fire that would one day burst from its prison. She spoke with a lilting, melody-making voice: "Who could be bad enough to bring you out in weather like this, Sheriff?"

"Outlaws," said the sheriff, "always pick poor weather."

"You're on that kind of business?" asked French Broadrick.

McQuestion marked the pause of sound at the table. And because he was by inclination a poker player on an errand requiring the finesse of poker strategy, he let his words fall distinctly into the calm: "I'm lookin' for a man who passed this way about a week ago, wearin' butternut britches and ridin' a stockin'-legged strawberry."

THE deep silence held. There was no reaction from the men although Matt McQuestion's mild glance unexpectedly ranged down the table, no longer diffident. French Broadrick offered a platter of beef to the sheriff, still casually jovial. "What crime?"

"Murder," said the sheriff bluntly.

"Murder?" grunted Broadrick, easy humor vanishing. "Murder, you say?" His big shoulders advanced on the sheriff. "Or justifiable homicide? There's a difference between the two things."

It was on the sheriff's tongue to explain the case but he checked the impulse. For he knew at that moment logic and instinct had made one of their infrequent unions. His man was on the ranch; more, his man was within the room. The knowledge came not from any overt signal or from the faces of the punchers who sat dull and stiff around him. It came from Marybelle Broadrick. At the word "murder" she flinched visibly. Her head came up and turned toward the crew, to be the next instant drawn back as if warned by an inner voice that this was betrayal. She stared now at McQuestion, plastic features losing color, rigidly still, and a mutely agitated query moving in her widening eyes. But this too was betrayal and she looked into her plate, hands withdrawn from the table.

French Broadrick spoke again, ruddy cheeks broken by concentric, scowling lines. "Murder or justifiable homicide, Sheriff?"

"Might be an argument in that," replied McQuestion, lying gravely. The girl's eyes lifted and touched him once more. He saw hope faintly replace bewilderment.

"What's his name?" pressed Broadrick.

"On the warrant it appears as John Doe."

"You don't know him?" said Broadrick, surprised.

"Never met the man. It's a blind chase after a stranger in the county. But the circumstantial evidence against him is mighty strong and there's a couple men who saw him from a distance when he was on the run."

"How in thunder do you expect to find him?" Broadrick wanted to know.

"One item is the horse."

"Which he could soon swap for another," countered Broadrick.

"The butternut pants," mused McQuestion.

"He's probably thrown 'em away," said Broadrick. "What's left? Nothing, it seems to me. I'd hate to start after a man on information as slim as that."

"One detail yet to mention," said the sheriff in a slowly casual manner that instantly tightened the interest of the room. "When we got to the scene there was the dead man, past tellin'. No witnesses and no messages. But a few feet from this dead man a dribble of blood ran along the rocks—no rain that day. The dribble went as far as some hoofprints. The hoofprints led away. You see? The dead man got in his shot before he fell and wherever this John Doe may be, he's packin' a hole in him that won't wash off."

There was a brief, awkward silence. The girl ventured another straight, momentary glance toward Matt McQuestion and he detected a stiffening antagonism in her which at once strengthened his estimate of her character. She was partisan by nature and her loyalty, once fixed, would never waver. She would close her eyes and go unflinchingly the whole distance, to hell or to heaven.

SO, AT least, the sheriff guessed—and felt a more profound admiration for her. French Broadrick cleared his throat, staring above the heads of his men. "Well, that's enough to hook him up with the shootin'. But if nobody saw this affair, then nobody knows what brought it about or the justice of it. And you ain't caught your man yet, Sheriff."

"The trail," said McQuestion, quietly, "leads this way." His coffee was cold from stirring. All the while he had been exploring the table and at each successive glance he discarded one puncher and another from his mind. It took a certain toughness of fiber and a certain mental make-up to run with the wild bunch. Most of these fellows were middle-aged, plainly old retainers and lacking the impulses of a gun-toter. But a pair of younger men at the foot of the table increasingly interested him. One was a tall, slim character with deep red hair and a remarkably rippling coördination of mus-

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cle and nerve that expressed itself in each restless shift of his body. The other sat stolidly silent, dark and rugged and a fighter in every observable fiber. Contrasting the two, he heard French Broadrick bring the dinner to a curt close. "We'll go on with the work in the sheds this afternoon."

Rising with the rest, McQuestion let his eyes follow the crew out of a dining-room door as they filed into a rain-soaked yard. The red-haired man walked slowly and he took the descending steps with a faint stiffening of his carriage. The more rugged man brought up the rear; looking back, he caught the sheriff's glance and closed the door swiftly as he passed through. Somehow the gesture seemed almost protective of the red-head. McQuestion preceded his host into the living-room and put his back to the cheerful flames. The girl had disappeared. Broadrick moved aimlessly about the room, mind obviously struggling with a difficult thought. Presently he came to a stand in front of the sheriff, bluntly speaking: "You've told mighty little of the story. What's the rest of it?"

The blue glance of the sheriff narrowed against the firelight; still holding his place, he answered Broadrick: "In my life I've frequently had the disposition of some fellow's future at my command. It's no easy thing to play the part of judge and I'll not say I always decided right. It weighs on me sometimes—the mistakes I made. I'm slower to act than I used to be. Any sucker can make an arrest. The difficult thing is to know when not to."

BROADRICK'S face was increasingly somber. "If this John Doe's what you say, where's the problem?"

"Unless I'm wrong he's not the only one to consider now," said the sheriff.

There was a quickening light in French Broadrick's eyes and a sudden ridging of face muscles. "I understand how you got your reputation. You're a lean old wolf, McQuestion."

McQuestion nodded, knowing then Broadrick grasped the situation. He knew, too, that whatever the final issue, Broadrick would never reveal the hunted man. It was one of the oldest laws of the range—sanctuary of a sort. If there was trouble, Broadrick was prepared to settle it in his own way, within the confines of the ranch. Comprehending this, McQuestion reached for his slicker and hat. "I'll be lookin' after my horse," he explained and passed back through the dining-room. When he stepped into the sheeting, tempestuous descent of rain he heard the girl's voice rising from another part of the house, troubled and high-pitched. The barn was straight ahead; left of it stood the bunkhouse in which the crew idled through noon. To the right of the barn and past the last outlying corrals he saw again that hillside compound where the loose stock was held; but, though his attention straightened on that area, the dull gloom of the day defeated his search for a stocking-legged strawberry. He entered the gray alley of the stable, found a section of clean burlap and proceeded to rub down his pony.

She spoke with a lilting, melody-making voice: "Who could be bad enough to bring you out in weather like this, Sheriff?" "Outlaws," said the sheriff, "always pick poor weather"

His chore was not done when he abandoned it, left the barn and walked toward the bunkhouse, through the windows of which glimmered a fogged, crystal lamplight. Opening the door with a preliminary rattle—he wanted no surprises yet—he went into quarters similar to a thousand others throughout the land.

A solid, rugged young man reared up from one of the lower bunks, bawling gravely: "Have a chair, sir."

"Thanks, but I'll stand," was McQuestion's courteous answer. "Been sittin' in leather all day long."

"And a poor day to travel," said the rugged one in the manner of a man making talk to be agreeable.

"Can't pick and choose," replied the sheriff, letting his glance stray. All the lower bunks were filled, but only one upper. That was occupied by the red-head, who lay sprawled on his back. The red-head stared above him, cigarette drooping from a lip corner, and without turning to the sheriff he spoke with a lazy, sardonic drawl:

"Outlaws should be more considerate of the constituted authorities."

"Well, Red," said the sheriff, "as long as they're considerate enough to leave tracks behind, I'm not carin' about the weather."

"Did this one?" queried Red, making no comment on the sheriff's application of a nickname.

"Yes."

"Mighty careless of him," mused Red. "Must of been a greenhorn."

"I'll know more about that later," said McQuestion, and then silence again descended upon the room—the silence of men guarding their tongues.

"Time," said the rugged one, "to get back on the job."

He opened the door and went out, other punchers rising to follow slowly. Red rolled, put his feet over the edge of the bunk frame and let himself to the floor carefully, knees springing when he landed; and for a moment he faced the sheriff, grinning out of a wide, thin mouth. He was not handsome. The conformation of his face was too angular and his eyes a too definite and unblinking green. But beneath the surface was a personality not to be mistaken, one at once restless, dominating, utterly self-certain. McQuestion caught the hard, unruffled competence behind that grin, and a lurking mockery.

"WAS he a bad man at heart, Sheriff? Real bad?"

"I'm wonderin', Red," said the sheriff. "And I hope to find out."

Red turned casually and left the bunkhouse, a shadow of stiffness in his gait. McQuestion wheeled slowly where he stood, making a complete circle and taking in once more all that the room had to offer him. But it was an unnecessary move, for he knew then the identity of John Doe. "It's Red, for a certainty," he muttered. "The heavy boy with the good face is out of it."

But, strangely enough, the more or less definite end of his quest left him without the usual elation, without the hardening impulses preliminary to a capture. And as he paused in the open doorway another incident appeared through the weaving screen of rain to sway the even balance of his mind. Yonder on a side porch of the house Marybelle Broadrick stood beside Red, looking up to him and talking with swift gestures of her hands. Red was smiling. The smile broadened and he shook his head; one hand touched the girl's shoulder in a manner that seemed to the sheriff possessive and confident. The girl's body swayed back slightly and Red, turning, crossed the yard to an open shed. McQuestion, bent on having an answer to the increasing problem in his mind, ambled likewise to the shed and loitered there. An added hour or day didn't matter. There was such a thing as charity, even above justice, and that did matter. So, idling in the shed, he watched the working men with a patient interest.

IN A KIND of orderly confusion they were overhauling the ranch gear. At the forge one of the punchers bent livid iron over the anvil with swift, ringing strokes of his hammer. Another filed mower blades. The carpenter of the outfit ripped a board, saw whining into the anvil echoes. Meanwhile, the foreman had attacked a heavier chore. Pressing his back to a wagon frame, he began to lift, all his broad muscles swelling with the pressure. A helper stood by, attempting to slide a jack beneath the rising axle; but the weight was unwieldy and difficult to manage. Releasing his grip, the foreman looked about to find an unoccupied hand. His eyes touched the red-head slouching indolently at the forge and the sheriff saw the level features of the rugged one tighten up with a cool speculation. But it was only for a moment; the foreman

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"Be quiet," Ann said, "or I'll give you ten more days for contempt. Constable Cooley, clear the courtroom"

'Twan't do no Harm

If you're contemplating kissing a justice of the peace, be careful to pick the right moment

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

NEW ENGLAND has not wholly ceased to be New England. There are still bits of it left that have not been sent to antique shops in Park Avenue or added to the collection of Henry Ford.

Sudbury, in the southernmost part of the Litchfield hills, in Connecticut, hardly a hundred miles from New York, has not changed since the Civil War, except that there is a red gas pump in front of J. B. Wilcox's store and post-office. The nearest railway station is twenty miles away. The mail still comes in by stage, as it did in the days of George Washington. Ox teams still haul loads of firewood on sleds all winter. The six large, square white houses with small-paned windows that look on the village green are still lighted by oil lamps and candles because there is no electricity.

And nothing ever happens.

Or so Ann Parmenter thought, not knowing that every museum piece of a village within reach of New York is bound to be discovered, and that wherever there is a proud and beautiful girl something is bound to happen.

Indeed, she did not know how rare Sudbury was, never having been anywhere else except for a year in a New England academy in a similar village—an academy which still taught girls that a young lady never permitted a man to kiss her until they were formally betrothed, and that no gentleman would attempt such an impropriety, thus creating the problem of how a girl who remained a lady and a man who remained a gentleman could ever reach the point of being betrothed. Ann Parmenter did not know, either, how proud and beautiful she was, never having met any young men.

She lived with her Aunt Eloise in the largest of the large, square white houses that cluster around the village green. Parmenters had lived in that house for two hundred years. It contained furniture that would have set an antique hound mad. It contained a library, collected by her father, her grandfather, and her great-grandfather, which included all the books that educated people pretend they have read. It was here that Reuben Harwood found her.

REUBEN HARWOOD lived in Litchfield and practiced law there. Ann's father had been a busy country doctor. But the two had found time to go trout fishing together every spring and partridge shooting every fall and at other seasons to discuss books and, on occasion, to join forces in righting some local wrong. They were both suspicious of great wealth and contemptuous of New York, and they both loved to salt their speech with homely New England phrases.

Reuben Harwood was known everywhere as the man who always said, "'Twan't do no harm." Ann had called him Uncle Rube ever since she was a little girl, although he was actually no relation, and when he asked her what she was doing she told him more frankly than she would have told anyone else.

"I've been trying to make up my mind to abandon Aunt Eloise and go to Boston or New York and get a job—any kind of a job. And I can't quite do it. So—" she waved her hand at the books which filled every foot of available wall space and overflowed into the next room—"so I've started in to read right through the library for the second time."

"It's an odd thing to do, for a girl as young and well-favored as you are, Ann," Reuben Harwood said. "But 'twan't do no harm—'twan't do no harm."

"No," Ann said. "I only wish it would."

Reuben Harwood's eyes twinkled. He knew how she felt.

"What I've got on my mind isn't very exciting either," he said. "But it might be worth doing. You know Squire Bowman?"

"Yes, of course," Ann said. She remembered that both her father and Reuben Harwood had felt that Squire Bowman's severity in his capacity as justice of the peace had driven a local bad boy into a career of crime.

"The squire has been justice of the peace in the town of Sudbury ever since I can remember," Reuben Harwood said. "I've been thinking he oughtn't to be reëlected."

"IT WOULD hurt him terribly to be beaten," Ann said.

"It would hurt him worse if 'twas a woman that beat him. And worse still if 'twas a young woman. And in my judgment if the young woman's name was Parmenter she would beat him—two to one."

"Good heavens, Uncle Rube," Ann said, "I couldn't ask people to vote for me for justice of the peace. I'd feel too foolish; I couldn't do any electioneering."

Mr. Harwood shook his head. "I shouldn't ask you to do any electioneering. All I want is for you to let me see that your name is on the ticket. I count on the town of Sudbury to see the point. Folks hereabouts may not be as slick as they are down in New York but they aren't stupid."

"But I haven't any of the qualifications for the office. I don't know anything about legal procedure."

"The law doesn't require any special qualifications for justice of the peace. You'll find anything you need to know in the book. Or if not you can call me up."

"Of course, Uncle Rube," Ann said, "if you really want me to do it I will."

MR. HARWOOD grinned. "I hoped you'd think it was fun." He picked up his hat. "Anyway—'twant do no harm."

Which only goes to show that, wise as Reuben Harwood was, he could not foresee the future.

Ann was duly elected justice of the peace and Squire Bowman was so furious he quit speaking to practically everybody in the town and Ann spent the winter reading on and on through the library her father had left her and forgot that she was an officer of the law.

It wasn't until spring that the inevitable began to happen.

A multimillionaire named Hemingway came up from New York and bought the old Lawson C. Cummings place with about a thousand acres of land; and one of his rich friends bought the old Allerdyce place; and another rich friend bought the old Jones place.

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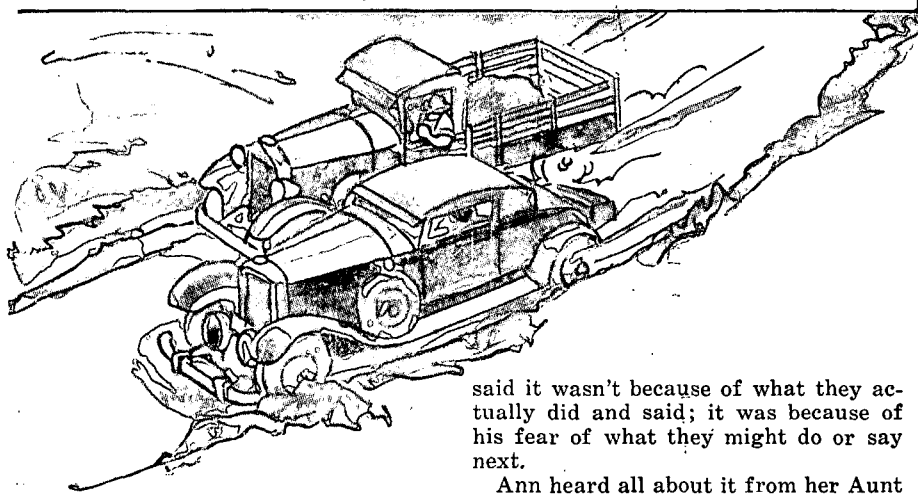

The road through the village was soon full of five-ton trucks hauling lumber and sand and cement and pipe and bathtubs and polo ponies; and big luxurious limousines bringing women who thought Sudbury was so quaint and too utterly charming and demanded that you sell them the corner cupboards and the mantels and the pine paneling and raised their eyebrows reprovingly if you didn't; and bright yellow station wagons containing butlers and parlor maids and grooms and things who did not think Sudbury either quaint or charming but much too far from New York.

The price of rough land went from twenty dollars an acre to five hundred dollars; and the price of honest homemade cider brandy, ninety proof, jumped from two dollars a full quart to seven dollars for a fifth of a gallon; and Wesley Burrit reopened his blacksmith shop and started in making antique flip irons at five dollars apiece.

Ann Parmenter saw all this but she did not recognize the hand of fate.

The five-ton trucks and the large limousines and the yellow station wagons were eventually succeeded by long, low, open cars full of young people in sports clothes. The girls sat on the boxes in J. B. Wilcox's store, or even on the counter, smoking cigarettes and demanding such strange items as angostura bitters, limes and grenadine. J. B. Wilcox wore a perpetual blush. He said it wasn't because of what they actually did and said; it was because of his fear of what they might do or say next.

Ann heard all about it from her Aunt Eloise, who heard it from Mrs. J. B. Wilcox. Ann made a point of looking out of the window and making sure that there was no long, low, open car in sight before she ran across the green to get the mail or a loaf of bread. But one morning J. B. Wilcox couldn't find the bread and while he hunted, a tall young man with black hair and a particularly deep coat of tan stopped in front of the store with a squeal of brakes and came dashing in. Ann, watching J. B. Wilcox find the bread, had the feeling that she was being stared at. She looked up to assure herself that she wasn't being stared at, that she was merely self-conscious. She looked straight into the young man's eyes and found herself calmly noting that his tan made his blue eyes look bluer; then she turned away—as if the young man were a picture on the wall.

THAT afternoon Mrs. J. B. Wilcox told Aunt Eloise that the moment Ann left the store the young man asked J. B. Wilcox who she was and where she lived. The young man was Dick Hemingway, the eldest son of the New York millionaire who had bought the Lawson C. Cummings place and added a wing to each side of the house, with nine bathrooms, and built a swimming pool, and stables for twenty horses. Mrs. Faulkner, who had bought the Allerdyce place, was his, Dick Hemingway's, aunt, his mother's sister.

"They say," Aunt Eloise continued, as she retold this gossip to Ann, "that Mrs. Faulkner has turned the big barn into what she calls a playhouse. The first floor is one big ballroom. And down below, in the basement, she's had an old-time New York saloon built. Wes Burrit saw it yesterday. He says it's got a regular bar, with a brass rail, and a mirror forty feet long behind it, and glasses piled in pyramids. And when she gives a party she's going to have two regular bartenders out from New York."

"I think that's rather silly," Ann said.

"It's immoral," Aunt Eloise said. "But think of having all that money to throw away."

Two days later, having gone innocently to tea at Mrs. Willis', Ann found herself being introduced to Mrs. Faulkner, and admitting that she did have an unusually handsome chest-on-chest.

"WHAT I was told," Mrs. Faulkner said, "was that your maple chest was the handsomest one anywhere outside of a museum."

"I'm sure that's an exaggeration," Ann said.

"I wish you'd let me come and see it," Mrs. Faulkner said. "I know something about maple chests-on-chests."

"I'd be delighted to have you come and see it," Ann said.

Mrs. Faulkner called the next afternoon and told Ann that the chest-on-chest was indeed the handsomest one she had ever seen, excepting the one in the Metropolitan Museum. Before she left, Ann had promised to come to Mrs. Faulkner's first dance in the new playhouse on Saturday night. Ann drove to Hartford to hunt for an evening dress and found one she really liked.

Dick Hemingway came to take her to the dance. Ann had a moment of panic as he handed her into his big coupé. She leaned back against the cushions and tried to relax. But she felt as if her teeth were going to chatter. Dick Hemingway climbed in beside her and started the motor.

"I hope you like to dance," he said. "My aunt's got a really good dance band tonight."

"I love to dance," Ann said. She hadn't danced with a man half a dozen times in her life but she had attended a dancing class at the academy for young ladies.

"I'm glad you do," Dick Hemingway said.

She wasn't afraid of meeting a lot of strange people—at least she wasn't much afraid. Why then was she scared?

The startling, the unforeseen, the terrifying thing was that she liked him—she liked him so much that she was afraid he would know it.

Five minutes after she reached the dance floor she was enjoying herself quite simply and naturally. She continued to enjoy herself all evening.

WHEN the party was over and Dick Hemingway handed her again into the big coupé she was still herself.

"Well," he said, "what did you think of us?"

"I think you are all very kind," Ann said, "and I had an awfully good time."

"I'm glad you had a good time. But of course you know that wasn't what I meant."

Ann remained silent. He drove slowly, but not too slowly, toward the village. Ann reflected that he was really asking her what she had thought of the people she had met; and in particular of the increasing crowd about Mrs. Faulkner's bar, which had kept the two bartenders racing to supply it with champagne cocktails and whisky sours; and perhaps, above all, of the two girls who had been carried out and put to bed.

"You saw that fight between Ethel Brown and Jack Higgins—when he got angry because she had been drinking too much and she tried to scratch his eyes out."

"If you really want to know what I think of all that sort of thing," Ann said, "I'll tell you."

He drew up in front of the Parmenter house and turned off the motor and turned to look at her.

"I think I know," he said, "but I want to hear you say it."

"I don't think it's wicked," Ann said. "I think calling it wicked is giving it too much dignity. I think it's merely vulgar."

"Yes," he said. "That's what I think."

He got out of the car and walked

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He began to empty his pockets. Good American spending bills appeared on all sides and the white coverlet of the bed was dotted with tens and twenties

New Business

The diverting adventures of three simple crooks who tried a noble experiment —one that didn't work

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

IT IS barely possible that honesty is the best policy and brings its own natural rewards, but there is no use saying so to Harmony Childs or discussing with him the clean joys of a life devoid of trickery and chicane. Omar Gill also has had his fling at a career of probity and so have I, and at this moment the old saw means nothing more to the three of us than so many words in a copy book. Honesty may be all right for some people, and may work, but whenever we turn into the pale paths of rectitude something invariably occurs to discourage us.

Our latest coup began in San Francisco, where we arrived late at night, having left Seattle four leaps ahead of an inflamed and raging constabulary, at an unvarying speed of thirty-five miles per hour and we never stopped until safely ensconced in a hotel room in 'Frisco.

Looking over our debentures, we discovered total cash resources of seven dollars and some strange keys. Omar said he remembered a man in town named Joe Stecker, who would be sure to lend money to three respectable grafters in their moment of agony.

"Good," said Harmony, taking Omar's cigarettes from him. "Rush out into the afternoon sunshine and see if Joe Stecker will slip you the room rent."

Omar was gone three hours and returned with a shining countenance and the spiritual calm of a man who has been sitting near a bottle of sparkling Burgundy.

"Look at something," he cried and, thrusting his right hand into a pants pocket, he withdrew a roll of bills just large enough for a dog to leap over.

"IT LOOKS first rate," commended Harmony, who is our adviser and the thinker-up of the things we do. "Our little giant has made a touch."

"I have done nothing of the sort," Omar snapped. "This is advance money. This is no touch. We have a job."

"Who has a job?"

"All three of us. Yon cash is for expenses. Tomorrow we leave town on a vessel known as the Pomona Prince, which is a steamboat sailing into the tropics."

"I may be down," Harmony replied with dignity, "but I am never out. I take no jobs from people named Stecker."

"This one you take," Omar grunted. "At least, I take it, and I control the money."

Pressed for details, he disclosed the result of his conference with Mr. Joseph Stecker, who appeared to be a business man and manager for the Twin Star Navigation Company, owners of the Pomona Prince. Mr. Stecker had informed Omar he never loaned money to anyone. Our envoy drew a melancholy picture of the three of us in a hotel room, marooned and penniless, with the Seattle authorities lurking in the background.

"I will not lend you a single dime," replied Stecker, "because loaning you money, Mr. Gill, is like loaning a piece of liver to a hungry wolf. But I will give you honorable employment."

He thereupon discussed business matters for thirty minutes, and Omar listened hopefully, trusting that there would be money in it somewhere.

It transpired that the Twin Star Navigation Company was having a bit of trouble in the tropics. Its ships visited numerous ports, one of them San Marcos, which is in a light green country on the globe as you twirl it from left to right.

THE government in San Marcos steadfastly refused to grant Mr. Stecker a slight favor. The slight favor was that Mr. Stecker desired to build at his own expense a lighthouse at the entrance to San Marcos Bay, a proceeding that would cost the government not a sou markee.

"We do not care to have any lighthouses," said the government of San Marcos, and nothing could budge them. They had a lovely harbor for ships, once you were inside, a landlocked anchorage fringed with delectable mountains, and for two years Mr. Stecker had been pleading with the president of San Marcos to let him build and pay for the lighthouse, so steamers would remain in the water and not start overland on dark nights. Envoy after envoy had come and gone and all had failed signally.

The president was adamant and, when pressed for explanation, replied that the offer was merely a transparent trick on the part of the United States government, a cunning plan whereby the American navy could the more readily steam into San Marcos and lay waste the countryside in time of war. This was not sensible, but no-

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body expects a brunet president to be sensible.

"All very interesting," murmured Harmony, listening to the details. "Suppose by mere accident we happen to procure a lighthouse permit for Mr. Stecker. What do we get out of it? Didn't you sign a contract or make terms?"

"No," said Omar. "I took the expense money. I suppose if we do the job successfully, Joe Stecker will give us several thousands of dollars' bonus."

"You just suppose that?" asked Harmony quietly.

"He doesn't expect us to accomplish anything. Nobody can do anything. They hate lighthouses down there. They hate Americans. It's Joe's delicate way of handing me five hundred dollars and charging it up as expense money."

"ALL right; we go," said Harmony, making one of his lightning decisions, and a day later we were heading south on the Pomona Prince. Omar continued to carry the expense money on his person, despite Harmony's bitter protests, for Omar is certainly not the man to handle funds, as we have long known. The trip south was pleasant enough and unmarred by incident, except for the trifling fact that Omar, always nosey and prowling, met a southern official named Andrado, a man formerly connected with San Marcos politics.

This person was a runty little squab, tanned like an Arizona saddle, with large mustachios, a perpetual grin and the usual high-water pants of important people in the tropics. I don't know why it is, but the moment a man enters politics in the tropics his pants begin to creep up until one can, if one so desires, gaze upon shinbone and cotton sock to one's heart's content.

OMAR GILL would get acquainted with a polar bear in a zoo if they would remove the bars, and at once struck up a friendship with Mr. Andrado, who had been chased from his native land with machine guns and was now returning to see if they meant it. On the fifth day at sea, our personal and private imbecile halted us in the smoking-room, brimming with news.

"I have just come across the grandest bargain since they bought New York for twenty-four dollars and a bottle of beer," he declared, his voice earnest.

"What would that be?" Harmony inquired.

"The stuff belongs to Mr. Andrado, and some of it was formerly government property. He will sell it to me for a mere song."

"Sell what?"

"The whole group."

"What whole group?"

"Well," continued Omar, counting on his fingers. "There is the iron rabbit that was formerly in a dog-racing plant for the dogs to chase. That's one thing. There are four greyhounds, also from the defunct racing establishment; two hundred gallons of castor oil that they must have used for their airplane if they had an airplane; two water buffaloes of pure white and a British freight car that won't fit any railway track in San Marcos, all these tracks being narrow-gauge."

Harmony moved his head slowly from side to side as he does when slightly nonplused.

"Sounds very interesting, doesn't it, George?" he said, maintaining a serious air. "Now if we can just get Mr. Andrado to chuck in a couple of reversible earlaps and a left-handed monkey-wrench, I say close the deal immediately."

"That's right," said Omar. "Act smart. I know a bargain when I see one."

"How much does he ask?" I demanded.

"He'll let me have the whole shebang for two hundred and ninety dollars, and the English freight car alone cost more than that to build."

"English goods van, you mean," Harmony corrected. "If I might ask, what would a person do with an iron rabbit which has been chased rusty by greyhounds? And furthermore, where is there enough illness in the world to justify two hundred gallons of castor oil? I saw an ounce of that stuff once and that was too much."

"You can exhibit the water buffaloes," Omar said heatedly. "Nobody in America ever saw a water buffalo, especially the pure white breed that comes from Tibet. . . . I saw a two-headed calf in a circus."

"Yes, and the two-headed calf could have seen something if he looked back," said Harmony. "Don't say any more about this bargain to anybody on the ship. With us it's all right, because we know you. But if you talk to strangers, they'll have you locked up until the ship reaches some reliable asylum."

ONE week later, we glanced off the port bow and, sure enough, there was San Marcos waiting for us, a bleak, sweltering, simmering pile of mountains, as viewed from the sea; and beyond, a country full of volcanoes, buzzards and ex-presidents in high-water pants. We happened to descend upon San Marcos at noon of a sunny day and could therefore enter the tortuous channel at a snail's pace, if it is true snails travel in low gear. It was a magnificent harbor, once you made it, but getting inside was like threading a needle in a coal mine. Nature, to make matters worse, had provided a treacherous reef, running ten miles out to sea, and sensible captains avoided disaster by remaining far out in the Pacific, making a whistle station of San Marcos.

Even to our dim and landlubber eyes, it was quite obvious that what San Marcos needed most was a reliable, free-burning lighthouse, which would go on burning all night. The Pomona Prince crawled anxiously in between two jagged Gibraltars of rock, which you could have hit from the deck with a derby hat, and on one of which there certainly should have perched a lighthouse. We entered the channel and what a channel it was!—designed no doubt by a man whose mother spent her time looking at pretzels just prior to his birth. This ship passage was marked by barrel staves, clothes poles, dead branches and whatever they had. There were no lights or buoys.

If you knew where the channel was, your ship continued to float, and as our captain was a regular channel hound, we made the perilous run in safety and arrived at the dock. Before us spread the beautiful city of San Marcos, and when I say beautiful, that is what I mean. There it sat at the foot of its green mountains, the bay curling at its feet, and while it was charming and lovely, it was four times as dead as a mackerel in a tin can. I mean there was nothing doing, day or night, once you left your steamer.

"Well," said Harmony, "here we are in San Marcos. What do we do now?"

"We go at once and see the president," Omar replied promptly, "and we ask him why he refuses to let Joe Stecker put in a lighthouse. Darned if they don't need one."

We went first to the Grand National Hotel, dropped our bags into a suite and without delay took up the serious business of the trip. The president occupied a large stone building with two hundred windows, all barred, and a brunet soldier with a gun stopped us at the causeway and apparently asked us questions of a personal nature.

IT DEVELOPED that the reigning administration cared very little for Americans. They could do without Americans for months at a time, and the president, who was a beefy person named Immanuel Robezo, realized his office was of brief tenure, and that he would be presently run over the mountains on a sharp rail, the same as the last president. Presidents always left San Marcos on a rail. His secretary granted us a brief interview, holding his chin in the air and looking over our heads.

"No," he said in beautiful English. "We do not care for any lighthouses today. We so informed Mr. Stecker and the Twin Star Navigation Company when they asked us before. We are quite content with our present harbor."

"Can't you see that a lighthouse, built without any expense to your country, will be a wonderful asset?" we asked the supercilious fellow.

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The taxicab man demanded three dollars, American money, and our little pal was squawking

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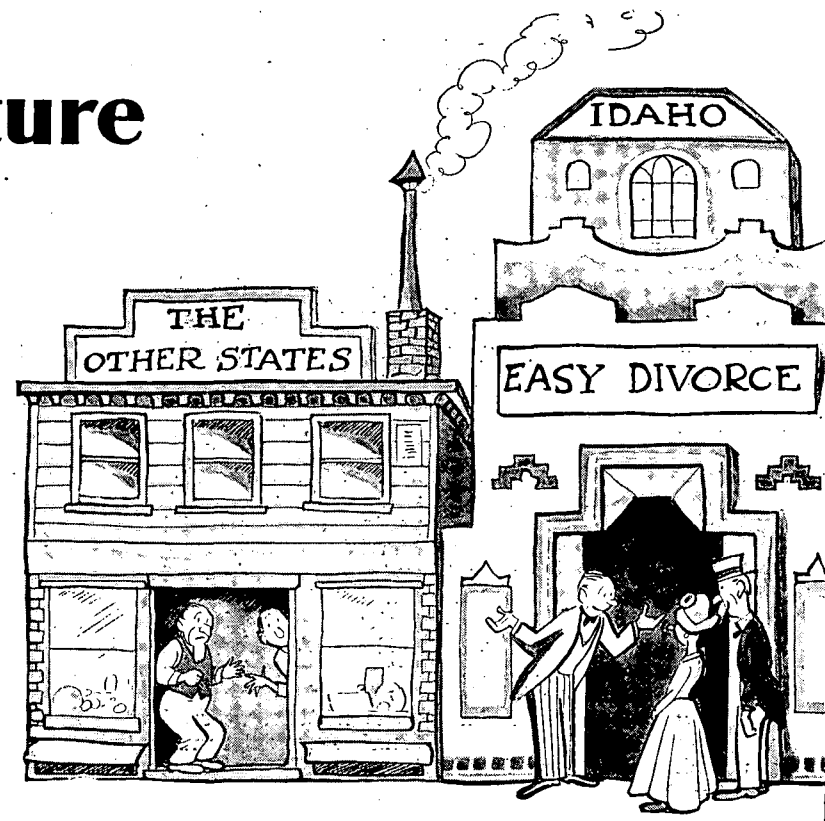
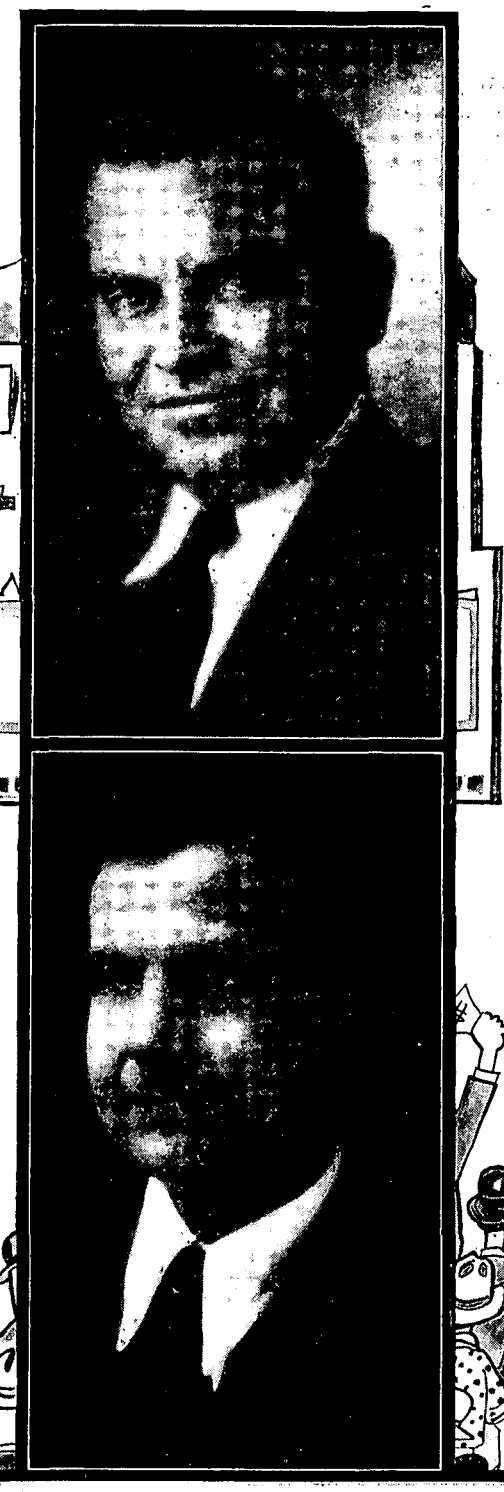
Making Human Nature Legal

That's how E. Russel Trathen, sheriff of Washoe County, explains Nevada's open gambling and easier-divorce laws. But competition really had a great deal to do with it—competition from other states whose young legislators saw in liberal laws a new way to increase state incomes. Young men are seizing the reins now and some of them seem to think there's no use trying to make folks be good when the state could make money by being broad-minded. Whither are we drifting?





"Jimmy" Wilson of Oklahoma, who declared: "People unhappily married are a menace to society and good morals"

Charles Lee Hyde, 39-year-old South Dakota state senator who led agitation for a "quicker-divorce" bill

Below: Phil M. Tobin, youthful assemblyman and rancher who sponsored Reno's new gambling law

By William G. Shepherd

A HUSKY young citizen of Reno, Nevada, got on a train in his home town and, without adventure or annoyance—except, as he told reporters later on, for breaking a bottle of whisky in his traveling bag—reached the city of New York. But in that town trouble began. Reporters, photographers, newsreel men and broadcasters would not permit him to eat, sleep or play in peace, for they had been tipped off that the young traveler was no less a person than Sheriff E. Russel Trathen, of Washoe County, in which Reno is situated.

They wanted him to tell how it happened that the law itself had taken the lid off gambling, so that licensed gambling houses might run at full blast in towns that wanted gambling; how it was that the law was passed to grant divorces to anyone who had resided within the state for the short term of six weeks and desired a divorce.

He told 'em and then he moved from his room in one of the great hotels to some other place where they couldn't find him.

"It's simple enough," he said, in effect. "You can't change human nature by law. So what we're trying to do is to make human nature legal. That way you can sort of control it. Before, I wasn't supposed to go into gambling houses in Reno, though there were plenty of 'em. Now I must go into 'em, to see that boys and girls under eighteen aren't playing, that no swindlers and thieves are around, that drug peddlers and so forth don't hang around 'em. When we were trying to make believe we didn't have any gambling, we were only cheating. And when the government cheats, everybody else is pretty likely to cheat, too.

"As for the divorce law, our idea was that if human beings are in a mess the right thing to do is to try to help 'em get out of it, quick. Don't drag out the agony."

There spoke a single voice of the state of Nevada, giving Nevada's side of a tumultuous controversy.

Youth Takes the Wheel

But to get the entire story of how the legislature of Nevada was driven into legalizing gambling and cutting its divorce-residence laws from thirteen weeks to six you must go into the records, for last spring and winter, of four other state legislatures.

It makes an amazing story of how young people, who were the objects of great worry ten or a dozen years ago and were generally described as "flaming youth," are now grabbing at the tiller of the ship of state and, in some instances, actually seizing it.

Now, here, as simply as it can be put, is the story of the easy-divorce drive which surged, during February and March, through the august and solemn

Illustrated by Herb Roth

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legislative halls of five states, filled five commonwealth communities with debate, enthusiasm, despair and rage and wound up with Nevada going on record to "make human nature legal."

It's a story of flaming youth—if we still wish to call it that—fighting conservative old age.

Arkansas Started It

It was a young man named James R. Campbell who, all unwittingly, started the easy-divorce storm. His home is in the little town of De Queen, Arkansas. He wasn't old enough to vote when the Great War started and it is not of record that, as a unit of the generation of flaming youth, he led a life at all lurid. He was raised a Methodist and has remained one. But his viewpoint is that of his own day. Now in his early thirties he sits in the Arkansas legislature and helps to make laws. Let us consider what this newcomer to the halls of state did last winter with just one little law.

Someone in Mr. Campbell's state, living perhaps in the neighborhood of Hot Springs National Park, decided, way back in early February, that there is good money in large quantities in the divorce business for merchants, hotel keepers, lawyers and others.

"Reno annually makes $4,000,000 out of easy-divorce laws," reported one expert on the subject.

It is not a matter of record that young Mr. Campbell personally came across this idea of helping out his state financially. But the fact remains that early in February—and we shall see the importance of dates, as we go along—young Mr. Campbell, risking the wrath of many citizens, put forth a bill that would allow a divorce in Arkansas after ninety days' residence.

The galleries of the legislative chamber were filled as the bill became a law. Hundreds of women and many clergymen protested unavailingly to Governor Harvey Parnell before he finally signed the bill.

"You'll be making this state the dumping ground of women with loose morals," said one legislator during the debate on the floor of the house.

"Divorce isn't an evil," argued a youthful legislator. "It's a cure for an evil marriage."

A senator shouted, "We have reached the same point reached by Judas Iscariot when he betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver; we are betraying the sanctity of the home to obtain more revenue for the state."

Campbell himself talked: "Rather than make a hell on earth of marriage, I favor the state government relieving the situation. If rich people want to go to Reno to get a divorce let them do so. If they want to come to Arkansas and spend their money let them come and help out our commonwealth."

"We have easy marriages here," said another. "Why not easy divorces?" And then he advanced an impressive argument:

"More than two thousand marriage licenses were issued last year in Crittenden County, across the Mississippi River from Memphis, for couples who met in dance halls and looked upon their marriage vows as an overnight expedient."

Hundreds of men and women have joined an organization formed for the sole purpose of fighting young Mr. Campbell's idea. It is called The Home Protective Association. Its offices are in Little Rock. Its members have circulated petitions demanding that the easy-divorce law be put before voters in a general referendum in 1932.

So much for the fat that one young legislator threw into the American fire.

Now, 1,500 miles away, in the city of Boise, the legislature of the state of Idaho was sitting, in February. News of the doings of young Mr. Campbell and his friends in the Arkansas legislature reached the halls of the Idaho capitol.

Mr. Reed Has a Big Day

In the lower house of the Idaho legislature there sits a young man, William T. Reed, who, being now only twenty-three years old, was a mere child of ten when the war ended.

This young man most ardently took up a fight in the lower house to fix a ninety-day divorce residence for his state. It is true that in the state senate, J. Wesley Holden, a man in the middle fifties, bore the bill on his shoulders.

It was a big day for young Mr. Reed when, working with other members of the younger element, he helped to pilot the bill through the lower house. Over 1,000 women advanced on the capitol, demanding that the bill be killed. Governor C. Ben Ross could not disregard them. He went outside to talk to them. But, as he spoke, the lower house passed the bill by a vote of 37 to 29. Hotel men and lawyers had created a lobby to fight the women.

Governor Ross put his veto on the bill.

Whereupon the senate voted 30 to 14 to override the veto; the house voted 40 to 19, to the same effect.

The crowded galleries cheered; they also booed and hissed. It was not until the sergeant at arms was sent to clear the gallery that the throngs of demonstrators began to file out. The younger element in the house had had its way.

Following the Leaders

Thus two states, between February 27th and March 8th, passed the easy-divorce law.

All this excitement in the Arkansas and Idaho capitol buildings communicated itself to other capitols where young men who were of the flaming youth generation found themselves sitting in places of legislative power.

Out in Pierre, South Dakota, lives Charles Lee Hyde, Jr. He weighs 105 pounds and was known as the smallest aviator in the American army. He owns a theater in Pierre and his family is said to be among the wealthiest in the state.

Young Mr. Hyde wasn't afraid of standing up for a bill to create a ninety-day divorce residence in his state. Mr. Hyde, though the responsibility for the idea is by no means all his, put himself on record as flaming, tolerant youth by urging a committee to introduce and support such a bill. It created as much excitement and opposition as its counterparts had done in Arkansas and Idaho.

Maybe at the time Mr. Hyde didn't know it but back in 1907, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was the Reno of the day, notorious throughout the world. The Encyclopedia Britannica says of it: South Dakota bore a notorious reputation for its divorce laws. An Act of

(*Continued on page 50*)

International News

Mayor E. E. Roberts, who, from a pulpit, defended his city's gambling laws

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"Well, you're yelling so—" "I'm not yelling!" roared Tom. "You are!"

A Friendly Game

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by George Clisbee

GOING home in the cab, after their evening at the Marstons, Sally Dale said to her husband: "Never again! I'm through playing bridge with Jack and Beryl Marston. Have you ever heard or seen anything so disgraceful?"

"It was pretty awful," agreed Tom Dale. "Warm night, isn't it?"

"The heat has nothing to do with it. Why, she actually threw the cards at him!"

"She's got a terrible temper," said Tom.

"I never was so embarrassed in my life," continued Sally, who was genuinely upset. "And to think she invited us over for 'a friendly game'!"

"Yes," said Tom. "We weren't even playing for anything."

The cab stopped at their apartment house. They got out, Tom paid the driver and they took the elevator to their apartment on the third floor. It was midnight, but Sally was too excited to go to bed. She sat down in the living-room to smoke a cigarette.

"Honestly!" she said. "If people can't control their tempers they oughtn't to play bridge."

"That's right," said Tom. "It's a good game, but somehow it seems to bring out all the worst in human nature. Especially Contract."

"Not necessarily," said his wife. "I'm sure you've never seen me act like that."

"Of course not, darling. You aren't a red-headed spitfire like Beryl Marston."

"MY HAIR has some red in it when it's washed. But at least I never forget that I'm a lady. Beryl's family were West Side. I don't think they amounted to much."

"Jack's a good chap," said Tom. "I've played squash with him. He's a gentleman, all right."

"Not at the bridge table!" declared Sally.

"Well, I'll admit he gave Beryl a pretty stiff bawling out. But he was right at that."

"Right! You mean about that hand?"

"Why, sure," said Tom. "He bid an original two spades, didn't he?"

"Well, Beryl jumped him to four."

"Four is a stop bid. She should have jumped him to five. Then he could have bid the little slam. He made a little slam, didn't he?"

"Why didn't he bid it himself?"

"Because he had just his two. Beryl should have said five spades."

"On what authority?"

"Remsen," said Tom, "in his new book on Contract."

"Well, Renton says in Contract for Experts—"

"Well, I don't care what Renton says!"

"And I don't care what Remsen says," snapped Sally. "Beryl bid her hand just as I'd have bid it!".

"I suppose you know more about Contract than I do?" demanded Tom, icily.

"I ought to. I was playing bridge when you were managing a lunch room over on Broadway."

"What's wrong with the lunch-room business?"

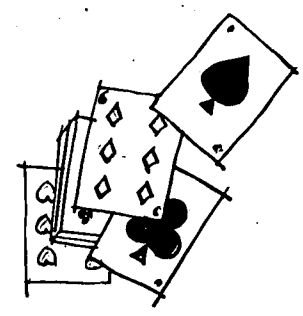
"Nothing. I just meant—"

"It pays for this apartment and it pays for your clothes and it pays your bridge debts."

"I win more than I lose!" exclaimed Sally. "Which is more than you can say!"

"Is that so!" countered Tom. His voice rose to a shout. "And another thing! I don't like that crack of yours about people who come from the West Side. My family always lived on Central Park West, and it's one of the finest residence sections in this city. Why, we could—"

"I know! You could see the park from every room in your apartment!



If I hear that again I'll scream!"

"You're screaming now!" he reminded her.

"Well, you're yelling so—I have to scream!"

"I'm not yelling!" roared Tom.

"You are!" shrieked Sally. "And what's more I'm right about that bridge hand, and I'm right about people who live on the West Side. Look at the wedding presents your family sent us! Look at that vase!"

Dramatically, she swept her hand toward a large, ornately embossed vase that stood on a table beside her. The gesture was a little too violent. Her hand struck the vase. It toppled to the floor with a crash.

"Yah!" bellowed Tom. "My uncle's wedding present!"

"I'm glad of it!" cried Sally.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well here's what I think of *your* uncle's wedding present!"

And, striding across the room, he seized from its pedestal a large plaster-of-Paris statue and dashed it to pieces before Sally's eyes.

"You brute!" she cried, at the top of her lungs. "That was Venus at the Bath!"

"The hell with Venus! She'd never get a bath in this apartment, the way you hog the bathroom!"

"I had my own bath before I married you," shrilled Sally. "And I—"

The doorbell rang. Flushed and furious, husband and wife glared at each other for a moment. Then Tom marched into the hall and flung open the door. The superintendent of the building confronted him.

"What's goin' on here?" demanded the superintendent. "You're disturbin' the whole house with your noise!"

"What if we are!" retorted Tom. "It's none of your business!"

"Oh, no?"

"No!"

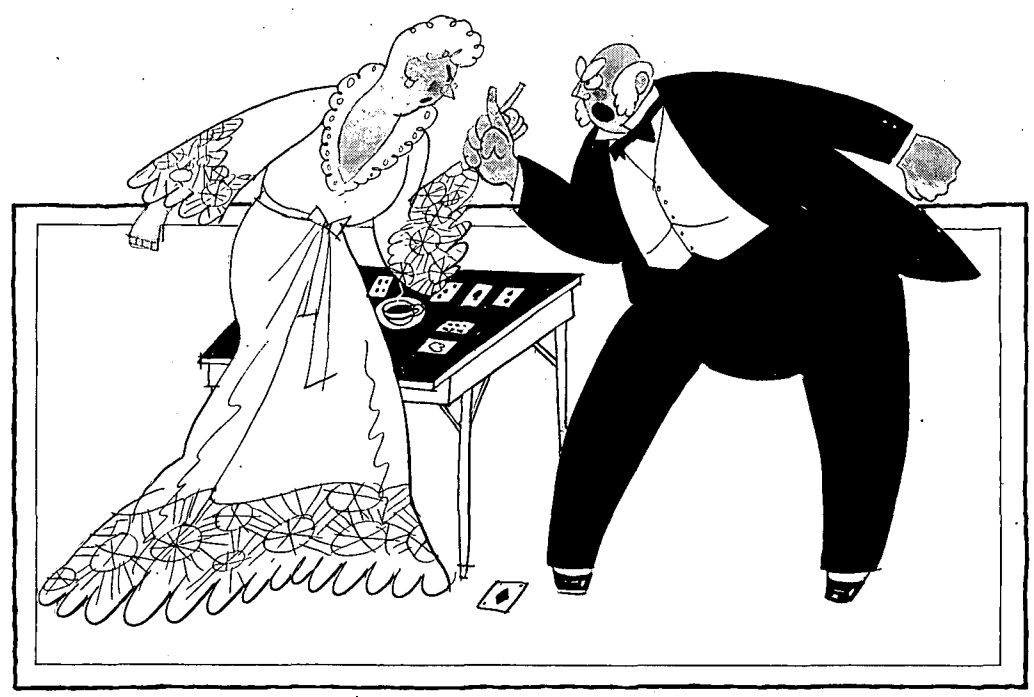
"You're a pretty tough guy, ain't you?"

"Start something and see!"

The superintendent seized Tom by the arm. "Listen, mister—!" he began; but he got no farther. Tom's fist struck him on the nose. He howled, grabbed his nose and departed, threatening immediate retribution.

HALF an hour later Tom Dale and his wife, Sally, were standing before Magistrate Dugan in night court, pleading guilty to charges of assault and battery, disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace.

"As I understand it," summed up the magistrate, when all the evidence had been submitted, "the original quarrel between the accused arose from a discussion over a bridge hand. An interesting bridge hand, I gather from the defendants' detailed description of it, but none the less completely irrelevant to this case. . . . However, since this is a first offense, the court is pleased to be lenient. Defendants are hereby ordered to give bond in the sum of one thousand dollars to keep the peace for one year from this date. Next case."



"Now, look here, Will Dugan! Don't pull that courtroom manner on me!"

It was late the following morning when Magistrate Dugan woke from the sound sleep that is the reward of the just. He got up and after dressing meticulously, went into the dining-room of the modest uptown apartment which for twenty years had been home to him and his wife.

Mrs. Dugan called to him from the kitchen:

"I'll have your breakfast ready in a minute, William. It's the girl's day out."

"No hurry, my dear," replied the magistrate cheerily. "I have a little problem that interests me."

Mrs. Dugan thought, naturally, that William's problem was a legal one. But when she brought in his breakfast, she found she was mistaken.

(Continued on page 53)

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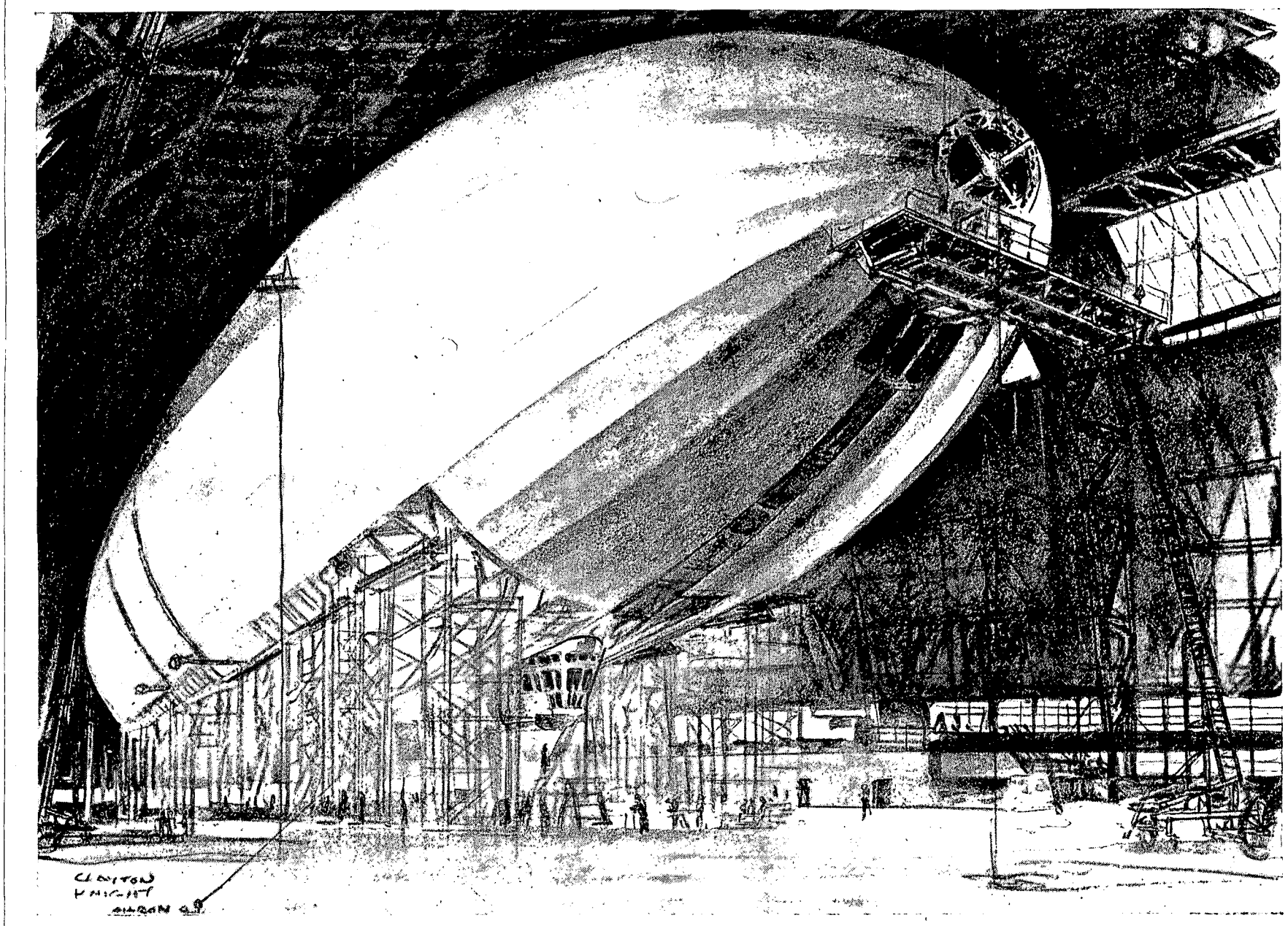

The U. S. Navy's gigantic Zeppelin-type dirigible, the American-built ZRS-4, nearing completion in its hangar at Akron, Ohio

Lighter than Air

Out in Akron, Ohio, finishing touches are being put on a huge silver thing which some people claim is an expensive bauble and others, with equal force, declare is a necessity in national defense. It's the Navy's new dirigible, the U. S. S. Akron. Collier's sent its flying reporter, Mr. Courtney, to see the Akron and to look into the controversy—here's what he saw and heard

By W. B. Courtney

ONE midnight early in June, 1915, telephones rang in the offices of the flight commanders at all British airdromes in Belgium. Headquarters, reporting a Zeppelin raid over Yorkshire and Kent. Observers on the English coast had seen the homeward-bound marauders crossing the Channel in the general direction of Ghent. Try to head the beggars off? Righto.

Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, rosy-cheeked and very young, carefully laid aside his pipe, climbed into his single-seater and, with many of his comrades, was quickly gone into that darkness where there is neither earth nor sea nor sky—the night flyer's world of intangibles.

Great luck! Here was a long ribbon of velvet, blacker than the night, silently floating by like a lynx stealing back to its lair on blood-stained pads. Young Warneford dove at her. The sky was suddenly alive with the scream of racing motors, the flaming sputter of gunfire. Greater luck. Young Warneford's bombs exploded in her vitals. She went down in flames and he went home to finish his pipe.

Young Warneford had set fire to more than a Zeppelin, although he didn't live to know it. He lighted a controversy which has been burning the worlds of military and commercial aëronautics ever since. It flared madly within the Navy Department after the recent Panama war games. Its flames have overlapped and caught up others; Army and Navy officers who have never been higher in the air than the back of a cavalry horse or the bridge deck of a battleship will grow apoplectic whenever the shadow of a dirigible falls upon them. Politicians and lay experts rush about taking up cudgels indiscriminately, interested chiefly in having their voices heard or words read. The real fireworks come, however, whenever a heavier-than-air flyer meets a lighter-than-air pilot.

Both sides, after the immemorial fashion of controversialists, will tell you that there is no controversy; that there is no "other side" to the picture, and then proceed to launch into a heated attack of that non-existent other side which will last as long as your patience. The subject has gone beyond the reach of mere impatience, however; it has become a matter of paramount importance to every citizen because of the questions of national defense and international commerce it involves. Millions of dollars are at stake; and because you and I and our neighbors have to pay for the airplanes and airships, and the salaries of the military officers while they are arguing, it would seem that with the christening of the greatest of all lighter-than-air craft, the U. S. S. Akron, at hand, today is an especially appropriate time for us to seek an understanding of the controversy for ourselves.

Fundamentally, you know, the science of aëronautics, or navigation of the air, is divided into two major branches, just like the controversy that tears it. Aviation is flight by machines which are heavier than air but obtain lift, or support, in the air through mechanical means—a propeller, operated by a motor. Aërostation is flight with devices which of themselves are heavier than air, but become lighter when inflated

Mr. Clayton Knight's drawings which accompany this article were made in Akron by special permission of the U. S. Navy Department

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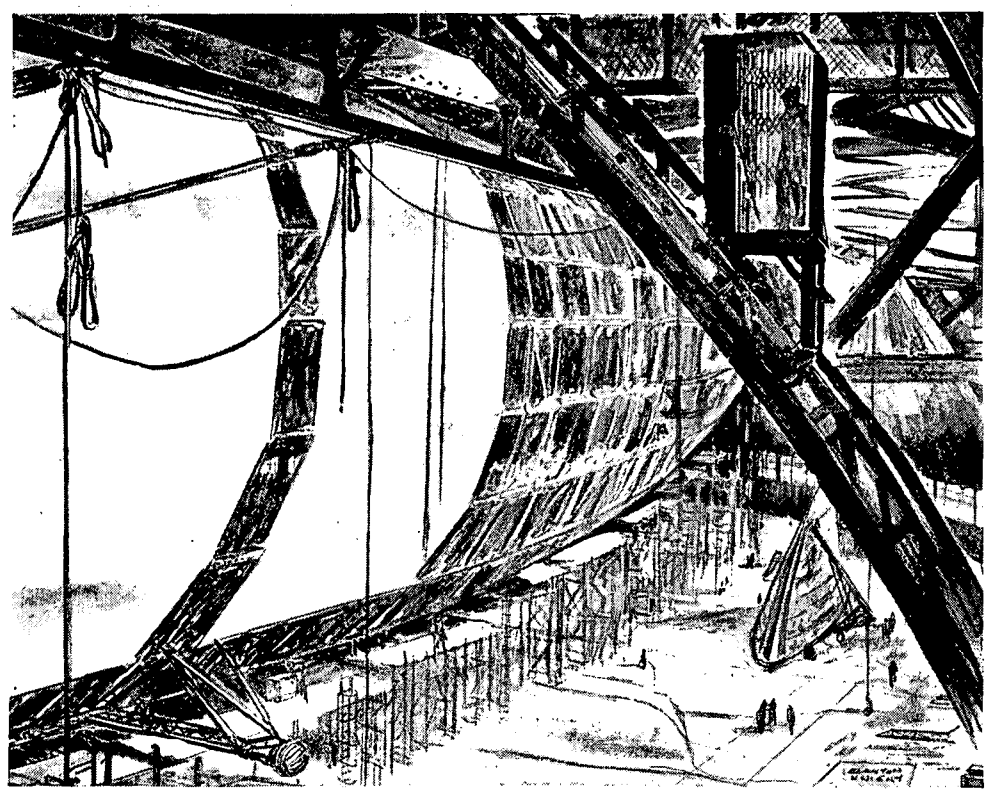


Traveling elevators swarm over the big ship with men and materials

with certain gases—hydrogen or helium being the two most commonly used.

In practice, the airplane is much faster, more readily maneuverable, a flexible instrument in the hands of a skilled combatant and, therefore, admittedly a better offensive weapon for short-range work. The functions of the airship, according to its advocates, are chiefly defensive and coöperative, and long-range.

Zeppelins were far from successful in the World War. Spectacular and romantic, they lacked reliability and failed to coöperate properly with ground forces. Because of this puny war record and because of the tragedies which have marked airship experimentation since the war, abuse and derision would have blown the whole American naval airship plans, and the fate of dirigibles the world over, out of the skies if lighter-than-air men, seeing beyond the Zeppelins' record to its lessons, had not kept the faith. More specifically, if a smallish pepperbox of a man sitting at the point of attack in Washington had not fought back so valiantly. He is Admiral W. A. Moffett, and the recent history of the airship in America is bound up in him.

An $8,000,000 Answer

Moffett may or may not have been a conspicuous figure in his younger seagoing days; the enthusiasts who work under him neither know nor care. They only know nowadays that he is the converted old salt who took the bone of lighter-than-air contention into his teeth back in September, 1921, when he was made chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, and they've worked safely and without hindrance in his vigorous wake ever since.

It wasn't an easy decision Moffett had to make the day he sat for the first time in his present chair. Not only public horror and newspaper indignation, but a two-fisted attack from within his own Navy deafened and muddled him. His first decision brought further tragedy.

When a conscientious public servant definitely draws down upon his shoulders the full responsibility of his office and elects to spend $8,000,000 of the people's money—a little bit each from your hard-earned salary and mine—he accepts a responsibility that, in a democracy, is scarcely less than a responsibility for the expenditure of human life itself. Admiral Moffett and his courageous staff in the Bureau of Aëronautics did just that; and today, in the great covered dock at Akron, Ohio, their latest and greatest answer is moored in all its new and silvery glory. In the years between there lies this story:

Before the World War Germany, inspired and directed by old Count Zeppelin, was far ahead of any other nation in the construction and practical use of rigid airships. France had the great Brazilian, Santos-Dumont, but got no place in particular; in Great Britain and in the United States aërostation was marked by vacillation and tragedy. Up to August, 1914, Germany had flung thirty of the count's silver cigars into the skies of middle Europe; before the end of the war she had built another seventy under the direction of Dr. Arnstein, who is now in American pay at Akron. Germany had secrets of construction which the Allied experts were totally unable to fathom.

The first break for the Allies came in late September, 1916, when the L-33, a new and super-Zep, was captured at Colchester.

Brace by brace, girder by girder, British draftsmen swarmed over the captured Zeppelin, studied her, copied her, got blueprints of her every last inch upon the plotting boards of the Air Corps. Indeed, German officers who after the war inspected the plans the British had made of their L-33 admitted frankly that the British plans were better and in greater detail than their originals.

R-33 and R-34, the latter the first airship to cross the Atlantic, grew from the revealed secrets of the capture at Colchester. So did the R-38, which the American government bought in 1920 for two and a half million dollars. For America, since the first recommendations of the so-called Zeppelin Board in 1918 and the open advocacy of Admirals Benson and Mayo, was definitely in the market for a rigid airship. And England, never more than half-souled in airship research, was already fed up and willing to sell her latest giant. American officers and men went to England for a period of training during the test flying of the R-38, after which they would take her over and fly her to the United States as a wholly American exploit. On her fourth test flight, August 24, 1921, the R-38 broke in twain and her blazing carcass carried into the Humber River the bodies of forty-four men, British and American. The German secrets had been ferreted out, but the German knack was still elusive.

The wreckage of the R-38 had scarcely cooled off when Moffett came into the leadership of the Navy's Bureau of Aëronautics.

Uppermost on the admiral's new desk was a decision to be made—so many millions to be spent either for a giant flying boat, or for a second airship.

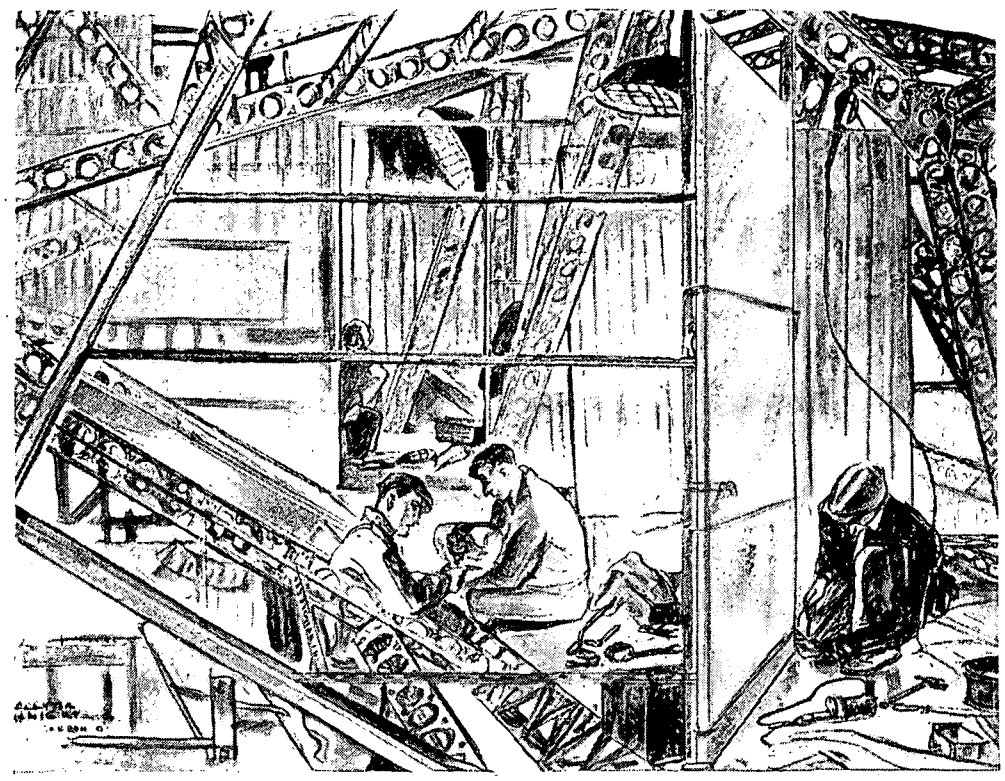
The latter, indeed, had been on the books for some time. Moffett decided on the airship. Congress looked for her construction in the United States, with plans based upon British experience with the Colchester ship and on another captured Zeppelin—this one the L-49, snared in 1918 by the French, who had turned her plans over to us. Our Navy designers drew into the ZR-2, or Shenandoah, thirty per cent greater strength than that possessed by any of her contemporary airships; and helium, the noninflammable gas, was used in place of hydrogen, the more efficient but more hazardous lifting element which had turned virtually every airship accident of the past into a holocaust. The Shenandoah was safe, the Navy boasted; yet—

A Victim of Politics

She was launched in September, 1923, and in her two years of life contributed enormously to the art and science of airship flight. She carried out two scouting problems with the fleet. She was a training school for personnel, and was the subject around which America's greatest contribution to lighter-than-air science—ground-handling technique—was developed. This included the stub mooring mast on land, which holds the ship's gondola within hand-reach of the ground personnel; and the adaptation of the British high mooring mast to the U. S. S. Patoka; aids which made possible the Shenandoah's 9,000-mile flight in ten days from Lakehurst to the West Coast and roundabout return.

The Shenandoah surely would have gone to the North Pole before the Italian Norge, Admiral Moffett told me, but for the tragedy of September, 1925. As much as anything, she was a victim of the county-fair spirit of American politicians at whose beck and call she made many flights over inland country where she had no business and where the Navy authorities knew she had no business.

The airship's place is over the oceans. In the far trickier atmospheres above the dry continents she is beneath comparison with the fleeter and sturdier airplane which can land, in a pinch, while the airship would have to remain aloft and take its battering. Weather,



Crew's quarters taking form in the heart of the girder-laced frame

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more than any other one factor, caused the wreck of the Shenandoah—and it is perhaps significant to note that mail airplanes went unscathed through the storm that broke her. There were no adequate weather-reporting services for air navigators back in 1925; no Department of Commerce airways, no aircraft radio. If Landsdowne could have known of the line squall making up ahead, across his route, he could have turned back; he didn't, and when the wind sliced his beautiful ship as a knife might slice a banana he went down, his country's largest personal sacrifice to airship progress. A technical fault in design had a vicious hand in the Shenandoah's undoing—her control gondola was suspended quite far below the ship. The gale set this gondola swinging like a huge pendulum, which helped to tear the airship apart.

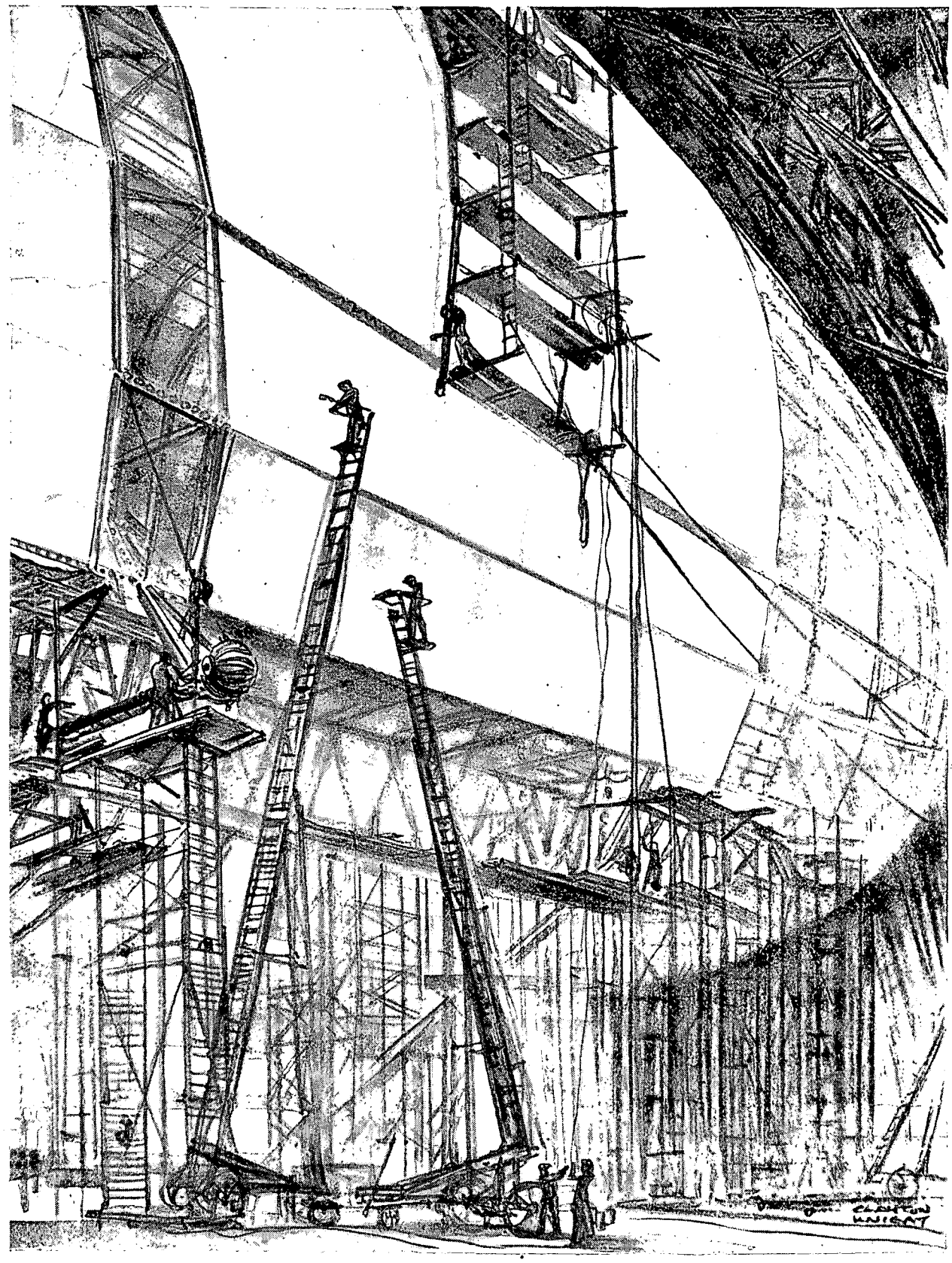
Moffett and his adherents were still undismayed, although the hostile criticism of lighter-than-air craft which had gone before was mild compared with the abuse and indignation which now broke loose. Even while a board met to investigate the Shenandoah disaster, which had been publicly and unmercifully laid on the doorstep of bureaucracy by General William Mitchell in the outburst which led to his court-martial; even while many influential newspapers, civic leaders, and ordinarily inarticulate sections of the lay public were demanding that not another man be sent aloft in one of those huge and flimsy coffins of the sky, Moffett was calmly preparing a proposal for the construction of two dirigibles greater than any heretofore dreamed of—the ZR-4 and the ZR-5.

Proving It with the ZR-2

Meanwhile, he was developing and directing a program of activity for the ZR-3, or Los Angeles, which in the six years that have elapsed has contributed much practical refutation of the lighter-than-air criticism. The ZR-3 had flown across the seas from Germany in 1924 to take a berth alongside the Shenandoah in the great Lakehurst hangar. Her long, safe and happy life has been not only a great weapon in Moffett's hands, one with which he has been able to stave off the critics of the airship, but in a sense a sort of rock on which his own faith has been built and nourished. But back in 1925, when he went before the General Board of the Navy with his recommendations for the ZR-4 and ZR-5, he did not have the good record of the Los Angeles for a halo, but the bad record of the Shenandoah for horns and a tail instead.

"Why did I maintain faith in airships in the face of the R-38 and the ZR-2 disasters?" he'll snap at you if you visit him in his office in Washington. "Because I know that airships have a definite place in modern naval strategy and tactics. Because I know that they are the logical high-speed transoceanic commercial carriers of the future. Because we knew exactly what had happened to the R-38 and to the Shenandoah, and we were prepared to avoid such mishaps and mistakes in the future. Besides, we had in this country a monopoly on something which would be an enormous safety factor in airship experimentation and development—helium."

The line fleet officers on the Board raised to Moffett's proposals all the objections which they were expected to raise. Nevertheless, Moffett and his small coterie—all men who could see beyond the horizon visible from a battleship bridge—fought so valiantly that the desirability of further experimentation was conceded. In the end, a sort of comic-opera situation arose. Friends of aëronautics in the House were interested and sympathetic, and when the various Five-Year air bills were passed early in 1926 two airships were appropriated for, while the General Board of the Navy clung valiantly to the windmill of its own original recommendation, which was for one airship to replace the Shenandoah. Nobody paid any attention to it, of course.



Workers, dwarfed against the immense envelope, "doping" the fabric as one of the eight propeller-shaft assemblies is installed

The Navy had its own designers, and workmen skilled in airship construction. Some of these had been on duty as observers in the Friedrichshafen shops while the Los Angeles was fabricated. These men, and others, had built the Shenandoah. But the encouragement and development of airship and airplane industries in this country were a very real part of the Five-Year programs laid down by Congress, and in this spirit it was decided to seek private bids. The Navy's own airship designers, led by Commander Garland Fulton, made up a thick book of plans and general characteristics which the new airships must have. Then the Navy instituted a design competition. In more than a small sense, therefore, the ZRS-4 is an American-designed ship.

Things You Ought to Know

The Goodyear Company of Akron, Ohio, meantime, had brought to this country Dr. Karl Arnstein, the man who had designed and built seventy Zeppelins for Germany during the war, and a group of his technical associates. It had formed the American Goodyear-Zeppelin Company, to carry out the logical commercial development of the pioneer work it had begun here with airships of various types. These plans were sidetracked, however, when the Navy's competition was opened; Dr. Arnstein, after careful study of the Navy's requirements and specifications, submitted designs which eventually won the contract.

You feel, justifiably, that since a percentage of your weekly salary is going toward the construction of the ZRS-4, or U. S. S. Akron, and her as yet unnamed sister ship, the ZRS-5, you have a right to know why the Navy Department decided to pay approximately $8,000,000 for these two ships. You know, offhand, that a great many fighting airplanes of the finest performance and latest type could be bought for $8,000,000—240 or more, figuring three

(*Continued on page 44*)

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Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK HARWORTH owns a string of night clubs and restaurants in Chicago. Due to the machinations of his enemies—led by Bourke, a powerful politician—one of his establishments is raided. The loss is enormous.

Molina, liquor racketeer, calls on Harworth. "You've lost a lot," he says. "All right: I'll make the loss good—if you'll join me in my racket. I'll give you a big cut. . . ." Harworth, an honest man, considers the offer. . . . Five years before, with one friend—old August Stein, his confidential adviser—he had come to Chicago. Getting ahead had been easy. But always he had been lonely. No one he knew—not even little Lily, the dancer with whom he was supposed to be in love—interested him. His only happy moments had been those spent reading—reading and dreaming of better things—in his luxurious apartment. Then, by chance, he had met a young society man—Robert Joyce. Joyce had liked him—had introduced him to his friends: Louise Joyce, his charming cousin; Berg Richman, an author; Olaf Larsen, an artist, and Arthur Burne, a composer who has hopes of marrying Louise. He also meets Helen Magnussen and her ex-husband, the extremely wealthy Richard Magnussen.

Louise had fascinated Harworth; but she had snubbed him. After which he had turned to Helen, had presently fallen in love with her. And to hold Helen's affections, he must have money. . . . He accepts Molina's offer.

Trouble follows immediately. Molina, anticipating a show-down for control of the city, starts a huge defense fund, to which Harworth contributes. Then, while going over his accounts, he finds he is losing ground. Someone—some powerful group—is plotting against him! Hopefully, he plunges in "the market." He knows nothing of stock gambling. But his adviser is Richard Magnussen—and Magnussen never loses.

Helen and Harworth spend an evening at a night club; after which they return to Helen's apartment house. At the door Helen stops. "Frank," she says, "you mustn't come in tonight—I'm terribly tired." And Harworth, strangely trustful, does not suspect, does not dream, as he goes away, what is back of her request.

VIII

HARWORTH was sitting in his bathrobe reading when the phone rang. Stein was sleeping and the house was quiet. Joseph came in to answer the phone, but Harworth waved him away. It was Hrdlicka.

"Well?" said Harworth.

"I want to see you, Mr. Harworth."

"What's the matter?"

"Is it all right to talk over the phone?"

"Why not?"

"It's about Lily."

"Talk. Go ahead."

"Well," said Hrdlicka, "I can't handle her any more. She and Campi think they own this place. Their act isn't going over like it used to, so tonight I told them they'd have to behave or hunt a new place. Is that all right?"

"Yes, don't take anything from them."

"All right, Mr. Harworth. But Lily said I'd better call you up."

"What else did she say?"

"Well," said Hrdlicka, hesitating, "she said she had something on you. That's exactly what she said. And that I better be careful how I talked to her."

"Put her on the wire."

"She's just ready to go on."

"Put Campi on ahead. Get her on the wire."

Harworth sat tapping with a pencil. Wouldn't things ever settle down so he could have a minute's peace?

"Hello, darling."

Lily's voice seemed strident after Helen's.

"Hello."

"Want me?"

"You know damn' well I want you. Hrdlicka's been complaining about you. What's wrong with you?"

"Oh," said Lily, "he's a big stiff and needs a punch in the jaw. Just because I was late twice he gets all up in the air. Another thing: He expects us to panic that bunch of drunks every time we go on. Half the time they can't see. . . ."

"Wait a minute. Did you tell Hrdlicka you had something on me?"

"Why, that liar. Of course not."

"I'm going to come down and settle this tomorrow."

"Come tonight."

"Lily," said Harworth, "I believe what Hrdlicka tells me. If you don't straighten yourself out you're going to be looking for a new job."

"Maybe."

"What do you mean 'maybe'?"

"Oh, nothing."

She sounded very sure of herself. Harworth hesitated.

"Well, if you've got anything on your mind, you'd better spill it."

There was a long silence, then Lily said:

"You don't treat me right, Frank. That's what I've got on my mind. You never come to see me any more and you know how that makes me feel. I get all upset and then I have a row with Hrdlicka."

"Don't kid me. If you've got anything on me, say so; and we'll see what can be done about it."

Lily's voice sounded very innocent.

"You know I haven't got anything on you, Frank. I've only got those letters you wrote me a long time ago."

Harworth swore under his breath.

"I thought I told you to burn 'em."

"I couldn't. They were so cute."

HE KNEW she was laughing at him. He said nothing.

"Coming round tonight, Frank?" she asked, finally.

"No," said Harworth; "put Hrdlicka back on the wire."

"But, Frank . . ."

"I'll see you later, Lily."

"Well," said Lily, "that's a nice way to act." He heard her call Hrdlicka.

In a moment Hrdlicka said:

"Yes?"

"Anton, put up with Lily and Campi till you hear from me. Try to make them behave, understand, but don't fire them or anything like that," Harworth instructed him.

"Yes, sir."

"This is between us."

"Certainly."

Harworth hung up and began to pace the floor. He wanted to wake Stein up and ask his advice; but poor Stein was pretty sick and needed all the rest he could get.

Harworth sent for Canovi, who came almost immediately.

"Hello, Mr. Harworth," he said, sitting down. "Didn't I tell you once that

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Burne closed his eyes and began to groan. Cvengros, who had taken off his glasses, was staring at Harworth. "Go! Go! Vait outside. I fix"

I'd come in mighty handy some day?"

Harworth ignored this and explained the situation.

"What's the price?" demanded Canovi.

"What do you think?"

"Well," said Canovi, pulling at his thick underlip, "being's it's you, five hundred."

"All right, but no rough work, understand?"

"Leave it to me."

They got up. Canovi said:

"Boss, you don't know nothing, see? But, listen: there's going to be all kinds of fun in this man's town before long. Wait!"

When Canovi had gone Harworth sat staring off across the room. He was very uneasy and was rather sorry that he had acted on snap judgment. But right now a breach-of-promise suit might ruin him entirely and the alternative, blackmail, was even less to be desired.

He picked up his book and began to read.

"Oh, well," he said.

He was reading how Cæsar had tricked his enemies; had made a place for himself in the world by violence and fraud. It reassured him and he laughed to himself, thinking of all the solemn nonsense written about Cæsar in textbooks. A great man, he told himself, is one who succeeds.

"SURE," Stein was saying, "but this is an inflated market, Frank. It can't keep on going up, anybody knows that. Some of these days the bottom'll drop out of it; then where'll you be? Sell!"

Stein was worse; he couldn't sit propped up now without suffering from nausea. He lay with only one pillow under his head looking up at Harworth.

"August," said Harworth, "I could sell now and make a nice bunch of money. But if I hold on I've got a chance to make a fortune. Magnussen just laughed when I asked him if he was going to sell now."

"It's your money, and you've worked darned hard to get it together."

"It won't break me if I lose it."

"No; but it'll bend you some."

There was a long silence, then Stein said:

"Turn out that light, Frank. I feel rotten. I'm going to try to get some sleep."

"How're the legs, August?"

"Take a look."

Painfully he sat up, turned back the covers and pulled up the legs of his pajama pants. Both knees were inflamed and so swollen that the skin looked tight and shiny.

"What a pair of pins!" said Stein.

"It's tough, August." Harworth was secretly appalled. Stein was failing; it was very evident. His cheeks were sunken; his hands trembled.

Stein rearranged the bedclothes and Harworth turned out the light.

"Going out tonight, Frank?"

"Don't think so. I'll be in the library. If you want me, send Joseph."

Harworth went into the library and sat down with a book. He read for nearly an hour. Then he got up and began walking around the room aimlessly, staring at the pictures, and looking out the window. He had lost the habit of staying home, of reading for hours. Before he had known Helen and her friends he often stayed home of an evening and read; sometimes he even played pinochle with Stein to pass the time. When he went out at all, it was with Lily. Now he was scarcely ever home after eight o'clock.

HELEN had been acting queerly the last few days; she had little to say and avoided being alone with him. He didn't mind so much; only it aroused his curiosity. Helen was very cunning and always went roundabout to get her way.

He sat down and stared at the carpet. She had called him at seven o'clock to tell him that she couldn't keep her engagement, as she was not feeling well; thought she was catching cold. He knew that she was lying, but said nothing. Suddenly he thought about Jo Paul; her coolness; the tall young man. Could it be that Helen and Magnussen had made it up?

Harworth picked up his book and began to read, but gradually he fell asleep.

He glanced up. Joseph was shaking him.

"Well?"

"Phone, sir."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, sir. A woman. She didn't give her name."

"Find out. If it's Mrs. Magnussen I'm home. If it's Miss Devereaux I'm out; you don't know when I'll be back."

Joseph went out, but in a moment returned.

"It's neither of them, Mr. Harworth. It's a Miss Joyce."

Harworth stared at Joseph, then sprang out of his chair, upsetting an ash-stand, and made his desk in two jumps.

"Hang up in the hall, Joseph," he said. "Leave that ash-stand alone."

Joseph went out, shaking his head. Harworth took down the receiver and when he heard the receiver in the hall click, he said:

"Hello, Miss Joyce."

As soon as she started to speak he knew there was something wrong. Her voice sounded muffled and as if she were crying.

"Could you come over right away, my apartment?"

"Of course."

HE WANTED to sing, to shout. But Louise began to sob and that sobered him.

"What's wrong?"

"Something terrible has happened. Arthur shot himself. Oh, please hurry over. I don't know what to do."

"Shot himself? Good Lord!"

"In the arm. It was an accident."

"I'll be right over."

He put on the first hat he could find and ran out, slamming the door.

Joseph called:

"Mr. Harworth . . . where'll you be?"

But Harworth didn't hear him. Luckily he caught an elevator on its way down and in a few minutes he was in the garage at the back of the apartment hotel. Sandy was sitting in the office talking to the night man. When he saw Harworth he got hastily to his feet.

"Get the limousine. Snap it up."

"This is a rush order sure enough,"

(Continued on page 58)

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The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

"LONG-DISTANCE call for you, sir," says Richard Cordova's valet. Cordova goes to the phone. "This," says a voice, "is Carmichael. I'm at my camp at Lake Warumkeg, Maine. Won't you run up and spend the week-end with me?"

Carmichael! *The* Carmichael—former U. S. senator, party boss in New York, a power in finance! Cordova has never met the man. What can this amazing call mean? Can it be that Carmichael, knowing he is assistant district attorney of New York, is planning to use him, in some way? He dismisses the fleeting thought, and—"Of course, Senator," he replies. "I'll be delighted to run up."

A few days later, Cordova reaches the "camp"—a superb estate, with liveried servants everywhere. He meets Carmichael and two other guests: Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell, both tremendously prominent in New York politics. And he meets—sees much of—the senator's two nieces, Deborah and Del.

Deborah is young, boydenish, daring. One look at the clean-cut, strong-limbed Cordova is enough. "There," she says to herself, "is the man I'm going to marry!" But it is Del, not Deborah, who attracts Cordova. "What a beautiful girl!" he thinks. "What a glorious wife she'd make—for *some* man! . . ."

Following coffee, at dinner the first day, the four men play bridge. There is little talk—and that is mostly of trivialities. Cordova wins twenty-eight dollars. Then—

"Cordova," says the senator, "you've been wondering why I asked you up here, eh? Well, we've been looking you over, we three men. Cordova, you're handling the prosecution of the Drovers and Builders Investment Trust, aren't you?" Cordova stiffens. "I am, sir," he replies, frigidly. "Think you'll get a conviction?" asks Carmichael. "I *know* I will," Cordova replies. "Good lad!" exclaims Carmichael; and then, with his next words, comes the strangest, the most amazing, surprise of Richard Cordova's entire life—"If you get that conviction, my lad—well, Cordova, how would you like to be the mayor of New York City?"

II

CORDOVA was rather good at light interchange of talk. He was no wit, but he thought quickly, and he was able to treat a serious matter gayly. He had, too, that ready adaptability to changing circumstance which is called tact. So, now he steadied, then quelled, that impulse to light derision which is the modern way of greeting anything surprising.

The muscles of his face in no way reflected his varying emotions. Over his black eyes a film seemed to spread. That film is observable in the eyes of all desperate criminals, of all intellectual women whose virtue is for sale, and of all persons, male or female, whose natural inclination is to meet a dangerous situation with unexpected violence. Cordova was of this type; he would fight his way out of a difficulty rather than argue himself to safety. And to whatever type this opacity of eye belongs, also belongs an ability to mask emotions. It is as though the person of this type is able to drop a shutter over his countenance.

"Almost any young man," he said slowly, "would like to be mayor of New York."

"We're not discussing any young man," said Carmichael. "We're asking you."

CORDOVA'S olive skin—the gift of that Spanish don who, wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, had found welcome there and later in England, and whose son had brought his British wife to America—paled slightly.

"Sometimes a question rates a question in return," he said. "Why are you asking me this question?"

Martine laughed harshly.

"I thought you were on the wrong track, Daniel," he said to Carmichael. "Any other lad would jump at the chance—"

Carmichael held up a well-cared-for hand. Martine's coarse voice died away.

"We can find jumpers anywhere, Bert," he said. "I prefer the man who can jump if he has to, but doesn't do it needlessly. That's a fair question, Cordova. And the answer is this: because we're prepared to make you mayor."

The film left Cordova's eyes; they looked at Grenfell; they glanced at Martine; they stared squarely into the eyes of Carmichael.

"I am an assistant district attorney of New York," he said slowly. "My name never figured in the news until four weeks ago, when I was given charge of the prosecution of the Drovers and Builders matter. Even that is so slight a matter—apparently—that beyond the mere mention that I was conducting the prosecution, hardly anything has been printed about the affair."

"You—er—used the word 'apparently,'" said Grenfell. "Does that signify anything?"

Cordova turned to the speaker:

"For the reply to that, Mr. Grenfell, I will refer you to the day-by-day proceedings of the case when it comes to trial."

Grenfell looked swiftly at Carmichael, but that marble countenance was blank of expression.

"I see," he said softly.

AS THOUGH he had not been interrupted, Cordova, turning back to Carmichael, continued:

"I am as obscure a holder of public office as might be found in New York," he said. "I belong to no political club or organization, and have no powerful political connections."

Carmichael permitted his marble features to relax in a smile.

"I am not exactly unknown," he said. "And a few people have heard of Martine and Grenfell."

Cordova ignored this interruption, too.

"I have no record of achievement," he went on. "And in addition to these matters, I am a few months past my twenty-eighth birthday."

"Ney—or somebody—was a marshal of France at that age," said Grenfell.

"And Lindbergh had flown the Atlantic before that age," said Cordova. "But I am neither a soldier nor an aviator. I am a lawyer, at the moment in the district attorney's office for the purpose of seeking experience. And I ask you—why do you ask me if I want to be mayor of New York?"

"We've answered that," Carmichael reminded him. "Now you answer our question."

"Want to be mayor of New York? Why, of course I do. And now I'll laugh just as loudly as the rest of you if you'll tell me what's the joke."

Carmichael frowned. Cordova regretted the pertness of his speech as soon as it was uttered.

"I don't mean that, gentlemen," he said. "I knew—of course—that you didn't ask me to come down here to be the butt of a pointless jest. But—I'm a little bewildered."

Carmichael's frown vanished.

"That's quite natural, Cordova. You'd be rather certain of yourself

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not to be surprised. And I think I can dissipate that bewilderment. But—the mayoralty of New York is an important office. It is not one to be lightly tendered nor lightly refused. Nor is its offer one, if rejected, to be talked about."

Cordova stiffened.

"Anything said to me, sir, that does not conflict with my duty as an attaché of the district attorney's office, that concerns me personally, is naturally confidential."

"And why," asked Grenfell, "should you assume that your civic duties might be concerned in this conversation?"

"I haven't assumed that," said Cordova. "I am merely making a statement."

"The Drovers and Builders was mentioned, Grenfell," said Carmichael mildly. "The young man might possibly suspect some connection."

"There is none, sir?" asked Cordova.

"None—except that winning the case will practically make your election certain," said Carmichael.

Cordova stared at him.

"May I ask how you happen to know the possible effect of this case?" he inquired.

To be mayor of New York. To be in a position to right the wrongs that must exist in a great city. . . . The three men at the bridge table exchanged swift glances. Carmichael's right eye closed cautiously

"You may ask, Cordova, but you won't mind if I keep my own counsel, will you?" evaded the senator. "After all, you mentioned your duty as a prosecutor a moment ago."

"But if you know something—of importance to the state's case—"

Carmichael laughed.

"I verily believe you'd subpœna me if you thought that."

"I certainly would," said Cordova stiffly.

"And not be nominated for the mayoralty," said Carmichael.

"AND not *want* to be nominated," said Cordova.

Carmichael looked from Grenfell to Martine.

"Is this the kind of man we want at City Hall?" he asked.

Martine nodded surlily. Grenfell's assent was a quick, bird-like motion of his head. Carmichael looked at the young man.

"I only know about the Drovers and Builders what every man in Wall Street knows: that there is a possibility—a probability—that the United Buyers Company may be also involved. You mustn't be too quick to protect your virtue, Cordova. We men here want you to win that case. It involves a gross misuse of the public's savings. My interest—our interest in the matter is that of any group of decent citizens who are jealous of the reputation of sound business and of the honesty and efficiency of the government."

"Sorry, if I seemed to intimate—" began Cordova.

"When great gifts are unexpectedly offered, when there seems no reason for their offer, one is wise to look the givers over," said Carmichael. "You would not be fit to hold high office if you were not cautious. One has a right to be suspicious of everyone—of *everyone*—when one enters politics. Cordova, do you want to play with us?"

"Why, of course I do," replied the young man. "Only—it all seems—well, silly, to me. I'm unknown, young—"

"I think you're able," said Carmichael. "I know you're honest."

"But ability—if I have it—and honesty—they don't seem enough—"

"Now listen to me, Cordova," said Carmichael. He sipped at his whisky-and-soda. "This fall our party is going to be attacked. The inefficiency of the present administration will be attacked. Not merely the other party, but the radicals—Socialists, Reds and others—will scream corruption. They will point to the disclosures regarding the judiciary—they'll demand a clean sweep. If a party man, a recognized party man, is nominated by us, we'll lose.

"THAT would be no great tragedy. But all over the country the Reds would make capital of our defeat. They would say that corruption was merely to be administered by a different group. Unrest would spread and unrest is a bad thing; it hurts business and delays the return of good times.

"But if our party house-cleaned itself, recognized by its nominees that it had been lacking, and if the people, despite the attacks on the present administration, returned our party to power, business all over the country would pick up. Business men would tell each other that the mass of the people were sane, that they weren't scatter-brained, that they didn't want a change for the mere sake of change, but that they wanted honesty and ability, and that they were sensible enough to realize that, because a party had a few corrupt or inefficient officials, the party wasn't necessarily bad, nor was the party system bad. And it would quell the Reds. They would realize that

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the New York public was satisfied with the present structure of government, although it might be dissatisfied with the incumbents of high office. There—that's the longest speech I've made since I left the Senate."

"And why do you think I could be elected?" asked Cordova.

"If our party nominates a politician—as I've explained, we're beaten before we start. If we nominate a man along in years—or even middle-aged—the younger generation will shrug its shoulders and say that such a man, brought up in the midst of graft, the product of a grafting generation, won't better matters. But if we nominate a young man, a man of unblemished reputation, a man of wealth—" He shook his head swiftly. "Don't think we're looking for contributions to the party campaign chest. Cordova, you inherited an immense fortune. You haven't lost any of it, I understand. You studied law, and graduated well up in your class. You could have joined almost any firm in the city. Instead, you applied for a place with the district attorney.

"You live modestly, simply. Yet the fact that you are not a miser is shown by your many contributions to charity. I know all about them, more than you imagine, Cordova. You have taken up the prosecution of a financial institution. Banks are not sacred to you. You are of a well-known American family. You have social position. That last seems unimportant to you. Don't believe it, Cordova. Voters will instantly tell themselves that you aren't out to get graft. And something else—*the people are never resentful of a rich man in politics.* They are only resentful when they think he is buying place. There will be no question of this in the public mind. If you are known to dine with people of money and position, the people won't object. They won't say that you're selling out the people's just rights for an invitation to Park Avenue. Well, what about it?"

"What can there be about it, Mr. Carmichael?" asked Cordova simply. "But—after all, you're only three men—how can you—well, be sure that I'll get the nomination?"

"We can't be *sure*," replied Carmichael. "But—if there's no opposition that amounts to anything—"

"You mean that—that the mayor will not run again?" asked the young man.

"I mean," said Carmichael simply, "that the mayor will retire to private life. Well, you accept?"

"Of course I do," said Cordova. "And if I'm nominated—and elected—I'll promise to be the best kind of mayor that I'm able to be."

"And that," said Carmichael, "will be an excellent mayor."

CORDOVA felt himself giving way to emotion. He had never expected anything like this, never indulged in daydreams of public preferment. He had studied law because he had no particular aptitude for business, and because he felt no artistic urge. But he had looked upon idleness, upon the mere spending of an income, as something distasteful and unworthy of a healthy man.

Then the law had become interesting to him. He had applied himself. His year and a half in the district attorney's office had shown him that the law might be something more than a game; it was meant to be, and should be, an instrument for the righting of wrong. Justice, an abstraction in his thoughts, became a very tangible thing, something worth working for, something worth the labors of everyone.

The punishing of the men responsible for the failure of the Drovers and Builders was unimportant as it concerned those men. But it was important as it concerned the faith of the people in their financial institutions, as it concerned them in their faith in the power—and willingness—of the law to protect them.

To be mayor of New York. To be in a position to right, in even slight measure, the wrongs that must exist in a great city.

He turned away from the three men and walked to the great French window. A huge moon was sailing majestically across the sky, and the waters of the lake gleamed like silver. The three men at the bridge table exchanged swift glances. Carmichael's right eye closed cautiously. Martine put a heavy hand over his mouth as though to hide a smile. Grenfell pursed his lips in a round and derisive and silent "oh."

Cordova turned back to them.

"God bless my soul," said Carmichael, "I've violated my most vital rule. I've stayed up until—" he glanced at his watch—"it's half past eleven. Goodnight, Cordova. Night, Martine; night, Grenfell."

Yet, as Cordova followed him up the great stairs, he was thinking of Del Carmichael, not of the mayoralty of New York.

And as he mounted the stairs, his footsteps—and those of his host—signaled subtleties to the listening ears of the two young women, who, preparing themselves for the night, did so with doors slightly ajar. There was in Daniel Carmichael's light tread that swift certainty which Del Carmichael had come to associate with success, or at least with a trend of matters distinctly favorable. When Carmichael was facing obstacles whose surmounting still presented difficulties, there was no lack of confidence in the sound of his footfalls, but there was a deliberation, a definiteness, which was missing tonight.

DEL CARMICHAEL, listening, heard the two men separate on the landing. As silently as a shadow she rose from her dressing-table and walked to her door. She thrust the door a trifle wider. In the filmy negligee which was the only dishabille she affected—pajamas, unless they were lacy and ornate, did not suit her taste—she was an effective picture as she stood in the opening.

Carmichael stopped, surveyed her approvingly. His thin lips parted in a smile of complete understanding.

"Well?" she asked softly.

"Well," he said flatly.

"An attractive young man," she ventured.

"We were considering him from other angles," chuckled Carmichael.

"Naturally," she conceded. "He passed the examination?"

Carmichael nodded.

"If you needed beauty sleep," he said, "I would say that these are the hours."

She blew him a frosty kiss, and the door closed upon her. Carmichael resumed his light progress to his own bedroom.

Deborah, her face innocent of cold cream, dressed in sternly-cut pajamas that made her seem more than ever like a young boy, called to him softly as he passed her door.

"Did you lose, Uncle?" she asked.

"At bridge, yes. Cordova was the only winner."

"At bridge," said Deborah.

"At bridge," chuckled Carmichael.

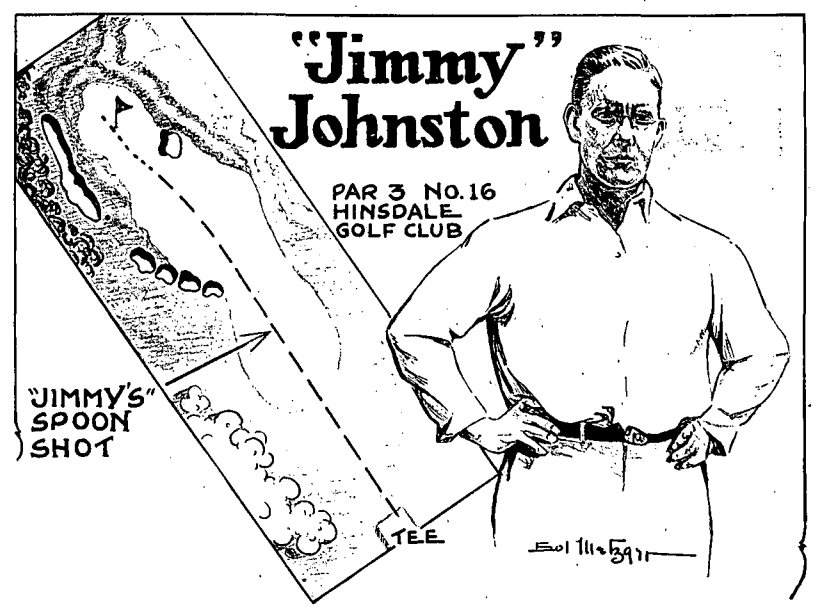
The young girl smiled. The kiss she tossed her uncle was warmly affectionate. Carmichael, in his own room, let his mind linger with thoughts of the two girls. They were his only escape from reality, a reality from which he never wished permanent rescue, but from which it was pleasant to take an occasional vacation.

He had watched them as little babies, daughters of his two younger brothers, wondering vaguely if he would ever marry, if he would ever have sons to carry on the work and name of their father. He had watched them play with dolls, had always been the kindly, extravagant uncle who wanted to spoil them. Then, when death had given him the keeping of first one, and then the other, his own joy in possessing them had made him hardly regretful of the successive tragedies which had robbed them of parents.

He had wanted sons; he would have been glad for nephews; despite his prejudices in favor of the masculine sex, he adored his nieces. But something shadowy now, in a moment of more than ordinary affection for them, made his smile turn to a frown.

Well, he guessed he'd better take a pepsin tablet before going to bed.

(Continued on page 61)



Jimmy's Silver Spoon

By Sol Metzger

WHEN Bobby Jones miraculously won from Ray Gorton in their thrilling eighteen-hole, second-round battle in the 1928 National Amateur, after Gorton had once been 2 up, the gallery said:

"It's a good thing his opponent wasn't Jimmy Johnston. He'd have spooned him to death."

The previous season this rare skill of Harrison R. "Jimmy" Johnston had left its impression in the Walker Cup matches. He then was making his début in international competition. His opponent in the singles, E. F. Storey, was 3 up at the turn in the morning. Unpleasant for any trailer. Top it with the bad news then breaking that many Americans were taking like doses and you have quite enough mental hazard to crush any beginner.

But not Jimmy Johnston. He stuck to his guns so well that when they came to the last tee that morning he had squared the match. His drive on this 424-yarder was 260 yards. Storey, away, failed to reach home. Whereupon, with as grand a spoon shot as golf knows, Jimmy laid his ball dead. It crushed Storey.

That may have been luck.

Next day, Ouimet and Johnston were paired against Torrance and Storey in the Scotch foursomes. At the sixteenth Ouimet uncorked one of his longest drives, 310 yards, on this 527-yard hole. The British, 3 down, now saw Harrison R. decide matters. Again the same spoon, again the same perfect shot. It ended their hopes.

That was not luck.

Wood shots, whether with driver, brassie or spoon, are the curse of golfers. One player alone is their master. He's Jimmy Johnston. Given a spoon he's both poison and perfection.

If you doubt this, hark back to the 1924 Western Amateur championship finals at the Hinsdale Golf Club. Down the home stretch things looked bad for Albert Seckel's opponent, this same Jimmy. At the fourteenth tee Seckel, veteran of many National championships, was leading 4 up and 5 to go.

No doubt, since, of the fighting qualities of Johnston. True, they were proven to the world when he came from behind to wrestle the 1929 National crown from Dr. Willing at Pebble Beach. But now behold him—uncorking birdies. Seckel clung to pars, usually the perfect plan. But at the end it found him one down. So Johnston gained his first important title.

But what of his spoon? Where did it come in? Consider the old 225-yard sixteenth with its narrow opening to a ribbon of green set on a side hill. What more exacting tee shot? Jimmy came to it 2 down, 3 to go. He departed one down, 2 to go. The reason—his spoon.

Wood shots, say the champions, have no limit as to distance. Irons, on the other hand, have. They must reach the pin and go no farther. That's why I believe Jimmy Johnston's spoon must be of metal, perhaps the silvered spoon of birth, for at Hinsdale, as so often since, his shot with it came to rest hard by the fluttering flag.

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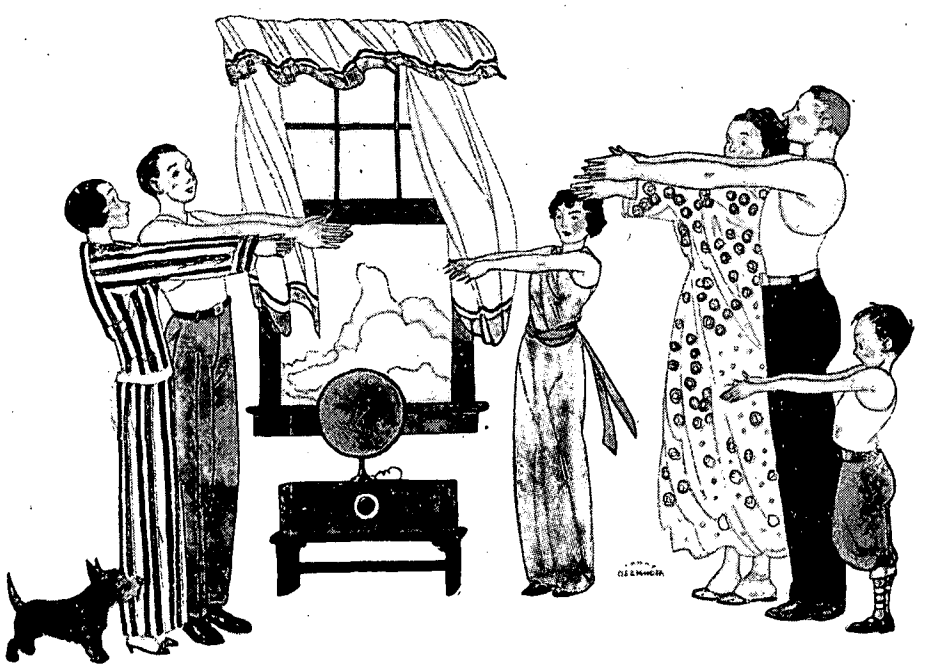


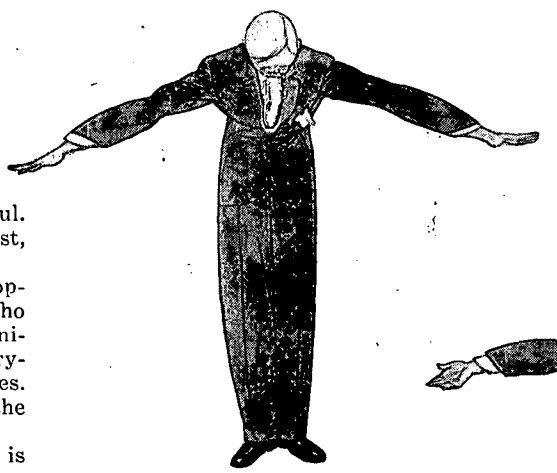
"Do your heavy breathing in the morning when you first wake up"

Take a Deep Breath

Most of us are only half-aired. We are anxious enough to hang onto the breath of life—yet we don't bother to draw it properly. But do some deep breathing daily. You'll be surprised to see how things start looking up

By Helen Durham

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



BREATHE to be healthy. Breathe to be handsome. Breathe to stand well, talk well, be *well*. Breath and plenty of it is essential to any cure, whether your ailment is of the mind, the body or the soul.

On this point everyone agrees, cultist, faddist and physician.

"To breathe properly is to live properly," says the old Yogi philosopher, who has pondered on the secrets of the universe in silence years on end. "Everything in life breathes," he declares. "The ebb and flow of the tides are the breathings of the earth."

"Breath is the stuff of which voice is made," says the voice expert. The posture expert's first command is to fill your lungs. The honest beauty specialist admits that increased circulation brought about by good breathing will do more for your complexion than a lifetime of massage. The psychoanalyst will tell you that an inferiority complex may spring from something as simple as scant breath. As for the doctor, he will tell you that breathing is the first vital process of life. His sole business is to keep you breathing, from the time he thumps you on the back to get you going until he produces the oxygen to keep you from stopping.

Half-Aired and Half-Alive

Physical life is a series of breaths. All of us know very well that if this process is interrupted, not our days but our minutes are numbered. Yet few of us give a tinker's dam how or what we breathe.

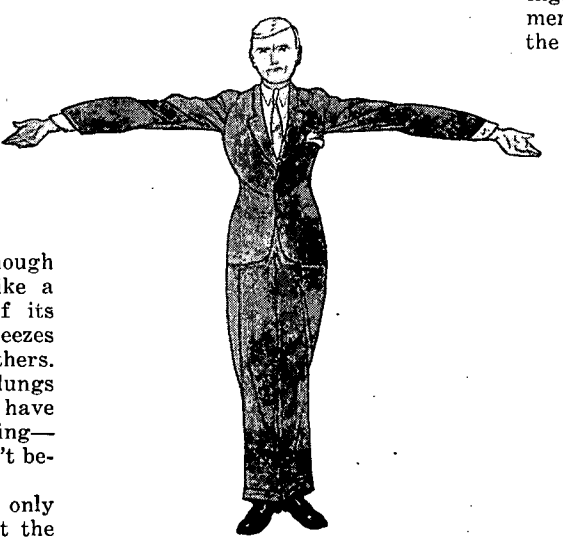
Most of us are only half-aired, therefore only half-alive. We take in enough breath to sustain life but not enough to live it vigorously. We are like a car chugging along on only half its cylinders with all the resultant wheezes and knocks. We are shallow breathers. If some of us actually filled our lungs with a great blast of air, we would have an oxygen jag, a light-headed feeling—that is a physical fact. If you don't believe it try it sometime.

We are so accustomed to using only the tops of our lungs that we get the idea they end at the bust line. But they don't. On either side back of the ribs they extend down to the waistline. Unless you constantly make use of this important lower-lung section in your breathing, you are a poor risk for the insurance company and a flop in the beauty contest.

Here are some of the magic things deep breathing will do for you:

Vida Sutton, whose job is to train the tones and tongues of announcers of the National Broadcasting Company, says you never talk better than you breathe. Without an ample column of air your voice lacks color and richness. The voice of the shallow breather invariably is shallow, thin and squeaky. It lacks personality. The voice of the deep breather may be loud enough—it may boom out like a cannon. But unless his breath is also controlled, it may come in blasts and jerks that make the voice unpleasant. Just to hear it wears you out. Incidentally, it wears him out, too. The person who breathes lazily invariably has a lazy, drawling voice.

The radio announcer, whose stock in trade is his voice, knows the value of deep breathing. Go into any broadcasting studio and see the announcer before his "mike," waiting to be flashed on the air, one eye



on the clock. The back of his coat is rising and falling. He is tuning up his instrument.

The psychoanalyst says it is quite possible to control your mood by your breathing. If you are nervous, excited, angry—breathe deeply. The calming effect is a miracle. If you have a trying ordeal to face, deep breathing will help you meet it. Next time you ask your boss for a raise or make a confession to your wife or tell the cook there'll be six for dinner instead of three, take a deep breath and plunge in. It will give you courage.

Deep breathing is the actor's first aid against stage fright. Even a seasoned star like Helen Hayes declares she could never face a first-night audience without screwing up her courage by a few deep breaths.

"I stand in the wings," says Miss Hayes, "waiting my cue, breathing heavily, finger pressed first against one nostril, then the other. I make such a ridiculous picture that I'm always a little worried lest my manager discover me and send me off to the madhouse. But this very breathing is the only thing that keeps me from going mad."

Many people stand badly because they breathe badly. A body misshapen and out of line is often the result of years of faulty breathing habits. When chests are concave and torsos slump, the first point of attack is the breath. Properly inflated lungs right the body just as proper ballast rights the ship.

How's Your Diaphragm?

In Europe there is a school of acting the keynote of whose teaching is, "Breathe yourself into the part." To portray a quick, neurasthenic rôle, the student is told to take shallow, jerky breaths; for a calm rôle, long rhythmic breathing; for the energized, full-blooded one, full-lunged, hearty breathing.

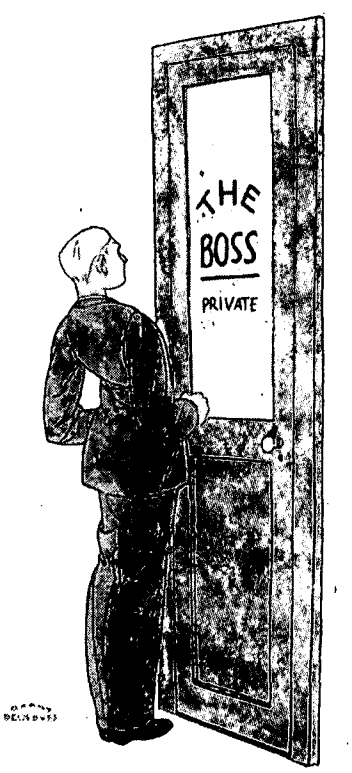
Helen Hayes says that for years she could play only ingénue rôles because she had only an ingénue's breath, a fluffy little flapper's supply.

"I could never have played Coquette or What Every Woman Knows without the power and poise I acquired from learning how to breathe," she says.

"It was Mary Garden who first made me aware of the importance of breath to the actress. It was the first time I had met her, and as she sailed into the room just looking at her took my breath away. I was introduced as 'little Miss Hayes, the actress.' Miss Garden's response was to give me a vigorous thump just above the belt. 'Actress?' she said. 'You can't act, my child. You haven't the diaphragm of a baby.'"

To whatever specialist you turn, whether the thing he or she promises to give you is the face of a Venus, the figure of an Apollo, the voice of a nightingale or, more sanely, good sound mental and physical health, breath is the great panacea.

(Continued on page 63)



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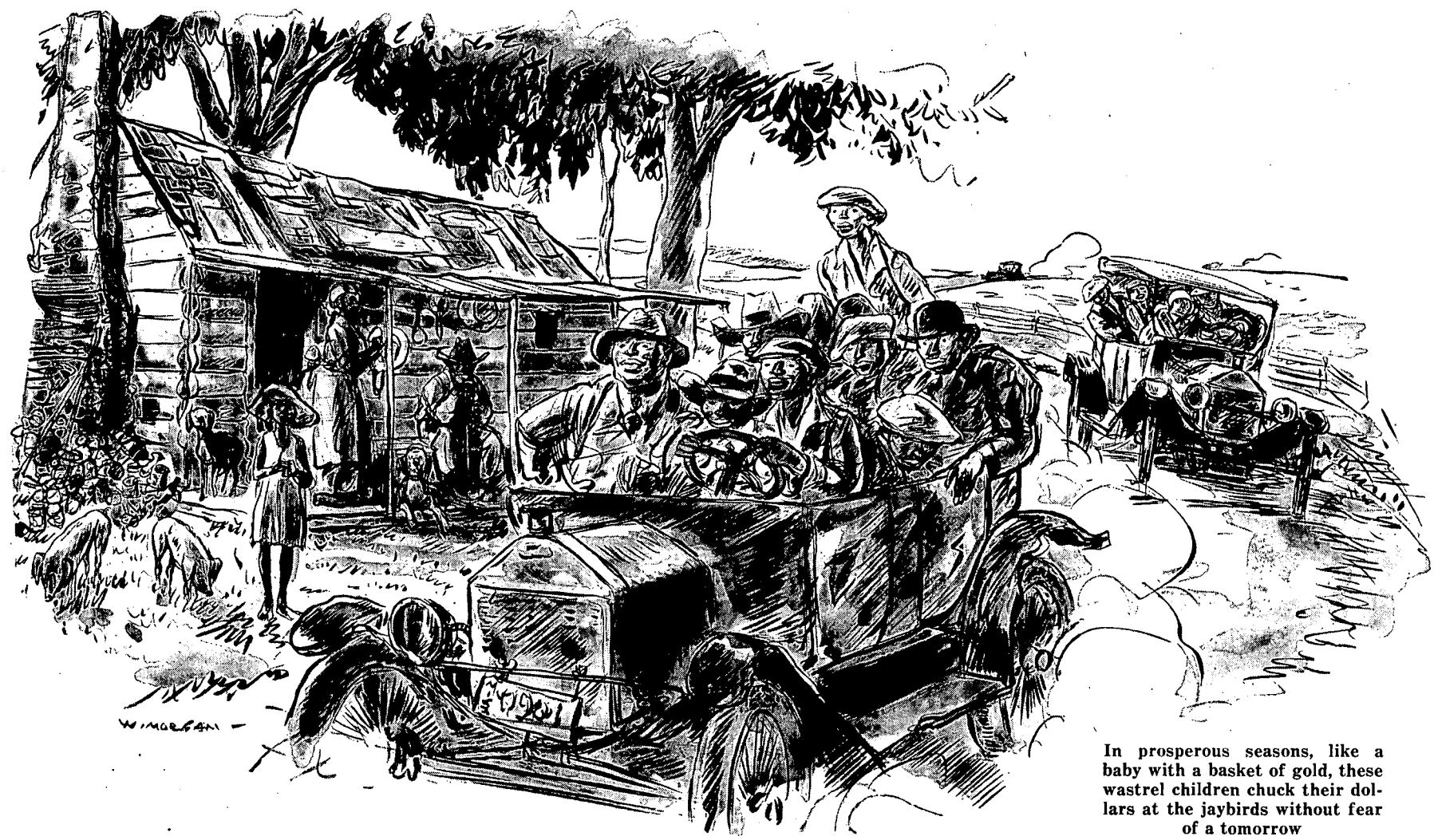

In prosperous seasons, like a baby with a basket of gold, these wastrel children chuck their dollars at the jaybirds without fear of a tomorrow

George Gits Furnished

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

There are more sides to cotton-growing than our bankers and economists ever hint at. Pauper labor, for instance. And black George's insatiable love of "furnish." Black George himself, for that matter. Here Mr. Dickson tells you the human story of cotton, that "liability that is mortgaged in January, planted in May and left in the field at Christmas"

GEORGE WASHINGTON was not the Father of his Country. Not all of it. He claimed merely to be the prolific parent of a part. According to his own declaration, George had sired no more than eight Negro children, ranging from one month to twelve years of age, all of whom were now shivering from cold and without a bite to eat. This statement, exactly as it fell from his lips, is preserved in the archives of Washington County, Mississippi, written down in the precise chirography of Ann Stokes.

The document is historically authentic and bears date just before Christmas of 1930, during a period of distress when hungry whites and blacks were registering their families for the purpose of drawing supplies. Of course George scrouged himself to the very forefront, leading the bread line; for whenever the white folks gave out rations, George was always first to apply. If a typhoon struck Japan, or an earthquake occurred at Messina, his woebegone figure would perch on Charity's doorstep at Greenville, Mississippi, and bewail the losses that he had sustained.

It should be noted, however, that Washington County was named for white George of Mount Vernon, and not in honor of black George, who now stood bowing his kinky head before Ann Stokes' desk at Red Cross headquarters, as he glibly answered her questions concerning his needs.

"Yas'm, I got some few chillun," said black George. "Jes' a few."

"How many?" the lady persisted.

"One—two—three—" George tallied slowly on his fingers, with shrewd eyes watching her expression to guess how many children Ann would permit him to have. The bigger the family the better the basket that he expected to tote away, so George kept on counting—"Three—fo'—five: yas'm, I got eight chillun, *eight*."

He was lying by the clock. George had neither wife nor child, and gave addresses which were found to be fictitious when the committee made its house-to-house investigation. To the eternal honor of Washington County, he was one of the very, very few liars who attempted to profit by a desperate situation, while swarms of actual sufferers, white and black, were telling the truth.

Washington County, Mississippi, lies along the great river, in the very heart of our alluvial region. For patient æons Father Mississippi has deposited here the leaf mold of a continent, deep and mellow, richer than the fabled valley of the Nile. The low, fecund acres of southeast Arkansas, northwest Mississippi and northern Louisiana enjoy a practical monopoly on American long-staple cotton, strong, white and silky, worth twice as much as the shorter and weaker fiber.

That's their money crop. No other land can compete with them. But it should not be their sole crop, to leave them gaunt and hopeless when it fails.

Alongside of their cotton, food just naturally oozes out of the ground. When the springtime soil is soft, even so languid a person as old black George needs only to tread in a seed with his toe, just tickle the ground, and succulent vegetables will tickle him. But George is a long-staple specialist and refuses to manipulate his toe or hoe when he can buy canned tomatoes on credit at the plantation commissary.

The foresighted ant and wise old woodpecker lay up rations for winter, while George has the "hindsight" of a grasshopper and never sees ahead to cold weather. In normal times this one propensity might explain his pauperism, but thousands of Negro tenants who worked fairly well are now in exactly the same fix, drawing free rations from a community of bankrupt whites. From Colonel Darius Faunsdale, for example.

Colonel Rye—Optimist

For more than forty years Colonel Rye has fought high water and low cotton to make six-cent-staple with free labor. Since boyhood his undaunted figure has waded through overflows to come up smiling and dry, so very dry, so ruddy of countenance as to justify his nickname of Cunnel Rye—also as a tribute to his favorite beverage. A big-framed, blue-eyed, open-hearted man, Colonel Rye, like every other web-footed denizen of our delta, is a confirmed optimist. In his buoyant soul, hope perpetually triumphs over experience, and he pins his faith to a rosy future. Despite all past calamities the colonel believes, first, that their levees can never break again; second, that his next crop will be a bumper; third, prices must go to top notch; and, fourth, the Democrats will sweep the country.

With these gilt-edged collaterals and the formality of a mortgage, Colonel Rye strolls nonchalantly into a nice

(Continued on page 64)

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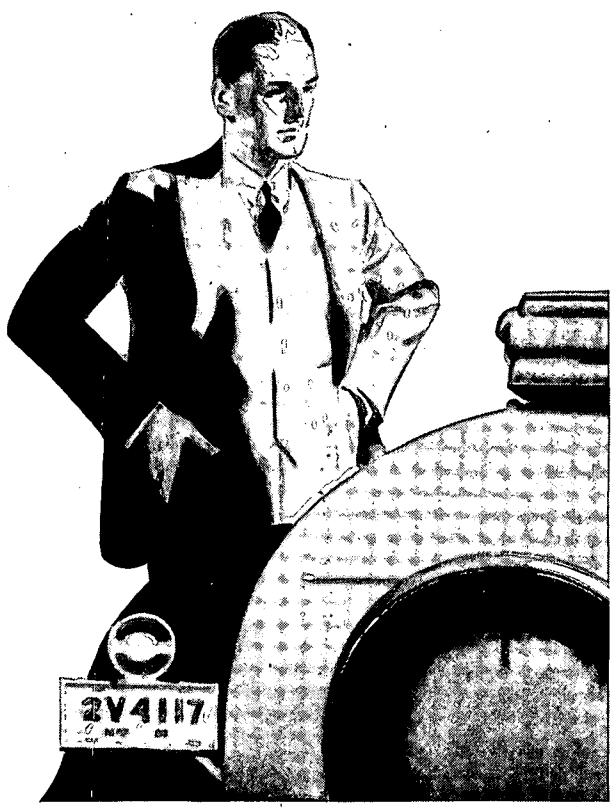
To the man who is "making the old car do"!

Will you inspect... just once... this Hupmobile at $995?



You're not wearing last year's shoes . . . making year-before-last's clothes serve!

Some times—these times included—you can save more by *spending* than by stubbornly hanging on!

Take Hupmobile. Always the mark of a man who buys both wisely and well. Always a car that has meant full value for your money.

What is it today?

A finer car than in all its history. A car with a thrill to it. And an air. And comfort and smartness and a thrifty soul.

A car to sustain the family morale . . . to proclaim to the world that *you're* still going strong!

And you can have one—today—for $995 f. o. b. factory! With Free-Wheeling!

Only a few cars have Free-Wheeling. Only a few cars can be called really *new* this year. Only in these has driving been made akin to flying.

And the Century Six, with Free-Wheeling, sells at less than $1,000!

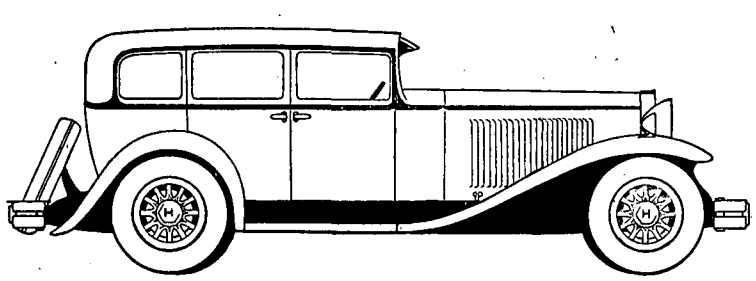
We ask you to see the Century Six Sedan . . . at $995. To ride in it. To appraise it.

Then to ask yourself if it isn't wiser—isn't really more thrifty—isn't the sensible thing to do—to have a Hupmobile—at this year's prices!

Free-Wheeling

Hupmobile

SIXES AND EIGHTS



$995

CENTURY SIX SEDAN

CENTURY EIGHT SEDAN...$1295

Three other Eights from . . . $1595 to $2295

PRICES ARE FOR STANDARD EQUIPMENT F. O. B. FACTORY

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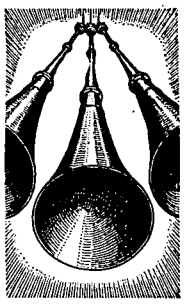
Mother *and* Father *didn't miss a word*



From their seats in the last row of the school auditorium would they be able to hear their little girl recite? The parents were pleasantly surprised when her childlike treble came across the distance clear and natural, brought by Western Electric amplifying apparatus.

Public Address Systems widen the hearing circle. They enable hundreds or many thousands, indoors and out, to hear distinctly every word of a speaker or the pianissimo tone of a musical instrument.

This equipment gives its true-to-life tonal results because it was made by an organization with fifty years' experience in *sound*—the makers of your Bell telephone. It is additional proof—along with apparatus for talking pictures, for broadcasting, for police radio, for aviation radio, for hearing aid—of Western Electric leadership in the field of sound.

Western Electric

Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders in the development of sound transmission

The Western Electric Public Address System is distributed by Graybar Electric Company.

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Under Study

Hero today, gone tomorrow. Baseball's current royalty, from King Ruth down, must yield eventually to younger blood. So Mr. Rice looks over some of the most promising princes

By Grantland Rice

FORTY or fifty years ago a flock of fans were ready to swear that when King Kelly, Pop Anson, Hoss Radbourne and John Montgomery Ward turned in their uniforms the old ball game would be practically over. There could be no others to take the places of these baseball immortals.

Another flock of fans felt the same way when the names of Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Larry Lajoie and Hans Wagner occupied the headlines. But Walter Johnson and Grover Alexander eased into the picture about this time to remove part of the future's starless gloom.

And just as this Old Guard was fading out, a husky young fellow named Babe Ruth broke into the picture as a home-run hitter and changed almost the entire scheme of baseball attack. Working as a pitcher, he could afford to experiment at the plate. So he threw aside the old method of choking a bat, wrapped his two big hands around the lower end and took a full cut at the ball with his eyes focused on the right-field fence.

Babe Ruth took his place as the greatest crowd collector and crowd pleaser of them all as he moved from one home-run record to another. But the Babe, now on his way to six hundred home runs, is also in his thirty-eighth year with the end of the trail not far away.

Mathewson, Johnson and Alexander, the last three pitchers to win thirty or more games in a season, have passed from the box. Cobb and Speaker are through.

But the old game demands its heroes, who must prove their places in the box scores from day to day, year after year. Who then is to take the places of these faded or fading stars?

The first nomination is a 23-year-old pitcher named Wesley Ferrell, now starring with the Cleveland Indians. Like most great pitchers young Ferrell is no product of the big-town game. He came from the Ferrell dairy farm near Guilford, North Carolina, and you may recall that Christy Mathewson was born in Mechanicsville, Pennsylvania; that Cy Young reported from Peoli, Ohio; Walter Johnson from Coffeyville, Kansas; Grover Alexander from St. Paul, Nebraska.

Signs of Greatness

Built along the lines of Matty and Walter Johnson, Ferrell in certain particulars is a reminder of both in their earlier years. Like Matty in his younger days Ferrell has speed, a fine curve and first-class control.

Like Walter Johnson the young Cleveland star is extremely quiet, but pleasant and courteous if you have any questions to ask. If there is any talking to be done, you will have to open the conversation.

Both Matty and Johnson, when they broke in, had an unusual amount of coolness and poise. They could take a heavy riding from the enemy bench without even turning a head in that direction. Ferrell is the same way. He is out there to win a ball game and nothing else matters.

Ferrell started his big-league campaign with Cleveland in 1929. He won twenty-one games in his first year and twenty-five in his second with a club that was never in the running. Any young pitcher who can win forty-six games his first two seasons is far above the ordinary. And he opened his third campaign with an even faster rush, topping his first four or five victories with a no-hit, no-run carnival.

Ferrell is a big, strong, smart, cool, serious pitcher who keeps in condition and who, before his heyday is over, may even top the winning records of Mathewson, Johnson and Alexander.

Mr. Ruth's Heir-Apparent

But who will take the place that Ruth some day must vacate? There is the promise of stardom in Charles "Chuck" Klein, who joined the Phillies late in the summer of 1928. Coming straight in from a Class B league, Klein made ninety-one hits before the season closed, including eleven home runs, and finished with an average of .360. In 1929, his first full year as a regular, Chuck pounded out 219 hits, including forty-three home runs, for an average of .356.

Chuck had arrived in such a hurry that few believed he could hold the clip. Nevertheless, playing every game in 1930, Klein cracked out 250 hits, embracing fifty-nine doubles, eight triples and forty home runs for the tall mark of .386. He scored 158 runs. No big-league player in the history of the game ever got a start like this. No one ever approached his extra-base total in the first two years of play, when he averaged about 400 bases each season.

Chuck Klein left both school and farm at the age of sixteen for a job in a steel mill and this exercise didn't weaken his sinews.

Ball players and managers will tell you that Klein is one of the strongest men that ever came into baseball. He wrecked most of the fences in the Central League and then came to the Phillies, where he opened his 1931 campaign with two home runs, after holding out until a day or two before the season opened.

The next two nominations from the land of youthful promise are a pair of shortstops—Cronin of Washington and Gelbert of the St. Louis Cardinals. Whether or not either will be another Hans Wagner time alone will tell. But they are two great young ball players who have been factors in their teams' success.

"Young Cronin," Walter Johnson said one day, "is one of the greatest baseball finds. He is a fine infielder, a star hitter, a hustler and a natural leader. It isn't often that one sees such a combination."

Charley Gelbert of the Cardinals has an athletic background. His father was a famous end on one of Pennsylvania's greatest football teams, back in the days of Wharton and Hare. Young Gelbert gives his baseball experience in one line—"I have played ball ever since I could stand." At Lebanon Valley Gelbert won eleven varsity letters. In the summer of 1927 he signed with Rochester and was farmed to Topeka, but by the spring of 1929, with only a year and a half of professional baseball, he was called to the Cardinals.

The most promising feature of the play of both Gelbert and Cronin is their ability to rise to the heights in any critical series. For example, in his first world-series test last fall young Gelbert led his team at bat against Grove and Earnshaw with a mark of .316 and then accepted twenty-eight chances without an error. And many of these were hair-raising plays. So, for your future stars look at the list which includes the names of Ferrell, Klein, Cronin and Gelbert.

Wesley Ferrell, 23-year-old pitching star of the Cleveland Indians

Wide World

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Freshman

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Corey Ford

Illustrated by D'Alton Valentine

HE TUGGED and zigzagged the heavy trunk across the floor of the bare room over to the bureau, and he turned the key in the lock and lifted up the lid and let it slam backward upon its hinges. He knelt before the trunk and began very methodically to lift the jumbled contents from the top tray, piece by piece, and put them away in the empty bureau.

He took out a pair of silver-backed military brushes and patted the bristles together and laid them on top of the bureau. Then he lifted out a safety-razor case and an unopened pack of blades, and weighed the shiny new case in his hand for a moment as his other hand stole guiltily over the downy curve of his chin. After all, a fellow would have looked pretty funny, coming to college without a razor. He'd have got a heck of a ride if the fellows had ever found out he didn't own a razor.

Beyond the open window a September breeze moved the long fringe of an elm. He thought of elm-shaded walks; the campus at dusk, and lighted dormitories, and figures hurrying under the elms in the dusk, calling to each other, lighting cigarettes, laughing; and a muscle hopped in the hard line of his jaw. He had not realized when he had packed this trunk for college, four days ago, how much he had wanted to get away from Somerville. He had not quite realized, until he began to unpack, how deeply he had always hated Somerville. He had hated it for four dull years, divided into days and subdivided into an infinity of little hours by the mumbling chimes of an obsequious clock in the tower of the Somerville High School: sending him to class; sending him home after class; sending him out again every evening at seven to work in Simmons' garage, where Bill Borden would stop for gasoline in his big red car and ignore him because his father only worked in a mill. Bill Borden, big shot at high school, president of his class, taking Elsie to ride every evening in the big red car while he stood by silently in grease-stained overalls.

He used to plan savagely how it would all be different at college; he and Bill Borden on a level, then, nobody caring in college if Bill Borden's father owned the biggest house in Somerville, and he lived on the other side of the tracks. He had even planned his return to Somerville four years later when college was over: tolerant, of course, wise and dignified, smiling casually at the band and the cheering as he stepped down from the train and shook hands with Mayor Colby, nodding, across the crowd gathered to meet him, at Elsie's adoring eyes—

He lifted out several high school textbooks from the top tray of the trunk, and his physics lab. notebook—he had figured he would need that in college—and the green-covered Freshman Catalogue, and he rose and carried them across the room to a desk by the window. There was a pad of blue-ruled notepaper on the bare desk, the top sheet partly scribbled over, and three crumpled balls of blue-ruled paper already lay on the floor beside the desk.

The catalogue flopped open as he flung it on the desk. He turned the familiar pages one by one. He had read them and reread them all summer, while he was working in Simmons' garage, planning his courses, planning the things he would do in college in September. Freshman war. Fraternity rushing. The Big Game: Sensational Run by Unknown Sophomore Scores Winning Touchdown. And Junior Week; sitting on the fraternity steps with Elsie. And Graduation.

HE flipped the pages and reread the Instructions to Incoming Freshmen, his lips moving mechanically, his forehead pleating in a slight frown. ". . . in order to meet classmates and become acquainted with College Traditions, the freshman class will gather in University Hall on Friday, September twenty-first, at two o'clock." The twenty-first. Today. He had looked forward all summer to today. Two o'clock. His jaws tightened, and he grinned hard and stared fixedly past the upper edge of the catalogue.

He saw that he was looking at the blue-ruled paper on the pad, and he read the letter he had started to Elsie: "Dearest Elsie, I have started to write you several times in the last three or four days, but . . ." Suddenly he ripped off the sheet and crumpled it into a ball and dropped it onto the floor beside the three other balls of scribbled paper, and shoved back his chair briskly. He'd better finish unpacking. It was getting late. Soon be two o'clock.

He hauled out his worn football pants and jersey and laid them across a chair, and lifted out a green sweater. Then he looked back briefly over his shoulder at the closed door, and suddenly he rose and held the sweater before him, and looked in the mirror at the all-American quarter who grinned back at him from the glass, his face elaborately unaware of the tremendous white "D" on his broad chest as he strolled nonchalantly across the campus and waved easily to Elsie and Bill Borden, hurrying up the elm-shaded walk to congratulate him on that never-to-be-forgotten touchdown in the last three minutes of—

He bundled the sweater savagely into a ball and hurled it across the room at the closet. To thunder with it. He slammed the lid vindictively on the empty trunk and shoved it lightly with his foot across the floor, and stood before the bureau, pulling the silver-backed military brushes apart and jamming the bristles together again and frowning. He pulled the brushes apart once more and looked at his father's monogram on the back. His father had said, "Use 'em in college, son." He thought of his father, and suddenly he knew that he missed him. Then he looked at the barren room and he thought ". . . will gather in University Hall on Friday, September twenty-first, at two o'clock" and he grinned hard and banged the brushes together viciously, and spun on his heel and walked over to the desk.

He had looked forward all summer to today. He'd better finish unpacking. It was getting late

"Dear Elsie." He halted the furious rush of his pencil across the blue-lined paper as a taxi stopped in front of the door. Through the window he saw his mother, in black, dismount slowly from the cab with a friend on either side and walk up to the house, staring dully before her. He wrote rapidly: "I suppose you will no doubt be surprised to get a letter from me back in Somerville, the fact is that I did not start for college last Saturday, after all, it is account of the sudden—" He crossed that out. "Owing to my father's—" He crossed that out. "You have read in the newspaper about what happened at the mill—"

HE CRUMPLED the blue-lined sheet into a ball and dropped it on the floor beside the four crumpled balls of paper. He heard his mother's voice faintly downstairs, as the obsequious chimes in the tower of the Somerville High School mumbled twice in the distance. At two o'clock he had to go see Simmons about getting back his job at the garage. He would finish the letter tomorrow. There was no hurry about finishing the letter.

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It's that EXTRA something that breaks Par

...Clicquot *has it!*

IRON nerves and a grooved swing. A cascade of sand as a ball leaps from trouble and lies dead to the pin for a birdie. It takes that all-important SOMETHING MORE to manage a shot like that. The stuff that only champions have. That EXTRA something.

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Drink this zestful, invigorating ginger ale whenever you are thirsty. Three generations of Americans have given it their favor because of the EXTRA quality that it has always had. Three distinctive ginger ale flavors — Pale Dry, Golden and Sec — each to suit a different taste. And SaS, that delightful confection drink with the true sarsaparilla flavor.

Clicquot Club GINGER ALES

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Among a certain tribe of savages living near Timbuctoo, Africa, a matured girl is not eligible for marriage until she has had a baby.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Fire-walking, a weird ceremony of East Indian countries, still is performed by religious fanatics who walk with bare feet over large beds of burning charcoal in order to purge their souls of sin.

In the famous Kimberley diamond mines of South Africa, the operators have to mine, crush, wash and examine 14,000,000 pounds of "blue ground" to get 1 pound of diamonds.

In Fukier's Wine Shop in Warsaw, Poland, a few bottles of the world's oldest wine still are available, wonderful Hungarian Tokay, made in 1610, which can be bought for $55 a quart.

Speakeasies on the Bowery, New York, open at 4 A. M. to let out "the boys" who, having slept on the floor, want to look for the early jobs on the docks, and to let in those who are coming from work and need a "shot" of the 15-cent whisky.

Budapest, Hungary, contains today more mineral springs and health baths than any other city in the world, there being more than 40 famous flows of therapeutic value, one of which sends its water bottled to many countries.

You can lose 40% of your blood—and live to tell about it!

Steam travels at the rate of about a mile a second when passing through certain types of nozzles.—*By J. W. Jewett, Brookline, Mass.*

Of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women, 40 men and 4 women are color-blind. —*By Mrs. R. K. Lowery, Baker, Montana.*

The majority of the cities of the United States today will not permit married women to teach in the public schools.

Alphabets vary: The Nagari (Sanskrit) has 49 letters, the Persian 45, Armenian 38, Russian 35, Arabic 28, Spanish 27, Dutch, German and English 26, French 25, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Italian 21, Hawaiian 12, and the Chinese and Japanese have none—only syllabic characters.

From May 13th to July 29th each year, the sun does not set in the little town of Hammerfest, the most northerly inhabited spot on earth, located on Kvaló Island, off the northwest coast of Norway.

Less than 6% of the bills that were introduced in the last Congress were enacted and became national laws.

In Great Britain, "nursing homes" take the place of private hospital rooms, as the hospitals are maintained for the poor.

A court stenographer frequently records 50,000 words a day, which is more dictation than the average office stenographer takes in a month.—*By E. W. Cooper, New York City.*

All states except Arizona and Wyoming now have public school laws which require the teaching of the effects of alcohol and narcotic drugs on the human system.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

'Twan't do no Harm

Continued from page 11

around it and opened the door beside Ann and offered her his arm. Ann stepped down. He took her in his arms and kissed her. For a fraction of a second she followed her simple and natural impulse to yield to his kiss and then, realizing that he would know how much she liked him, she pushed him violently away.

"Oh," she said bitterly, "how could you!"

"Why, Ann," Dick Hemingway said, "how could I help it?"

"Oh," she said, "haven't we just agreed that that sort of thing is vulgar?"

She turned and would have run up the path but he caught her hand.

"But, Ann," he protested, "this isn't like that. I think you're perfect. I love you. I thought you liked me."

"I did like you," Ann said. "But I'm not in love with you and you're not in love with me. You couldn't be—in one evening."

"But, Ann," he said, "do please let me explain."

"No," Ann said. "Please go and please don't ever come back."

SHE jerked her hand free and ran up the path and into the house. It wasn't until she was safely in her own room that she burst into tears. It wasn't until the next morning that she realized she had been melodramatic. She had been a fool. She had fallen in love with the man almost at first sight—in a few hours—and instead of welcoming his making love to her she had made it impossible ever to see him again.

He called up in the afternoon and asked her if he might see her.

"No," Ann said, "not possibly."

"But you can't possibly mean it."

"I do mean it," Ann said.

She was tremendously relieved. He didn't know. He didn't suspect. He never would know.

She was curled up on the library sofa the next afternoon, pretending to read a book and thinking about Dick Hemingway and recalling every moment of Saturday night, when she heard the big knocker.

She went to the door. Dick Hemingway stood there with Cal Cooley, the village constable.

"This isn't a social call," Dick Hemingway said. "I'm under arrest."

"Come in," Ann said.

She led the way back into the library and shut the door so that Aunt Eloise would hear nothing.

"Now, Cal," she said, "what's the trouble?"

Cal looked at Dick Hemingway. "He was going sixty or seventy miles an hour right through the village," Cal said. "I couldn't catch him in my flivver."

"How did you catch him, Cal?" Ann asked.

"I followed him home," Cal said.

Ann sat down behind her desk and picked up the Connecticut statutes as abstracted for the benefit of justices of the peace.

"What's your story, Mr. Hemingway?" she asked without looking up.

"What Mr. Cooley says is true," Dick Hemingway replied. "I was going between sixty and seventy miles an hour through the village."

"I'm afraid I'll have to fine you ten dollars and costs, Mr. Hemingway," Ann said. She picked up a pencil and figured a moment. "It comes to $15.34 altogether."

"I haven't the money with me," Dick Hemingway said. "Mr. Cooley would perhaps drive out to my house and get it for me."

"Sure," Cal Cooley said. He started for the door.

"That will hardly be necessary, Mr. Hemingway," Ann said. "You can give me a check."

Dick Hemingway shook his head. "I haven't my check-book with me," he said. Cal Cooley shut the door behind him as he went out. Dick Hemingway leaned forward.

"Now, Ann," he said, "let me explain."

"I wish you would explain," Ann said. "I've never known Cal Cooley to arrest anybody before in all the years he's been constable unless he was given a warrant and told to."

"That isn't what I meant," Dick Hemingway said. "I'm not familiar with Mr. Cooley's past. Let Mr. Cooley explain himself. I don't want to explain him. I'm not interested in him. I'm interested in you and me. I'm talking about Saturday night and how I came to kiss you."

"Oh," Ann said, "do we have to go into all that again?"

"We never have gone into it," Dick said. "I wanted to tell you all about it at the time and you refused to listen. You ran away."

"Is it really so terribly important?" Ann asked. "The incident is closed. Why make such a fuss about it?"

"It was you who made the fuss about it, Ann. You know you did."

"Yes," Ann said, "of course I did. I was shocked and surprised and I got positively dramatic about it. I actually did. I apologize. I'm terribly sorry."

She was still making him unhappy when Cal Cooley arrived with the money to pay the fine. She asked Cal Cooley to stay after Dick Hemingway had gone.

"Cal," she said, "how did you happen to arrest Mr. Hemingway?"

Cal avoided her gaze. "Well, ma'am, he was going sixty miles an hour, or maybe seventy, right through the village. That's reckless driving. He'd ought to be arrested."

"Very well, Cal," Ann said.

Cal Cooley went out quickly.

Ann wished afterward that she hadn't been so mean to Dick Hemingway. He did love her. Or he would if she would let him. He hadn't kissed her lightly. He had been utterly serious. He was still serious, though puzzled. She wondered whether he had irritated Cal Cooley into arresting him, or whether the whole thing was a put-up job. If it was a put-up job he'd probably do it again, in order to see her. It must have been a put-up job. And if he did it again she would tell him she loved him. She would be simple and sweet.

ANN waited for a telephone call but none came. She waited for Dick to arrive again with Cal Cooley. But he didn't. She was worried. A week went by. And then he appeared at her front door with Ethel Brown.

"We've come to consult you, Ann," Dick Hemingway said.

Ann took them into the library. Dick Hemingway handed her a folded paper. Ann sat down at her desk and unfolded the paper. It was a marriage license, made out to Ethel Brown and Richard Hemingway.

Ann looked up at them. "Yes," she said.

"Will you marry us?" Dick Hemingway asked.

"Yes," she said, "of course. We'll need two witnesses. My aunt is in the house. She will do for one."

(Continued on page 37)

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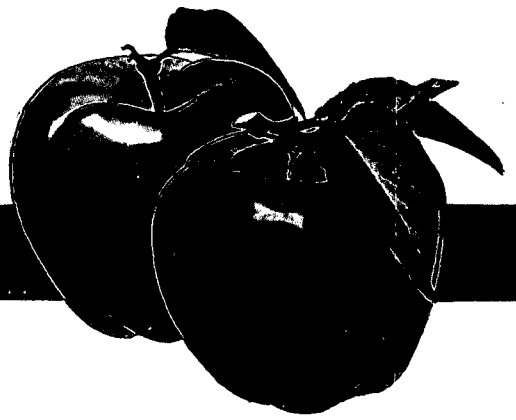

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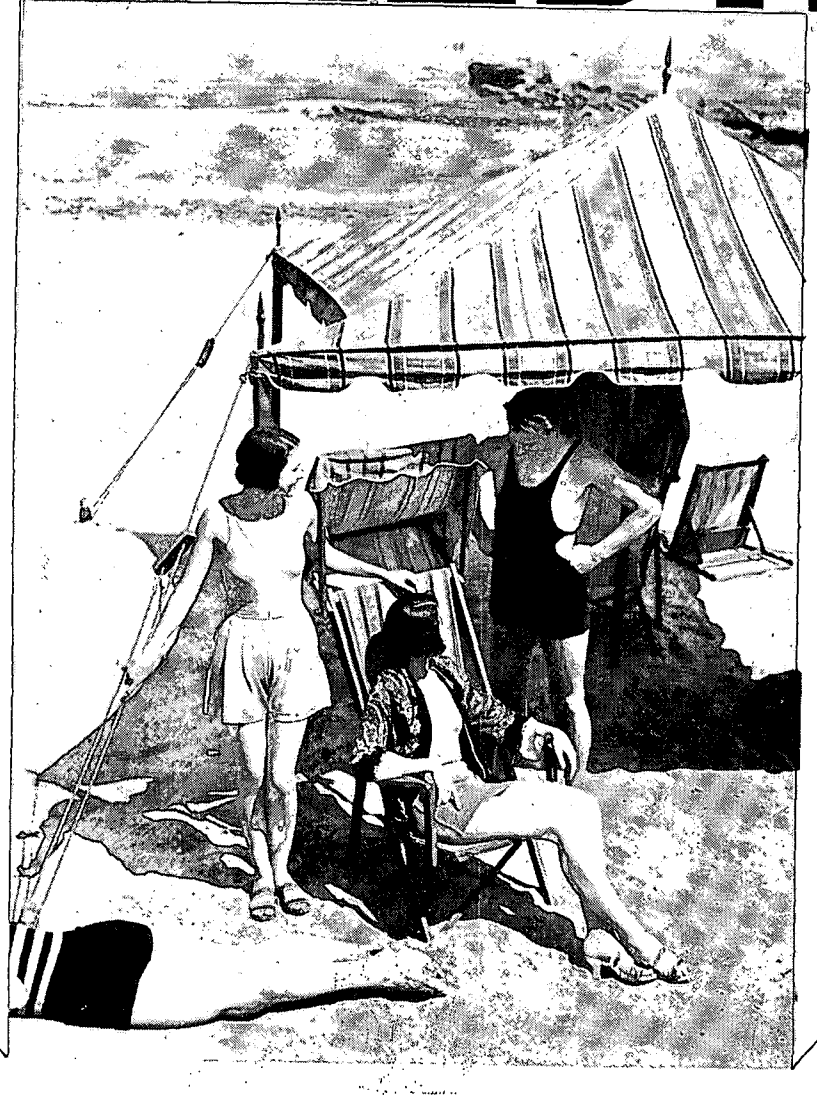

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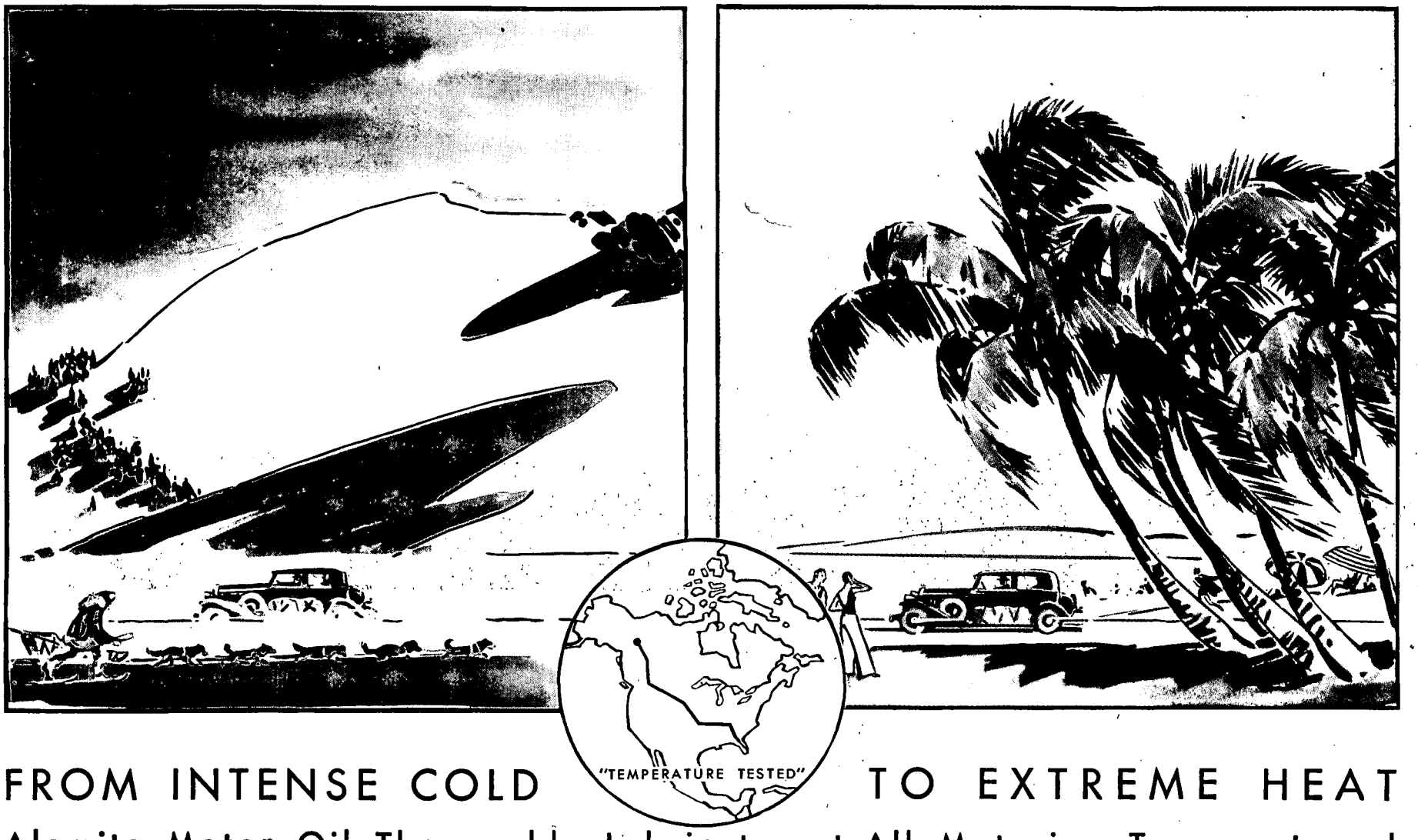

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'Twan't do no Harm

Continued from page 32

"I'll run out and get Cal Cooley," Dick Hemingway said.

While he was gone Ann gathered herself together. She still couldn't believe that it was really happening—that Dick Hemingway was marrying a girl he thought an example of vulgarity.

Dick Hemingway came back, bringing Cal Cooley. Ann picked up the book to turn to the marriage ceremony.

"You haven't called your aunt," Dick Hemingway said.

"No," Ann said. She looked down at the license. It was all filled out correctly. It was genuine. And then she saw that the scroll at the head of the paper didn't read Sudbury. It read Norfolk.

"I'm terribly sorry," Ann said, "but this license was issued in Norfolk. You will have to be married in the town of Norfolk."

"Couldn't we all drive over to Norfolk?" Dick Hemingway asked.

"We needn't trouble Miss Parmenter, Dick," Ethel Brown said. "We can drive over to Norfolk and find somebody there."

"Of course we can," Dick Hemingway said. "Thanks just the same, Ann."

ANN followed them out to the front door. Dick Hemingway's coupé was standing across the green. He and Ethel Brown walked across and got into the car, while Ann stood watching, getting more furious every moment.

"Cal," she said, "follow that man, and if he drives too fast arrest him."

"Yes, ma'am," Cal said and ran for his flivver.

Ann went back into the library and paced up and down. Those two couldn't actually want to marry. It was only decent to stop them—to give them time to think it over.

She was still pacing up and down when Cal brought them in again. Dick Hemingway was grinning a broad grin.

"Well, Cal," Ann said.

Cal nodded at Dick Hemingway. "He wasn't going so awfully fast this time, ma'am," Cal Cooley said. "If he had somebody would have been killed. He ran old Mr. Armbruster clean off the road."

"Is Mr. Armbruster coming in to testify?"

"I'll say he is," Cal Cooley replied. "He had about twenty sticks of dynamite on the seat beside him and he's wild."

Mr. Armbruster was wild. He had been scared within an inch of his life and, having escaped with a whole skin, he was furious.

"Miss Parmenter," old Mr. Armbruster said, "that man ought to go to jail. He's a menace."

"Mr. Hemingway," Ann said, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No," Dick Hemingway said. "I did crowd Mr. Armbruster."

"Very well," Ann said, "I sentence you to ten days in jail."

"What!" Dick cried.

"Be quiet," Ann Parmenter said, "or I'll give you ten more days for contempt. Constable Cooley, clear the courtroom."

Cal Cooley cleared the courtroom with a willing hand.

"Look here, Ann," Dick Hemingway said, when Ethel Brown and old Mr. Armbruster had gone, "you don't really mean to put me in jail?"

"I have already sentenced you to jail and that's that."

"Shall I take him up to Litchfield, ma'am?" Cal Cooley asked.

"Look here," Dick Hemingway said. "I must have some rights. You're bound to let me see a lawyer. Can't I appeal the case and get out on bail or something?"

"I really don't know," Ann said. "I'll have to look it up." She turned to Cal Cooley. "Take him over to the basement of the church and lock him up there until I can find out what I can legally do."

"Yes, ma'am," Cal Cooley said. He marched Dick Hemingway out.

Ann Parmenter put in a call for Reuben Harwood at Litchfield. Reuben Harwood wasn't in his office. Ann left word asking him to call her the moment he got in.

Cal Cooley came back from the church with a piece of paper in his hand.

"Ma'am," he said, "here's a telegram he wants sent. I reckon it's to some lawyer in New York."

Ann took the telegram. It was addressed to George Orton in the Equitable Building, New York. It read:

I HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO JAIL FOR TEN DAYS AT SUDBURY CONNECTICUT FOR RECKLESS DRIVING BY A YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAPPENS TO BE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE I WAS TRYING TO GET MARRIED AT THE TIME PLEASE NOTIFY GERALD BULLOCK AND CARTER HAYES IMMEDIATELY

RICHARD HEMINGWAY

"I believe he has the privilege of sending that, Cal," Ann said. "Call the telegraph office on the telephone and send it. Then go back and guard your prisoner."

Ann waited for an hour, two hours, for a call from Reuben Harwood. At last the telephone rang. But it wasn't Reuben Harwood.

"This is the New York Express, Judge Parmenter," the voice said. "We have word that you have sentenced Richard Hemingway, the son of H. H. Hemingway, to ten days in jail."

"Yes," Ann said, "I have."

"Tell us about it, will you?"

Ann told them about it. When she got through telling the Express, the Mail called up and she had to tell it all over again. By the time she had told the Mail, the Express called her back to ask who it was that young Hemingway was trying to marry and what that had to do with his being arrested for reckless driving.

ANN talked to persistent newspapermen for two hours and still she heard nothing from Reuben Harwood. She realized now that she should have refused to try the case. But it was too late. She had tried it. She put in another call for Reuben Harwood.

Cal Cooley came over from the church. It was supper time and he was hungry and oughtn't they to do something about feeding the prisoner?

Ann arranged to send her own dinner over to Dick Hemingway; she had to sit beside the telephone. By ten o'clock that night, when at last she heard Reuben Harwood's voice, she was frightened. She tried to tell Reuben Harwood the whole story.

"Ann," he said finally, "I don't see what you're so worried about. He was guilty of reckless driving on the evidence. You gave him ten days in jail. That's fair enough. All you have to do now is to notify the sheriff to come and get him, or get Cal Cooley to drive him down here to the county jail."

"But, Uncle Reuben," Ann cried, "isn't there any way to get him out?"

"What do you want to get him out for?"

(*Continued on page 40*)

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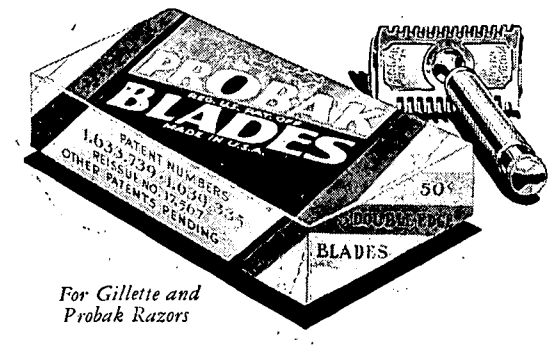

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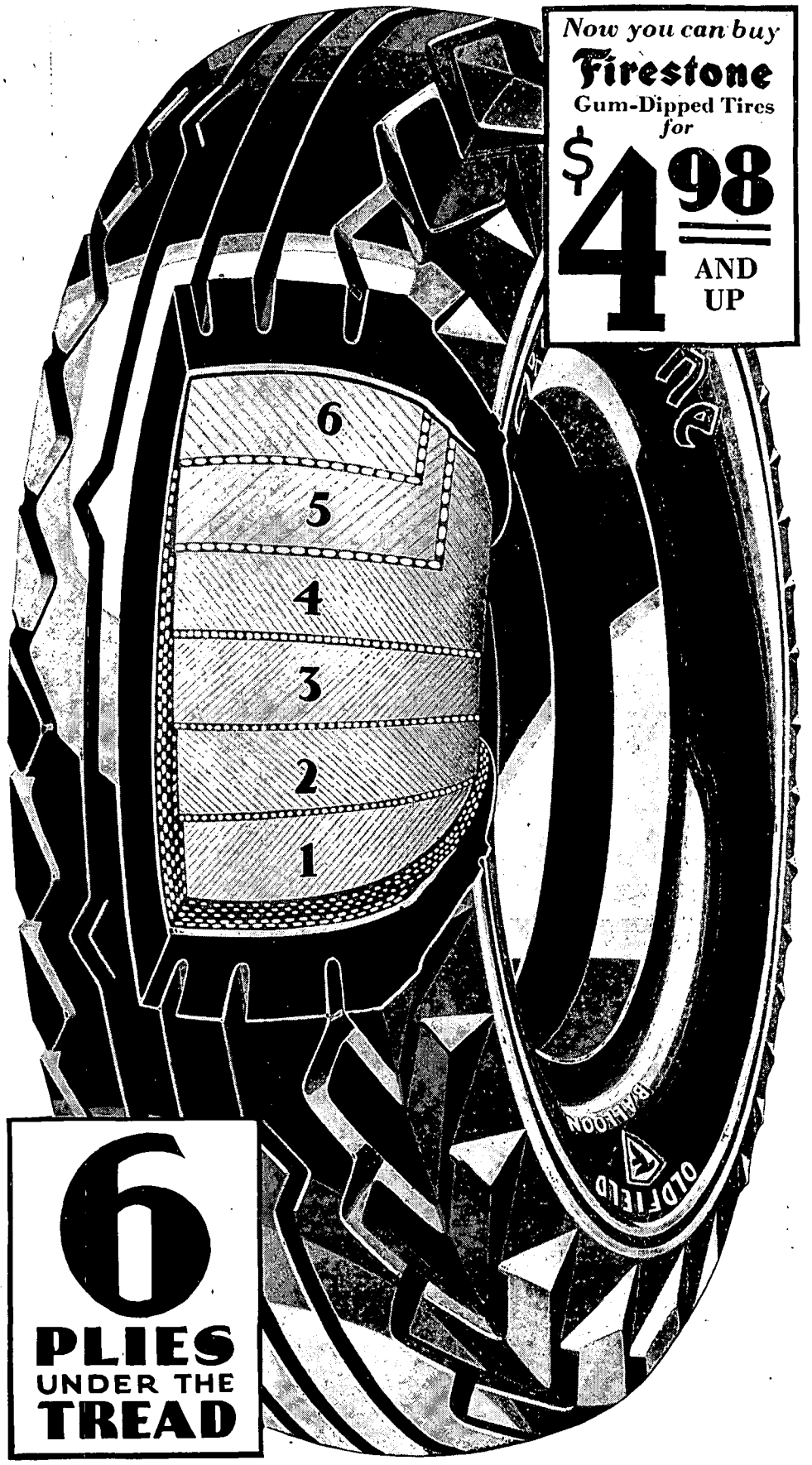
Chevrolet	4.50-20	**5.60**	5.60	**10.90**
Ford	4.50-21	**5.69**	5.69	**11.10**
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	**6.65**	6.65	**12.90**
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	**6.75**	6.75	**13.10**
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Graham-Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Knight	5.00-19	**6.98**	6.98	**13.60**
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	**7.10**	7.10	**13.80**
Marquette, Oldsmobile	5.25-18	**7.90**	7.90	**15.30**
Buick	5.25-21	**8.57**	8.57	**16.70**
Auburn, Jordan, Reo	5.50-18	**8.75**	8.75	**17.00**
Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless, Studebaker	5.50-19	**8.90**	8.90	**17.30**
Chrysler, Viking	6.00-18	**11.20**	11.20	**21.70**
Franklin, Hudson, Hupmobile	6.00-19	**11.40**	11.40	**22.10**
LaSalle, Packard	6.00-20	**11.50**	11.50	**22.30**
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21	**11.65**	11.65	**22.60**
Stutz	6.50-20	**13.10**	13.10	**25.40**
Cadillac, Lincoln	7.00-20	**15.35**	15.35	**29.80**

★A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on *every* tire he makes.

Double Guarantee— Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.



Firestone

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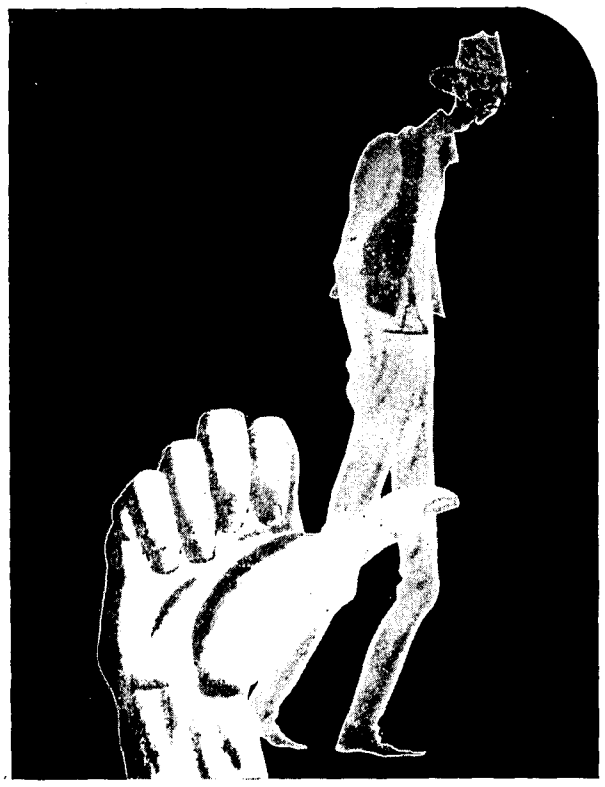
YOU'RE SHIFTLESS . . . YOU'RE USELESS

SO OUT YOU GO, MR. WATER-THIN!



● MR. WATER-THIN is a loafer—the world's laziest loafer. Every year thousands pay good money for a job he never does. For Mr. Water-thin is the quart of waste oil, the quart of non-lubricating stuff, that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. This waste quart is thin and light-bodied. It is absolutely useless in an automobile motor. That's why Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin".

● Ordinary refining *can't* remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out with special refining equipment found in every one of Quaker State's modern refineries. Gets it out by an extra process that is one of the greatest achievements in modern refining. A process that took years of refining experience to think out and work out. A process which has enabled Quaker State to produce a motor oil of such high quality that to-day it is the world's largest-selling pure Pennsylvania oil!

● And remember, this process that throws out "water-thin" is the reason why there's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil. For the quart of waste is replaced with a quart of finest lubricant. You get four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an *extra quart*. No wonder the demand for this great oil has grown until one dealer in every four in the United States sells it!

● And here's something else worth remembering. Every gallon of Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● Get Quaker State at the nearest green and white sign. It costs 35c per quart (a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West) but per mile it is by far the cheapest oil you can buy. For you get an extra quart of heat-battling, friction-fighting lubrication in every gallon!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

© 1931, QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

'Twan't do no Harm

Continued from page 37

"Well, after all, he didn't deserve to go to jail," Ann said. "And—"

"I don't know why not," Reuben Harwood said. "He's from New York, isn't he? 'Twan't do no harm to put a few New Yorkers in jail."

"But I don't want him in jail," Ann cried. "I put him in jail because I was mad and now I want to get him out. I've got to get him out. I'll look like a perfect fool if I don't get him out."

"Ann," Reuben Harwood said, "what's the matter? Are you in love with the man?"

"No," Ann cried, "I hate him. I could kill him."

"All right," Reuben Harwood said, "I'll be right down as fast as I can drive."

"But you don't need to come, Uncle Rube, if you'll only tell me what to do," Ann wailed.

"I'm coming as fast as I can," Reuben Harwood said. "You depend on me, Ann."

BUT she didn't. She couldn't wait for Reuben Harwood to drive all the way down from Litchfield. She went over to the church. Cal Cooley was sound asleep on two chairs. Dick Hemingway was sitting moodily at a table under a single bright electric globe.

"Dick," Ann said, "come out."

Dick came. "Well?" he said, when they were well outside the church and could talk without danger of waking Cal Cooley.

"I want you to go home," Ann said. "It's the only way out of all this."

"You mean you want me to break jail?"

"Yes," Ann said. "Go home. Get Ethel Brown. Drive over to Norfolk and get married. Then drive out of the state. After all, they won't bother to extradite you."

"But I don't want to marry Ethel. I'd rather serve a year in jail."

"What did you take out a license to marry her for?"

"That was her idea," Dick Hemingway said. "She wanted to make her boy friend sit up and take notice."

"And you actually brought her into my office and asked me to marry you when you hadn't the slightest intention—when it was just a practical joke?"

"I had to find out, Ann."

"Find out what?"

"I had to find out whether you cared."

"Well," Ann said, "what did you find out?"

"When you opened that marriage license you went white as a sheet."

"Did I really?"

"You did."

"Then," Ann said, "I must be in love with you after all."

Dick Hemingway took her in his arms and kissed her and this time she did not check her simple and natural impulse to yield for fear he would know that she liked him. She wanted him to know.

When Reuben Harwood arrived they were sitting on the front steps of the Parmenter house with their arms around each other.

"Ann," Reuben Harwood said, "is that the man you hate?"

"Yes, Uncle Rube," Ann said.

"In that case," Reuben Harwood said, "you'd better get him back in jail so I can get him out in a truly legal manner."

"I will, Uncle Rube. I will do anything you say except be a justice of the peace. I am going to resign."

"Well," Reuben Harwood said, "maybe you'd better. 'Twan't do no harm."

McQuestion Rides

Continued from page 9

called to another: "Bill, give me a hand here."

The red-head was aware of the fact that he had been passed by. The smiling irony of his face increased to a grin and he spoke to the crew generally: "Mighty muscles of our straw boss seem to grow weary."

"But not my tongue," observed the foreman, softly.

"Meanin' mine wags too much, uh?" murmured Red, grin widening. "Old son, you ought to be learnin' by now that muscle is cheap and brain rare. Anybody can sweat but blamed few can scheme well."

The appointed Bill came forward to help at the wagon, but the foreman stood still, features frowning on Red with an even-tempered concentration. "That may well be," he drawled. "But I'm inclined to wonder where the schemin' led. Consider it," he added gently, "as an idle question."

McQuestion turned from the shed and walked to the house, head bent against the rain and his blue glance kindling. "He could of asked Red to put a shoulder against that wagon. He could of made Red suffer with that game leg and let me catch on to the fact Red packed the injury. But he didn't because he's a dead sound sport. And how does Red pay back the compliment? By goadin' the foreman. He understands he's safe on these premises and so he uses his sharp tongue to hurt. Reckless—and a mite of a fool. There's one crooked play to his credit but the chance is still open to him to go straight, if he wanted. Hard to tell how this girl, if he got her, would affect him. She might pull him right, but if she didn't he'd force her to his own sad level. He's got a glitter—and that attracts her now."

THE living-room, when he reached it, was empty. Saddle-weary, he sank into a leather arm chair, and fell into a doze. When he woke the room was darker and the pound of the storm had increased. Out on the front porch voices rose, suppressed but still near enough for him to hear. The girl was talking swiftly: "I know you wouldn't give him away. You're not that kind, Lee. I only asked what you thought of him, now that the sheriff has told us the story."

"Why ask me?" countered the foreman's voice, blunt and angry. "What difference does it make to me? I'm not his keeper, and not yours."

"Lee, it means nothing to you? Look at me and say that!"

"One of us is a fool, Marybelle. I can look at you and say this much. I have played faithful Rover around here a long time. I seemed to get along fine until he came here. Not beefin' about it, either. If you like him it's your business. And you brought this up. Don't expect me to tattle on him."

The girl said: "I'm not fickle! I like him—but I want to know what men think of him. Lee, can't you understand

(*Continued on page 43*)

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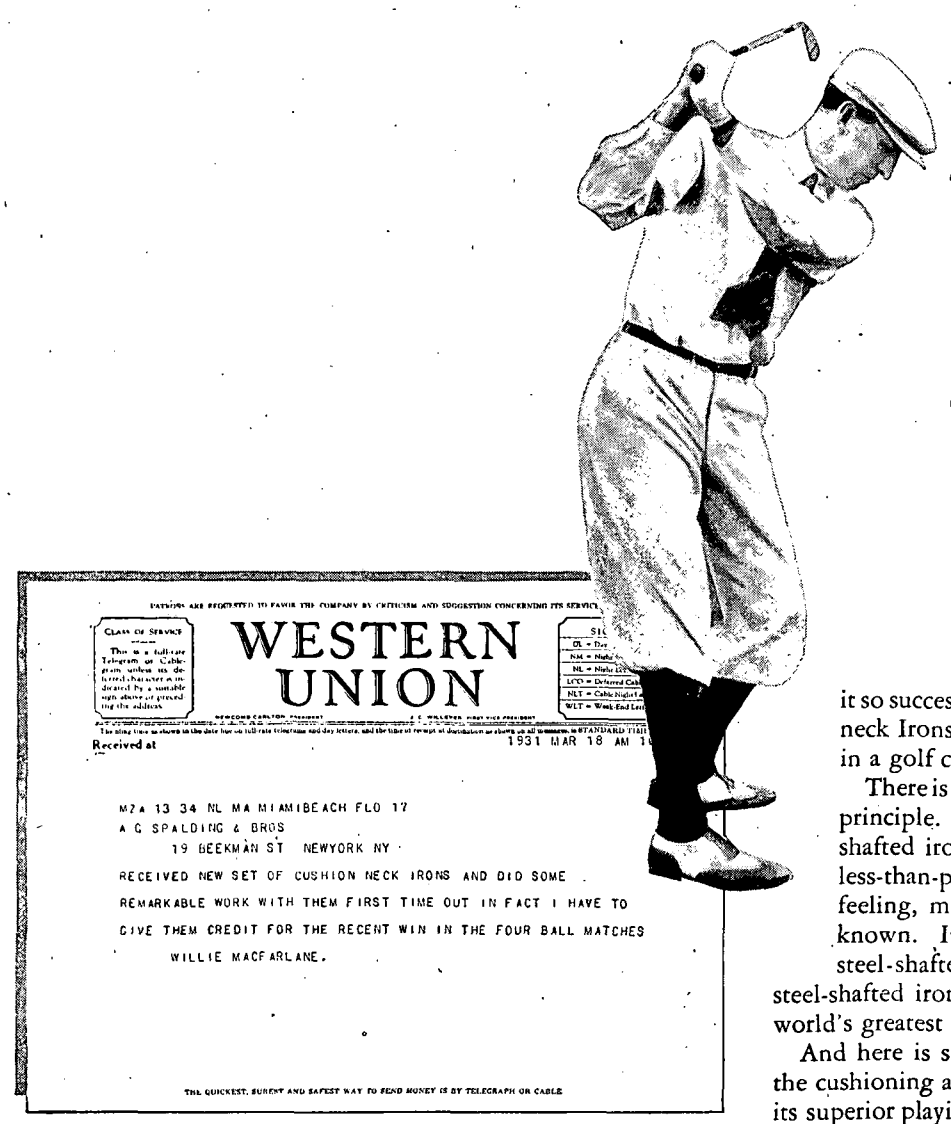
Willie MacFarlane

plays one of the greatest nine holes ever seen on any golf course —and Spalding Cushion-Neck Irons help him do it


PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE
CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Telegram or Cable-gram unless its de-ferred character is in-dicated by a suitable sign above or preced-ing the address.
WESTERN UNION
NEWCOMB CARLTON, President
J. C. WILLEVER, First Vice President
The time shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination are shown in STANDARD TIME
Received at
1931 MAR 18 AM 1
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A G SPALDING & BROS
19 BEEKMAN ST NEWYORK NY
RECEIVED NEW SET OF CUSHION NECK IRONS AND DID SOME
REMARKABLE WORK WITH THEM FIRST TIME OUT IN FACT I HAVE TO
GIVE THEM CREDIT FOR THE RECENT WIN IN THE FOUR BALL MATCHES
WILLIE MACFARLANE.
THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

IN all Willie MacFarlane's victories, few have been sweeter, few more outstanding, than his recent win in the International Four-ball Tournament at Miami.

On the first nine holes, he had four birdies and an eagle, for a total of 30. His total for the sixteen holes played was 57, or 7 under 4's. His individual score was almost good enough to win the match without the capable aid of his partner—in other words, almost good enough to score a single-handed win over two of the greatest golfers in the world!

And for this amazing performance, he generously shares credit with Spalding Cushion-neck Irons, as the telegram above shows.

In playing Cushion-neck Irons, and in singing their praises, Willie MacFarlane is joined by 350* leading Professionals who have changed to these remarkable irons—350 who are, for the first time, using steel-shafted irons in all their play.

Obviously, there must be a reason for this wholesale change amongst the players to whom better golf means a better living. And that reason isn't hard to find.

It's the patented rubber sleeve between the steel shaft and the steel head. By completely absorbing all shock and vibration, that cushioning sleeve removes sour feel—the one great objection to the steel shaft in irons. And does it so successfully that it gives to Cushion-neck Irons the sweetest feel ever known in a golf club.

There is nothing like the Cushion-neck principle. It, alone, turns the old steel-shafted iron—which, admittedly, was a less-than-perfect club—into the sweetest-feeling, most deadly-accurate club ever known. It, alone, lends sweetness to steel-shafted woods. It, alone, has won steel-shafted irons a place in the bags of the world's greatest golfers.

And here is something important. It isn't the cushioning alone that gives Cushion-neck its superior playing qualities. It is the fact that this *kind* of cushioning produces controlled, or uniform, torque. No other club offers this vital advantage. The Spalding principle is patented and exclusive. The virtue of controlled torque is found in the Cushion-neck alone.

Buy a set—your Professional or any Spalding dealer or Store can supply you—and see for yourself that there are not, and never have been, irons that can approach Cushion-necks in sweetness of feel or in straightness of shots. A single round will show you why a famous Professional, speaking of Cushion-neck's sweeping adoption by the golfing greats, said: "We can't afford *not* to play them." A single round will convince you that they offer a new golfing thrill. Try them!

Prices of Kro-Flite Cushion-neck Clubs

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $90 Set of six $60

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED WOODS
Set of three $45 Pair $30

STANDARD REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $75 Set of six $50

AUTOGRAPH K WOODS
Set of three $37.50 Pair $25 Each $12.50

RELATED IRONS
Set of nine $54 Set of six $36 Each $6

*Included in this 350 are members of Spalding's Field Advisory Committee—a group of leading players who carry out Spalding's policy of testing in actual play as well as in the laboratory.

Spalding KRO-FLITE *Cushion-Neck Irons*

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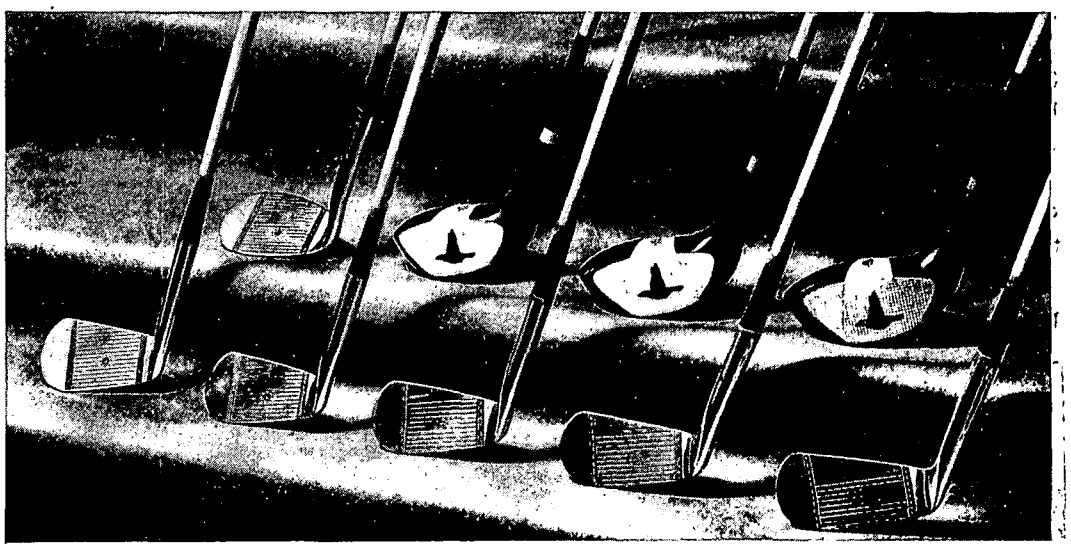

A STEEL SHAFT *doesn't become a golf club until you put a* CUSHION-NECK *on it*

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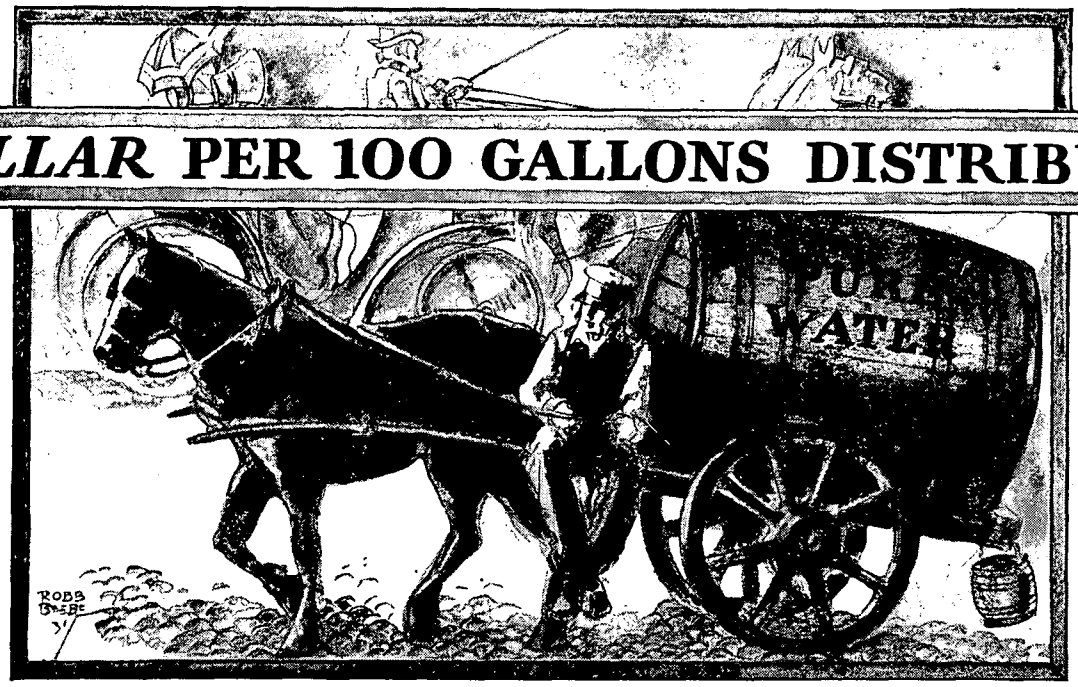
A *DOLLAR* PER 100 GALLONS DISTRIBUTED THIS WAY



In 1800

pure water was hauled about in huge casks and sold for one penny a gallon.

A cent a gallon—that's what pure water cost in the year 1800. Sounds cheap, yet it's a hundred times the cost of pure water today! In many of our cities one penny's worth of water registers 100 or more gallons on a meter. And the supply is instantly available, infinitely convenient.

What has brought about the enormous difference in the cost and convenience of your city water supply? Primarily it has been the lowered cost of transportation effected when water mains were substituted for water wagons.

America's older cities began laying cast iron water mains approximately one hundred years ago. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Richmond and other cities, original mains are still serving, generations after the bonds issued for their payment have been retired and forgotten. Savings to taxpayers have run into millions. And the remarkably reduced water rates we enjoy today have largely resulted from the long life, durability and trouble-free service of cast iron pipe.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the one ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practical for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

Every taxpayer should take an active interest in the kind of pipe being laid, or to be laid, in his community. For further information write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York.

© 1931, by C. I. P. R. Assn.

A *CENT* PER 100 GALLONS DISTRIBUTED THIS WAY

In 1931

In many American cities one penny's worth of water registers 100 or more gallons on a meter.

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McQuestion Rides

Continued from page 40

a girl doubts her heart sometimes?"

"Better make up your mind. I'm not stayin' on the ranch if he does. We don't mix."

"Lee—you'd go! Would it be that easy for you?"

"Easy or hard, I'm not playin' faithful Rover any more. If you want him I'll not complain. But I ride—as soon as the sheriff leaves."

There was a prolonged silence, ended at last by the girl. "I never knew you cared that much, till now. Or that you cared at all. You have never spoken, Lee."

"Good lord, Marybelle! Where's your eyes?"

"Looking for something they couldn't find till this minute, Lee."

They moved away. McQuestion looked at his watch and found it beyond three. Rising, he picked up his hat and walked out into the gloom, adding fresh fuel to his thoughts. "The foreman was high card until Red came. The girl's troubled by his han'some manners. There's a little of the gambler in her and she catches the same thing in Red. But she ain't quite gone on him yet."

He came to an interested halt. A pair of men filed across the yard with a wagon tongue between them. The red-head held the front end of it, now limping obviously. Once he turned and called back to the other man, who twisted the tongue about to a different angle. The red-head slipped to his knees, dropped the tongue and ran back. There was a set rage on his cheeks, visible even through the murk, and his mouth framed some round, violent word. Deliberately he slapped the other man with both his palms and strode away. McQuestion withdrew, grumbling under his breath:

"So. He'll never soften up. That's the part the girl don't see. He'd destroy her, break her. What good's a bright mind if the heart's rotten?"

FRENCH BROADRICK entered from the front, water cascading down his slicker. Marybelle came in from the kitchen, slim and graceful against the lamplight. Seeing her, Matt McQuestion's mind closed vault-like on all that he had learned this dismal afternoon. "I'm ridin'," said he, and moved toward his slicker.

"In this weather?" queried Broadrick. "Wait it out. Till mornin' anyhow."

"Spent too much time on a cold trail," said McQuestion. "Should be back in Sun Ford this minute tendin' more necessary business. I'm grateful for your hospitality."

Broadrick's round face was strictured by inquisitive lines and he stood there surveying McQuestion like a man listening beyond the spoken words. Marybelle rested silent in the background.

"You asked me if it was justifiable homicide or murder," proceeded the sheriff. "I'll tell you. This John Doe was out in the hills tamperin' with somebody else's beef. A line rider heaves over the rim. John Doe does a natural thing—slings lead. He takes a bullet in reply but his first shot lands the line rider in the dirt. The line rider lies there, alive. John Doe does what only a natural and cold killer would do. Steppin' up close, he puts a second bullet into the back of the man's skull. Personally, I consider that murder. I bid you good day."

The girl's fists slowly tightened; a small sigh escaped her. McQuestion bowed and moved toward the dining-room, Broadrick following. Together they walked to the barn where McQuestion saddled. When the sheriff swung up and turned to leave the barn, Broadrick broke the long silence:

"You're a wolf, a gray old wolf. I don't get all this and I ain't goin' to try. But my next chore is to get your picture and hang it on my wall. So long, and the Lord bless you."

"See you sometime," said McQuestion, and rode into the yard. The foreman was at that minute leaving the shed and McQuestion swerved to intercept the man and to lean down.

"My boy," he said, "forty-one years ago I lost a girl because I was mighty proud and stiff. Along came another man who had the grace to speak his piece. And I've been a little lonesome ever since. You've got to tell the ladies what they want to hear. Adios."

WELL away from the house, he turned from his due northern course, broke into a steady run and cut about the little valley, through heavy timber and across rugged defiles. Half an hour later, he arrived at a road coursing to the south—the exit from Broadrick's as well as the exit from the county. There was, a few rods above the road, a tumbled confusion of rocks. He placed his horse behind them, dismounted and crawled to an uncomfortable station beside the road.

"Man never knows," he grumbled, "whether his monkeyin' with the course of fated events is wise or not. And—"

He raised his rifle, training it on a figure suddenly coming around a near bend from the Broadrick ranch. Fifty yards closer the rider became Red, who advanced slackly on a stocking-legged strawberry horse. McQuestion turned the safety of his rifle and cast a metallic, thin order through the wind:

"*Hands up—and sudden!*"

Red reined in, made a confused move toward his gun, saw nothing for a target, and reached to the leaking heavens.

"Get down—put your back to me—lift your gun gently and throw it behind!"

Again Red obeyed. McQuestion rose and walked forward. The red-head twisted his head, recognized the sheriff then, and wrenched his whole body about. The reckless face broke into long lines of passion. "Sheriff! How'd you figger this?"

McQuestion paused, all adrip. Nothing showed clear between hat brim and slicker collar but two blue eyes. "I've done this for thirty years, Red. I ought to know. Broadrick wouldn't betray you. But after what I told him, I was pretty sure he'd never tolerate you another minute on the ranch. He'd give you your horse and tell you to lope. Which way would you travel? South, because that's out of the county and opposite the direction you saw me go."

The red-head shook with greater fury; the blaze of his eyes grew hotter, brighter, half crazed. "Damn you—damn you forever! You lied about me! I never put a second shot in that line rider's skull! That's what stuck in Broadrick's craw! He believed it and he couldn't stand it! And the girl stared at me like I was a monster! I'll kill you for that lie—before God I will!"

"Yeah," said the sheriff, "I lied. But I gave you an even break—until you belted that puncher in the face for twistin' your bad leg. Then I knew what you'd do to the girl if you ever got her. There's a better man left behind to take care of Marybelle. So I lied. Still, I think the ample folds of justice will cover it. Say adios to the land, Red. Say adios. You'll see it no more."

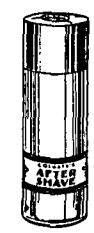
Small bubble lather *works at the "skin-line"*

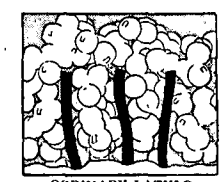
. . . a closer, smoother shave that lasts longer

If you could only *see* how small-bubble lather works. In a jiffy, a peppy little army of bubbles works its way right through the toughest whiskers down to the *base* of every hair. There it softens each whisker right where the razor works.

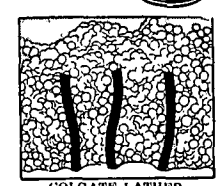
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen; first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard...crowd around each whisker ...soak it soft with water right at the *skin-line.* The result of this Colgate small-bubble action is a closer, smoother, longer lasting shave.

FREE!
Colgate's After-Shave
A new lotion. Refreshing . . . invigorating ... delightful ... the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.

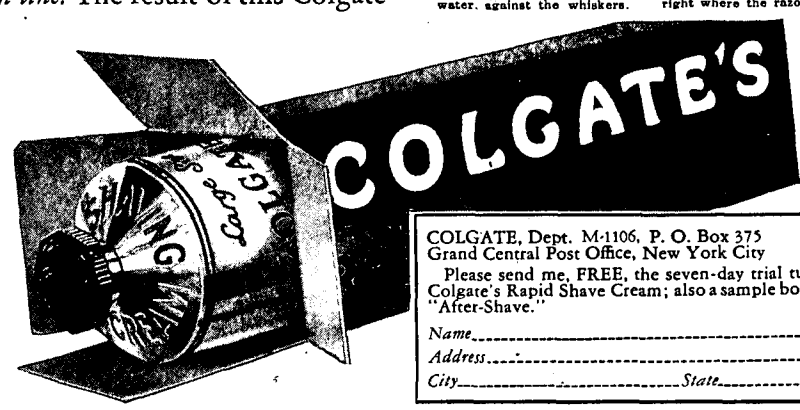




ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard.* This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1106, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
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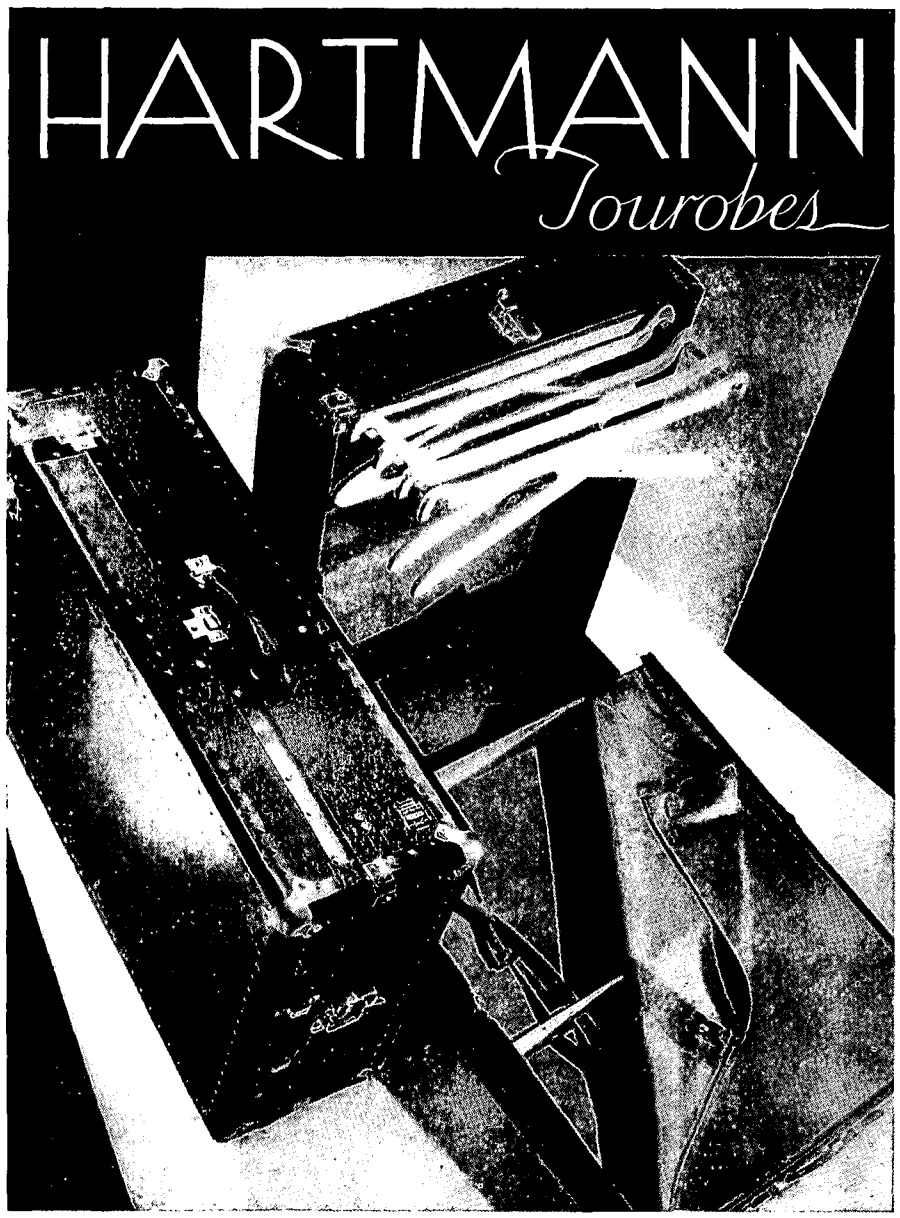

This Good-looking Case Holds a Full Vacation Wardrobe!

Easy to pack—no mussing or wrinkles.

MEET the Tourobe! A light, easily managed wardrobe case that holds all the clothes pictured below—if you're a man. Heaven knows what, if you're a woman. Marvelously convenient, it keeps clothes in orderly, unwrinkled fashion . . . ready to put on in a moment! Packed or unpacked in a jiffy. Slips under a Pullman seat. Carried by hand, or check it like a trunk. Hartmann-made, it is sturdily built, finished in Black Canvas Grain Hartex, bound with rugged vulcanized fibre. Three sizes—26, 29 or 32 inches long, $18, $20 and $22.50.* Available, too, in hard vulcanized fibre in tan or blue. At most good shops and department stores.

The Tourobe illustrated is

$20*

Actual man's wardrobe which can be carried in a Tourobe.

*FREIGHT NECESSITATES SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST. HARTMANN TRUNK CO., RACINE, WIS.

Lighter than Air

Continued from page 19

for $100,000, and that's a generous estimate of their cost. Two hundred and forty units for the defense of your home and mine, as against only two units. But which will give you your money's worth of practical usefulness in the event your home is threatened by an aggressive, well-armed, determined enemy? Which will give you your biggest dollar's worth of social and business usefulness in the lessons it will impart to commercial air transportation?

A year ago you would have been given the naval high-hat if you had tried to assert your right as a taxpayer to know how your money was being spent. A year ago, when I was in Akron, there was a great lot of shushing and pulling down the shades and amateur despotism, and every visitor lacking the Navy brass buttons was an object of suspicion and hostility. Today the lighter-than-air men of the Navy are humming a far different tune.

High-Priced Manners

I suspect the wave of horror and distrust which broke over the world in the wake of the British R-101 disaster last winter had a great deal to do with this improvement in bureaucratic courtesy. That, and the persistent hostility of lighter-than-air critics, within and without the services, and the renewed publicity and public support which the critics got for their positions in view of what happened to the latest "last word in airships."

One year ago the airship dock, which had to be built in Akron before actual construction of the two contract naval airships could get under way, was to my mind one of the greatest wonders of the modern engineering and construction world. It was comprehensively described in Collier's at the time. Today that vast black cocoon on the Ohio prairies has been shrunk into comparative insignificance by the enormous silkworm which swells into its every crevice.

To try to describe the U. S. S. Akron would be as useless as to try to describe the Grand Canyon or Victoria Falls. It is sufficient to suggest that when you stand within its vast belly and look up into framework over which several acres of fabric are stretched you are overwhelmed by awe and your knees grow fluid. Some men pale when they have the experience of this view into the ZRS-4's skeleton; others have been heard to swear under their breath. None says much, for a sight such as that presented by the Akron is a matter for emotions rather than for speech.

Lieutenant T. G. W. Settle, young in years and in appearance, but a veteran of the United States Navy's lighter-than-air service, stood in the shadow of the Akron with me and talked about her. He is the commander of the group of naval experts and inspectors who are stationed at the factory and dock to coöperate with the builders. You may with impunity parrot any criticism of lighter-than-air craft you have ever heard to Lieutenant Settle. He is eager to have you raise all the stereotyped objections, also any original ones you may think of; in fact, if you miss any he'll remind you of them, just for the chance to answer them. This sweet reasonableness, this honest attempt to make sure that you see both sides, is today characteristic of our Navy's modern lighter-than-air officers, and makes them considerably easier to talk to than their critics.

First, Settle will want to tell you all about the big girl. He has raised her from a blueprint, although he is modest about the practical contributions he and his colleagues have made to her.

Certainly the most spectacular if not the most important feature of the U. S. S. Akron is her own private hangar where she can tuck away, like pups in the pouch of a mother kangaroo, five sturdy fighting airplanes. These can be released through a sort of trapdoor in the bottom of the ship, to help her fight off enemy planes if necessary. The possibilities suggested for commercial use are endless. Passengers can be dropped and picked up at way stations without halting the great air liner.

The Akron's engineering wonders, her design improvements, her performance expectations are as endless as they are marvelous. But we mustn't forget that when she rides out of her home dock, be the skies ever so fair, she will be mounting into a fog of controversy; for every cheer of her adherents there will be a dozen catcalls and hoots from her critics. So we'd better put some of our doubts to Lieutenant Settle.

The majority of airplane pilots are positively sadistic about airships. To put one before him is akin to putting a tin can on the sidewalk in front of a small boy. The kick will follow. I once sat in the control compartment of a tri-motored passenger plane with a well-known transport pilot when the Los Angeles crossed under us. I saw the pilot's hands twitch on the wheel; his eyes were shining like those of a terrier which has just spotted a squirrel as he turned and yelled into my ear: "Boy, what couldn't we do to that old windbag if we dived on it!"

Lieutenant Settle is familiar with that "itch," and its modern antidote. "The Los Angeles, of course," he explains with a smile, "is unarmed, by the terms of the agreement under which we got her for non-military and training purposes. Before we could send her to participate with the fleet in the maneuvers off Panama we had to get permission from the Allies. In view of the rapid improvements in airship design the old L. A. is outmoded for military use today.

Danger: Airplanes Stay Off!

"But I don't think any airplane pilot would enjoy diving on the Akron in combat. For one thing, he wouldn't be fighting a wartime Zeppelin with its machine guns and rifles and pistols stuck from windows. The caliber and effective range of the Akron's guns are, necessarily, confidential, and the number of guns will not be decided until after experimentation and actual experience with the Akron in the air. Of one thing, however, you may be certain. Your airplane pilot would find that he was trying to come to close quarters with a winged battleship. Our gunners, stationed on the steadiest vessel-gun platform known—the outside top of a great dirigible—would have the advantage of rapid-fire guns swiveled to point in any direction, whereas the airplane fighter has to aim his *ship* at his target. The Akron could blast any single airplane, or flock of airplanes, out of the sky before they could come near enough to make their own small-caliber guns effective.

"There remain bombs. The airplanes would have to remain high above the Akron, out of range of her batteries, in order to let go bombs at her. Airplanes

(*Continued on page 47*)

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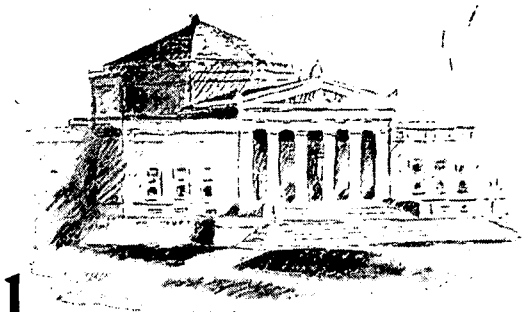

Why not let the Children see a WOGGLE FISH

WELL . . . maybe not a woggle fish, but if there is such a thing the Shedd Aquarium in Chicago has it . . . for here is the most complete aquarium in the world. Many of the fish swim in genuine sea water, brought from the ocean to Chicago in tank cars.

The Planetarium is another of the City's Wonders, . . . wherein is depicted the behavior of the stars and planets, from sundown to dawn. This is one of two planetariums in the world.

The Field Museum . . . one of the finest natural history museums anywhere. The Merchandise Mart . . . largest floor area of any building. Soldier Field . . . scene of the historic Dempsey-Tunney fight, famous football games and the rodeo. The Board of Trade, Stock Exchange, Navy Pier (stretching a mile into Lake Michigan), Lincoln Zoo, the Art Institute, skyscrapers, lake boats, toy fairylands in State Street stores!

Why not let the children see these things—and partake of the joys which you and they can share right now?

It is such an easy undertaking . . . on your next week-end, or if you pass through Chicago east or west bound. Especially with the Palmer House to help you.

Here is the hotel that engineers and architects call "the safest hotel in the world." It provides playrooms for the children . . . enclosed or open-air, in charge of educational supervisors. It has a hospital with nurses and doctors always on duty. Trained children's attendants are available when parents wish to stay out beyond a youngster's bedtime. One floor is devoted exclusively to accommodation for women guests.

Right in the heart of the famous Loop, the Palmer House puts you in the center of everything worth seeing in Chicago. All forms of transportation pass nearby.

The rooms are moderately priced at $4, $5, $6 or more. . . . . WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*

SEND your name and address to Room 2368 for a copy of Chef Amiet's "25 Favorite Recipes for Home Use." Wire or write Room 2368 for reservations . . . and be sure of getting the exact accommodations that you want.

FROM THE GUEST'S VIEWPOINT

"Safest hotel in the world" according to leading engineers and architects.

Commodious rooms in a hotel of recognized good taste, refinement and convenience—at moderate prices.

Famous cuisine—in four dining rooms and a lunch room.

Unsurpassed facilities for entertaining friends—floor parlors, private dining rooms, ball and banquet halls, symphony and dance orchestras.

The Palmer House welcomes women and children and caters to their comfort and enjoyment with special facilities and trained personnel.

PALMER HOUSE

CHICAGO

RATES: $4.00 *and more;* $6.00 *and more with twin beds (for two guests). Every room with private bath.*

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING" — STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

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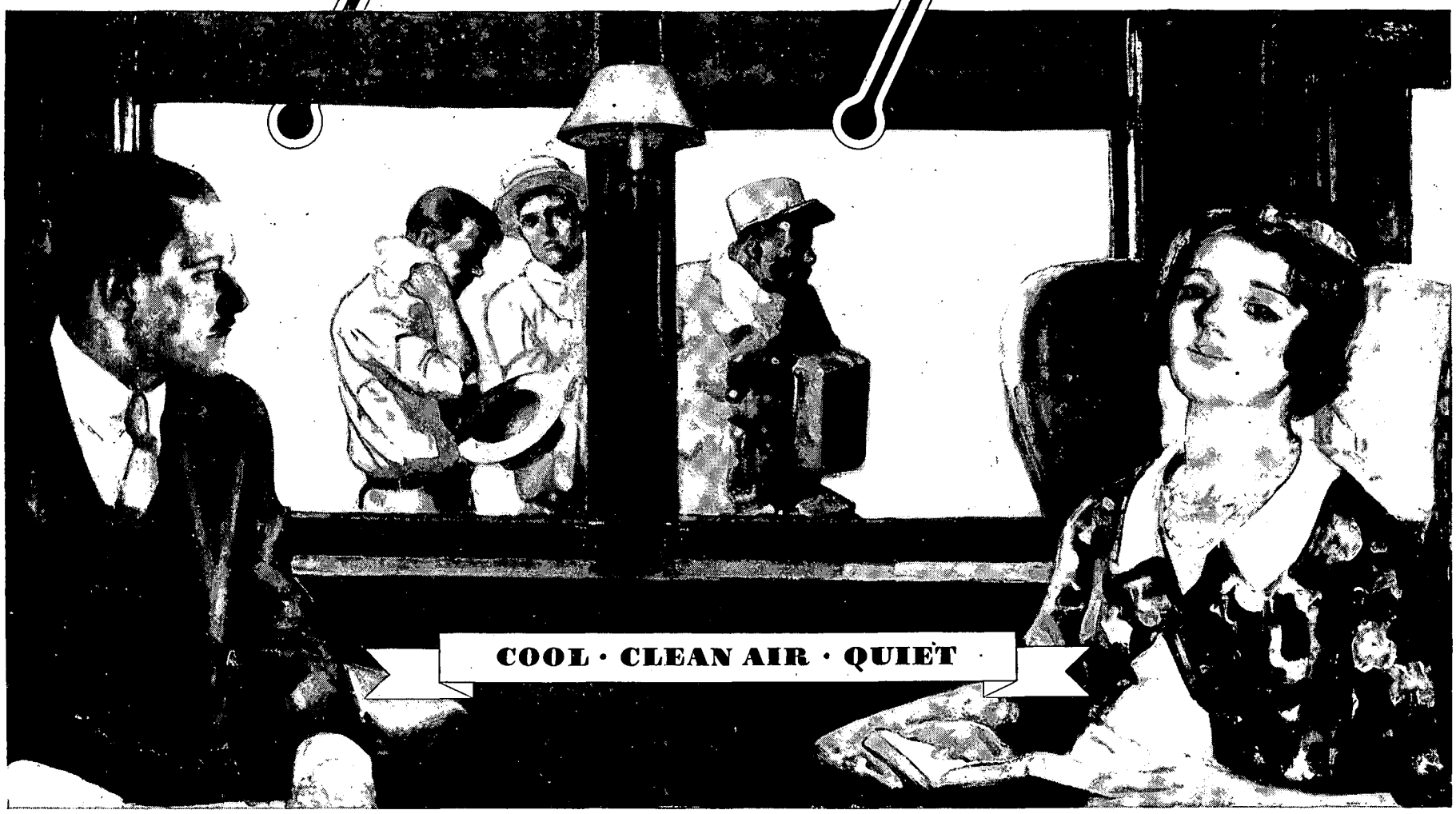

ANNOUNCING...

first Air-Conditioned Train in Railroad History

THE COLUMBIAN runs between New York and Washington. Take it some hot day this summer. A stifling, collar-wilting day. The air in the car will be as fresh and cool as a sparkling day in fall. Engineers call it "Conditioned air." The newest theatres have it. The Columbian is the only train in the world that has it throughout. Cool, clean air that is neither too dry nor too moist—air that is in every way ideal to breathe, and kept so by our method of automatic control.

First, all dust, cinders, and smoke are filtered from the air. Then it is given just the right amount of humidity. Finally, the air is artificially cooled and is gently and evenly circulated so that the car never gets stuffy nor drafty.

Because of closed windows and rubberized trucks, outside noise is muffled, the car is relatively quiet, and dust, smoke and cinders cannot enter.

In winter the same equipment cleans the air, maintains it at the right temperature and proper humidity—better air than most people have in their homes.

Added to the other comforts of this fine train, and to our smooth roadbed, "Conditioned air" makes the ride between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York unusually pleasant and comfortable. And the motor coach ride between train-side at Jersey City and New York and Brooklyn, with a few minutes crossing the breeze-swept Hudson, is a delightful and convenient way to enter or leave New York.

Mr. W. B. Calloway, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., will mail on request a descriptive folder which tells all about this outstanding advance in railroad comfort.

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

BALTIMORE & OHIO

New York . . Philadelphia . . Baltimore . . Washington . . Pittsburgh . . Cleveland . . Detroit . . Chicago . . Cincinnati . . Louisville . . St. Louis . . and intermediate points

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Lighter than Air

Continued from page 44

have a difficult enough time scoring direct hits on surface targets, where they have splashes to help them gauge their marksmanship. The possibilities of their hitting a free floating, zigzagging, three-dimensional moving object like the Akron in midair, from thousands of feet above her, are mighty remote."

"But can't airplanes fly rings around airships?"

"Yes, but what good will that do them if they can't get close enough to strike? Present-day critics who say that airplanes will prove deadly to naval airships are akin to the torpedo-boat school of naval critics who, years ago, said that the advent of the small, swift, comparatively cheap destroyers spelled the end of the large battleships.

She's in the Navy Now

"In the same way, enthusiasts who claim that airships will replace surface cruisers are as wrong as were those who said that submarines meant the end of surface vessels. The submarine has taken its definite place as an auxiliary of the fleet, and the airship is going to do the same thing. Both the submarine and the airship are in reality extensions of the usefulness of the line cruiser or scout. The submarine is most useful to a modern fighting fleet as an underwater, invisible scout, with certain attack advantages. The airship will be most useful as an aërial scout, with attack advantages against certain types of craft. The airship shares the submarine's advantage of invisibility; it can hide behind clouds. If there are no clouds, the Akron can send out its little fleet of airplanes to create a huge artificial smoke screen behind which it will be able to hide out trouble."

"How do you expect the airship, in a commercial or military way, to be able to compete with the faster, cheaper airplane?"

"We never think of airplanes and airships in terms of competition. Each has its sphere in modern life, its field of greatest usefulness. Airships are primarily long-distance, non-stop carriers for transocean work. Airplanes are primarily transcontinental mediums, at least in their present stage of development. Airships have no business over the land, and airplanes have no business over the seas.

"The airship is the ideal overseas carrier because of its long range. The Akron, for instance, can cruise more than 9,000 miles at fifty knots per hour."

"Granted its longer range, isn't the airship more difficult than the airplane to handle near the ground?"

"American ground-handling technique, the motorized stub mast, and other things have reduced this disadvantage; and we look for a great deal more improvement very soon. Just for the sake of argument, however, let me say that I think this one disadvantage, in the degree it exists today, is more than offset, from a commercial point of view, by the far greater loads which an airship can carry; also by the greater room and comfort in the living quarters for passengers."

"Aren't airships vulnerable to injuries?"

"If you mean fire, helium offsets that. If you mean loss of gas through tears in a cell, there are records of Zeppelins getting home in wartime with thousands of bullet holes through which gas had been pouring for hours."

"Do you think that airplanes and airships, mutually complementing each other's work, will displace surface transportation, or fighting units such as battleships and tanks?"

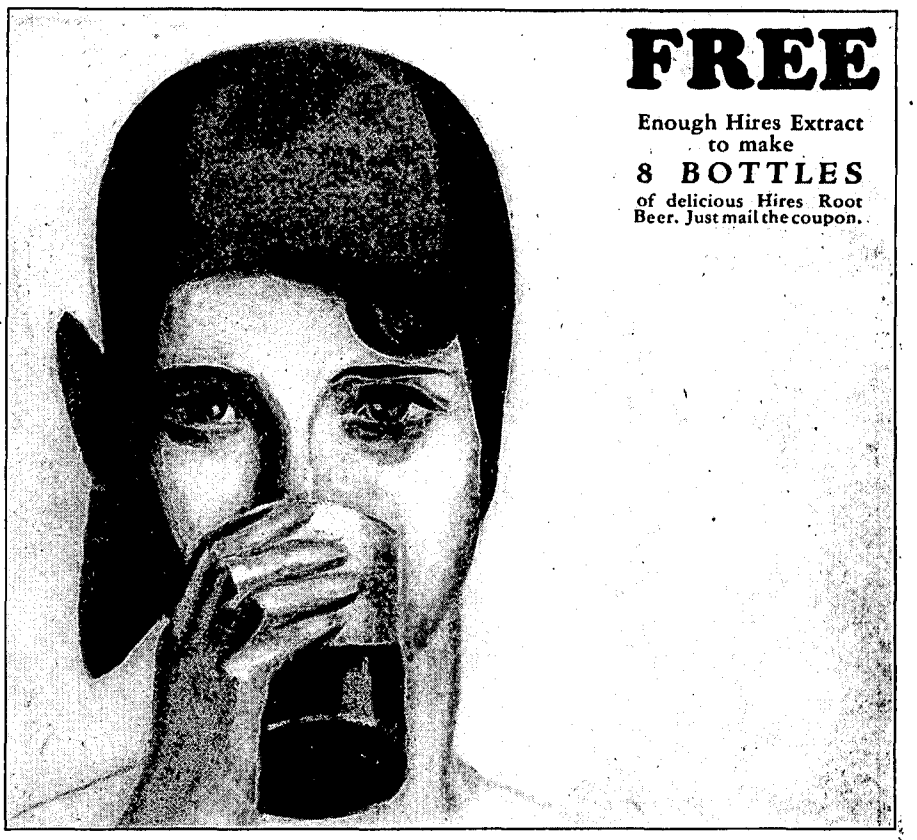
"No. No new method of transportation ever wholly replaces any old method, at least not within the span of several lifetimes. The airship and airplane will supplement the railroad and steamship. The business man of 1940, traveling overland, will choose between airplane and rail as he today chooses between a fast extra-fare train and a slow accommodation. In the same way, going overseas, he will choose between airships and steamships as he today chooses between the Europa and an eight- or nine-day cabin boat."

Happy Landings!

Well, that is what the man who is watching how your eight million dollars are being expended on the ZRS-4 and ZRS-5 thinks—and he's such a reasonable fellow you'd better get ready to travel as he says, if you're going to keep pace with the times. Meantime, looming behind him as he stands in the doorway of the Akron dock to bid you good day, there is the huge burnished thing of gray beauty. The enigma in the greatest controversy of modern aëronautics, which only time can solve. Sometime after August first she will slide out of the dock and slip up into her own element, the skies. Pretty soon after that date we ought to know something.

"Moffett's four-million-dollar toys," most heavier-than-air men sneer. "The eyes of the fleet and the ocean air liners of the future," the lighter-than-air men reply stoutly. "Happy landings, U. S. S. Akron, and a long life to you and your crew," we say, regardless.

"Surely the Grahams couldn't have missed us—they know we've the only bird-bath on the street"



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WITH our compliments, give your family Hires Root Beer. Let them taste its appealing flavor, its refreshing tang.

This offer is winning thousands of families all over the land. Hires Root Beer is more popular than ever.

To win your friendship, to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer in your own kitchen.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's healthful and appetizing ingredients—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

When thousands of Doctors are questioned, 9 out of 10 agree that Hires Root Beer ranks *first* as a family beverage because of its purity, fine flavor and economy.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract — or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

Two other ways to get your daily Hires Root Beer

AT SODA FOUNTAINS and wherever you see the famous Hires Keg, ask for Hires Root Beer, not for "root beer." Most dealers gladly pay more for the genuine because satisfied customers multiply sales. Yet *you* pay no more for the real Hires Root Beer and only the genuine brings you the beneficial results, the vitalizing pleasure of the blended, natural juices.

IN BOTTLES. At stores and stands you can buy a deliciously cool bottle of Hires Root Beer, ready to drink. Some folks prefer to buy it bottled instead of making it at home.

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Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa. [3-6-20]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract.

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PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

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—and that's important to you

Duco has become so well known for car finish excellence that many people think all car finishes are Duco.

Millions of the new cars that roll into the world each year are beautified by Duco.

In being honored by an overwhelming majority of car manufacturers and owners, Duco is often interpreted to mean car finish in general.

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Duco is not in the dictionary.

Duco is not merely a word—it is a *name*. It does not mean just "a finish for automobile bodies." It means *only* the car finish made by du Pont.

Insist upon Duco when you have your car repainted or when you require touch-up service. When you see the authorized Duco sign, you can depend upon getting a genuine Duco job.

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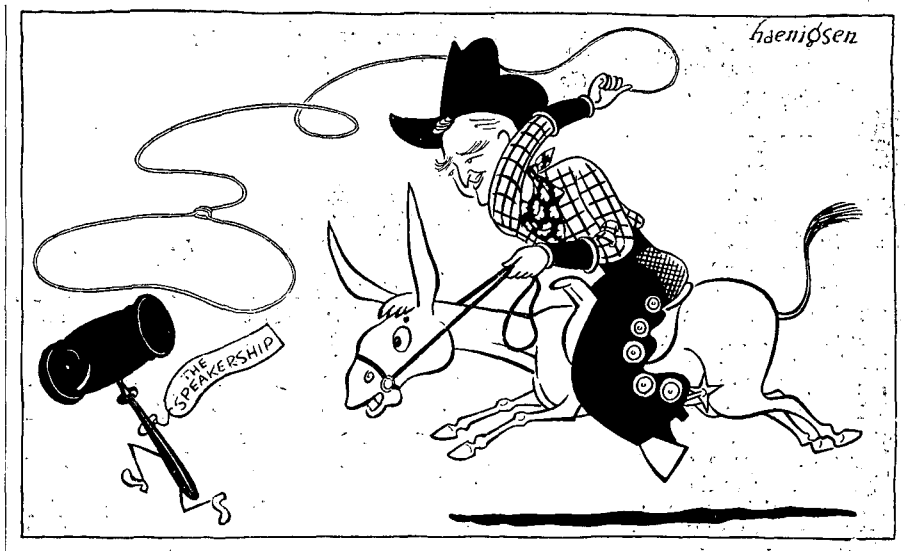

Jack's Place

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

MY OWN guess is that the Democrats will organize the House of Representatives, in which case John H. Garner of Texas will ride in the "people's car," as he calls the automobile which the government furnishes to the presiding officer of the House. I base this prediction on the belief that the Republicans will never be able to agree on a candidate for Speaker and the fact that, to elect a Speaker, they need every vote they have.

I don't think they will be able to buy with places and promises all the votes they need. Besides, as vacancies occur by death and otherwise with the country swinging Democratic, the chances are that some Republicans will be replaced by Democrats and that no Democrats will be replaced by Republicans.

Garner has 216 sure votes and needs 218, with a lot of men very loosely attached to the Republican party to pick from. He is the shrewdest trader in either house. Now that Nick Longworth is gone and the Republicans are fighting among themselves, the chances are in his favor.

I doubt whether any Republican can get as many votes as Garner is assured of. His wits are keener than those of any other who aspires to the Speakership. He has a larger solid support. And the tide is running his way.

If he gives any irregular Republican a good committee place, that place will be good not only for the two years beginning next December but also probably for the next two years thereafter and maybe for longer. The Republicans can offer nothing substantial in the way of places, since deaths and the filling of vacancies may at any time give the Democrats a clear majority even before this Congress goes out. And it would be an incurable optimist who would predict a Republican House after 1932.

The Makings of Genius

John Garner is as nearly like Al Smith as anyone can be who is a Yankee reared on the farms of Texas instead of an Irishman reared on the sidewalks of New York. He has the mental quickness and sureness of Al Smith, the same intuitive knowledge of politics, the same love of the game of politics, the same understanding of human nature, and much the same talent for the business of government.

When you get his opinion on anything you feel that the last word has been said upon it. He is a great realist; he has the kind of mind that never deceives itself. When you consider the two men you wonder about the virtues of formal education, for Garner probably had very little more regular schooling than Smith had. Garner explains it, incidentally. Speaking of someone who had a more "fortunate" youth than he had, he said, "The trouble is, he didn't grow up on the soil."

He has a sharp habit of truth-telling. He used to talk up to President Wilson, and it took an incorrigibly direct and honest man to do that. But he softens the effect of his bluntness by his good humor, his friendliness, and his habit of always keeping his promises.

Straight from the Shoulder

He knows the value of righteous bluntness, just as well as he does the value of doing a friendly act. To his very warm friend, the late Speaker Nicholas Longworth, he once said, as he saw the country turning away from the Republican party, "Nick, you know I love you like a brother. But I conceive it to be my duty to destroy you and I think I am going to be able to do it."

There is a canniness even about the sharp, unpleasant truths that he tells. He wouldn't for the world have anyone think that he is just one of the regular political yes men. Distributing his noes and his yeses with absolute honesty, he has held his unruly crew of Democratic followers together. When the Democratic senators were booting Joe Robinson for promising coöperation with Hoover, someone asked Garner, who had done the same, if he was not suffering similarly. "Oh," he said, "I covered my rear quickly."

He likes to match wits with the Secretary of the Treasury, whose mental acuteness he admires. He has sent a lot of letters to Mellon asking him bothersome questions about the refunds of income taxes.

I suspect that when he is Speaker he will have a committee appointed to ask Mr. Mellon a lot of questions. He always tried to get Longworth to give him a committee of that kind.

Some Republican leaders think it would be a good thing to let the Democrats organize the House so that they, instead of the Republicans, would have a chance to exhibit their ineptitude. Thus, they say, a good many persons now dissatisfied with Mr. Hoover would be brought back into the Republican party.

They overlook Jack Garner. He would move very quickly to "cover up the rear" of the Democratic party. His mind is full of schemes. I think he has more capacity to make mischief for Mr. Hoover than anybody else in Washington.

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WAX...

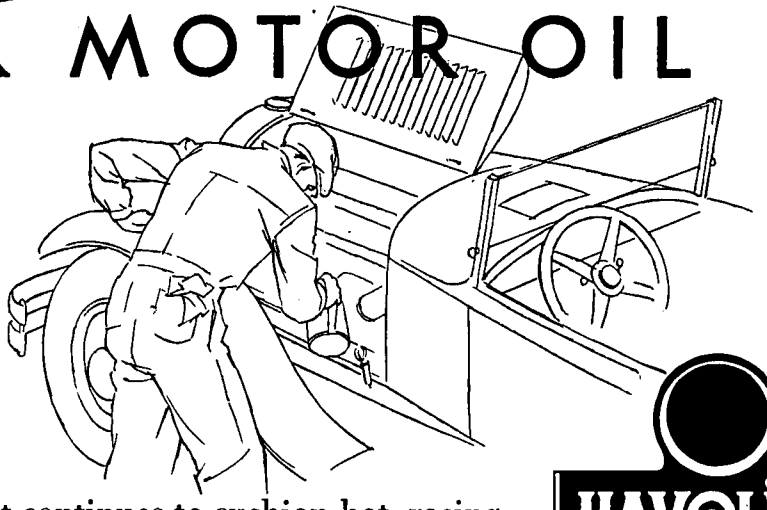
GOOD FOR JELLY JARS

BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL

If you have ever seen home-made jams and jellies sealed, you know how thin and watery paraffin wax becomes with heat. Obviously, wax is no lubricant for the inside of a blistering-hot motor.

Yet, all paraffin-base motor oils contained this same wax—until the introduction of *The New Waxfree Havoline Motor Oil.* Waxfree Havoline is 100% oil—not a mixture of oil and wax.

Free from wax, free from all volatile impurities... warm weather grades of Waxfree Havoline possess greater heat resistance—*hold their sturdy oiliness longer* at high motor temperatures. Waxfree Havoline doesn't wilt when you drive hard and fast.



It continues to cushion hot, racing bearings. Seals in power—*all of it!*

That full-bodied seal keeps gas vapors from seeping into the crankcase and diluting your oil. You get more gas mileage—you get more oil mileage. For your motor's sake, drain and refill at the Waxfree Havoline sign. *Waxfree means carefree!*

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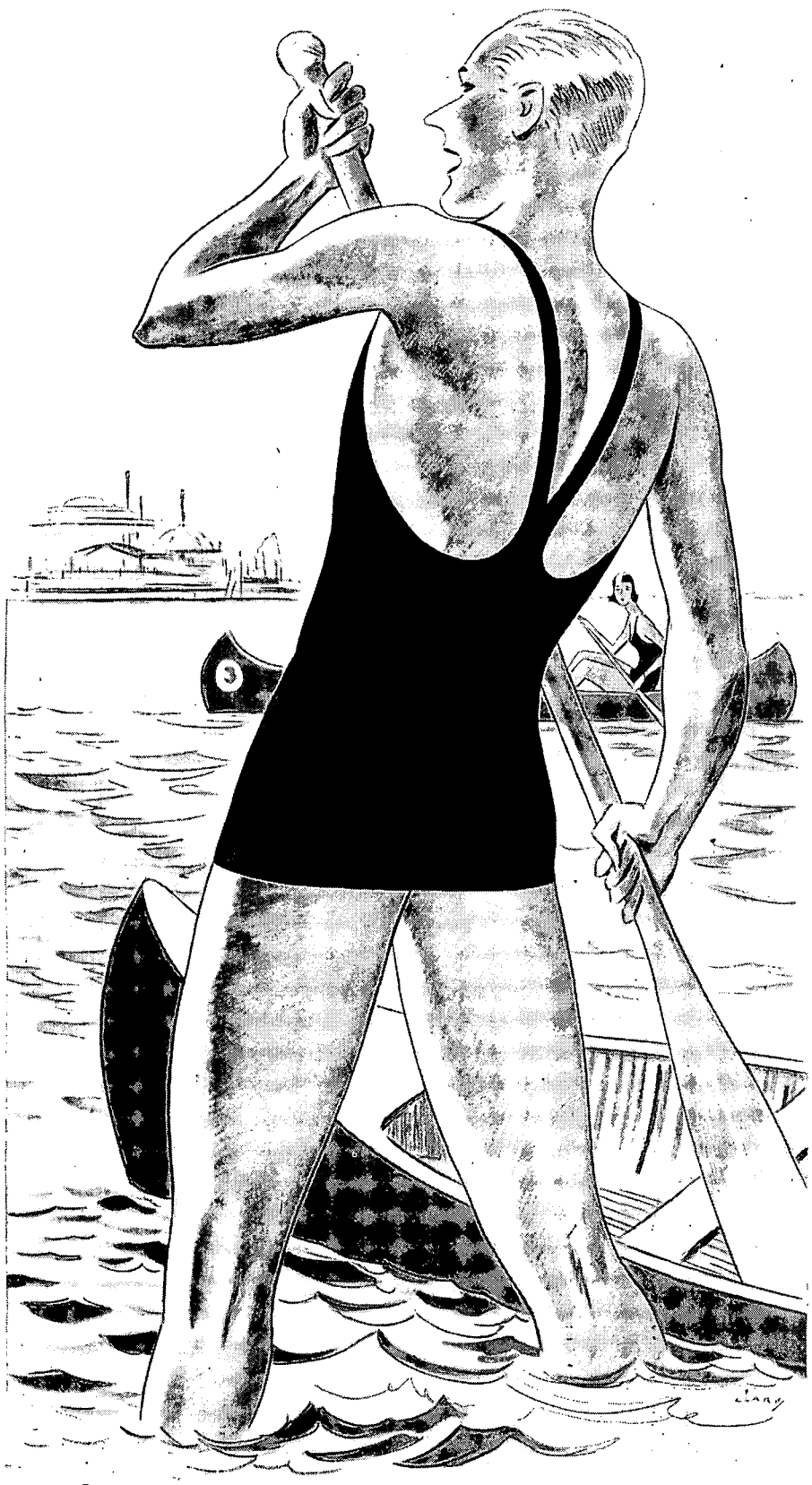
KEEP TRIM KEEP FIT SWIM!



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A swimming suit of true distinction—athletic, masculine. A suit designed for active swimmers, providing the ultimate in sun exposure, complete comfort and muscular freedom. Typically Jantzen in its permanent perfect fit, in the truly marvelous elasticity of the Jantzen-stitch.

You'll find the famous red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia

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The suit that changed bathing to swimming

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Please send me style folder in colors featuring new 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐

Name_____ Address_____

Making Human Nature Legal

Continued from page 15

1907, ratified by popular vote in the election of 1908, raised the term of divorce residence from six months to one year. Since the passage of this law Sioux Falls has ceased to be notorious for its divorce colony from other states.

Before many days had gone by the old-timers in pulpit and press and ether filled the air with stories of the wild goings-on of Easterners who went to Sioux Falls to get divorces under the same sort of short divorce-residence measure that young Mr. Hyde had favored.

These stories of the old days finished up South Dakota's effort to establish a thriving divorce business within her borders. The senate had voted 45 to 7 for the bill before public tumult arose, but the lower house, menaced by public protest, killed it. Governor Warren Green, in explaining to this writer why the bill was killed, said:

"The ninety-day divorce bill did not become a law because there is no general sentiment favoring it and we do not want it."

Mr. Wilson Takes a Hand

Score to date: For easier divorce—Arkansas and Idaho. Against—South Dakota. But the game wasn't over yet, by any means.

"Wilson's Catfish Band" is a well-known institution within the state of Oklahoma and in the surrounding territory. It makes music over an Oklahoma radio station. It also plays for dances. James Wilson, a very lively young man, of the town of Sapulpa, in the rich Creek Indian country, was its creator. He is also its leader.

The good people of the Sapulpa district sent Jimmy, as they call young Mr. Wilson, to the state capitol and there, as a lawmaker, he attracted fully as much attention as he had as a bandmaster.

With the legislative aid of Luther Green, another young member of the legislature, Jimmy Wilson flamingly put his elders among the citizenry of the state first into a deep spell of worry and then into fits of furious activity.

He introduced to his fellow members in the lower house bill No. 457. This bill outdid the bills of other states in its liberality. Forty-five days were enough, in the estimation of Messrs. Wilson and Green, for any divorce residence. The current law provided for one year's residence, six months of which must be spent in one county.

On March 12th the bill went to the house judiciary committee. Oklahoma pastors condemned it by resolutions the next day. I asked Representative "Jimmy" what answer he gave his critics. "Why, I told them the truth," he said. "I told them that *people unhappily married are a menace to society and good morals.*"

For fifteen days the thing hung fire. The governor and members of the legislature were besieged with demands that no such law be tolerated in the state. On March 27th the senate judiciary committee took up the bill and killed it. It did not, therefore, reach the house floor for public debate.

Excitement envelops the entire population of Nevada more quickly, perhaps, than it does the populations of other states because only 91,000 people—men, women and children—live there. And one fifth of them reside in the city of Reno.

Since divorce is a $4,000,000-a-year industry for Reno, you might as well move all orange trees out of Florida as to take the divorce business from Nevada. And the 91,000 citizens of the state seemed to realize this.

"Do you see what Idaho's doing? Do you see that Hot Springs, Arkansas, is trying to get our divorce trade? Look at South Dakota!"

So spoke citizens of Nevada to each other during the months of February and early March. Young Mr. Campbell, legislator in far-away Arkansas, had thrown a money-fright into Nevada's people.

"Something must be done." This was the general consensus of opinion.

The gambling and the quicker-divorce bills were introduced.

Even some of the church people were open-minded about the matter of quicker divorces. They were willing to hear arguments on both sides. The pastor of a Reno church went so far as to invite Mayor E. E. Roberts, of Reno, to give the "liberal" side of the controversy and Mayor Roberts accepted.

"I hate a hypocrite and I detest backbiting," the mayor told the congregation, which had been swelled to capacity attendance by his appearance. "I'm a backslider myself, but I've never been a backbiter."

"You can't legislate morals into people," was another of his declarations, "any more than you can legislate love into the hearts of some professed Christians.

"Gambling is a bad business any way you take it," the mayor declared from the pulpit, "but laws never have and never will stop it; as long as there is gambling it had better be in the open. The crooks and shysters will go to other states where they can carry on their operations under cover."

On the question of divorce, he upheld what he called the wisdom of allowing the dissolution of marriages which are not successful. "Nevada should not be condemned for making such a thing possible to all in need of it," he stated; "if any state is to be condemned it should be South Carolina, where it is impossible for man or woman to secure freedom even though he or she is married to a leper." He was referring to the repeal, in 1878, of "all laws permitting divorce" in that state.

"The mayor is only putting the best face on a bad thing that some people think must be done," explained his enemies.

"But he made a pretty good job of it," said his friends.

Nevada Saves the Day

Anyhow, it was determined that Nevada couldn't be beaten at its own industry.

"Get people here," was the cry.

Flaming youth among the lawmakers in other states had started the fire against Nevada. But it was established age, vested interest in the divorce industry, financial conservatism, that "saved" Nevada.

Assemblyman Guy Walts introduced the new divorce residence law. He is a rancher in the fertile Truckee meadows, surrounding Reno. His bill fixed divorce residence at only six weeks. It did more than that. The old divorce law provided that "residents" must remain within the immediate vicinity of Reno; this didn't give "residents" much of a chance even to go fishing. The new law provided that they could move about the state as they pleased.

Some persons insist that this "free-movement" clause makes it possible for a person to take a six weeks' automobile camping trip within the state and se-

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cure an immediate divorce in the little courthouse of the county in which he finds himself at the end of that time.

As easy on divorce-seekers as it could be made—that was how the new law was framed. Nevada, under the half-year-residence law, had attracted wealthy divorce clients. The new law is devised to help the less-favored.

Here is a statement, prepared in the office of Governor Balzar, especially for this writer:

"The present law requires six weeks' actual, not constructive, residence to obtain divorce *which may be heard behind closed doors and with practically all papers sealed.*"

The secrecy element is one that was formerly possible only for the very well-to-do, with the aid of a powerful lawyer.

D. H. Tandy, speaker of the house of representatives of Nevada, referring to cheaper divorces under the new system, told this writer:

All in the Day's Work

"Uncontested divorce suits should not command greater legal fees than uncontested actions of other sorts. The process is simple for a lawyer. Statutory grounds, printed on a slip of paper, may be checkmarked by the lawyer and handed to his stenographer. She has only to follow an office form in preparing the papers. It is simply a routine matter.

"The law making thirty-five dollars an attorney's maximum fee for a divorce did not pass, but the state bar association was able to fix as low a figure as that as the minimum fee."

Not a voice was raised on the floor of either house against the new law. Very few spoke for it. It went through almost unanimously; the "noes" were only murmured.

But flaming youth did have its day, nevertheless.

The "new thought" that is against trying to control morals by legislation spoke up in Nevada. This "new thought" found its voice in the second youngest member of the lower house.

He was a ranch boy of only fifteen on Armistice Day. That makes him twenty-eight now. He isn't a town boy, with a pool-room record. He didn't even move to town after he grew older. He, Phil Tobin, and his brother Frank operate a cattle ranch and "do pretty well," the Nevadans tell you. He's a light-haired six-footer.

When members of women's organizations accosted him and charged him with seeking to ruin their children with his gambling law, he replied with a brusqueness that was accusatory:

"I was thinking maybe parents'd take care of their children instead of depending on the law to do it. I got a daughter and I expect to raise her without having any laws passed to make her behave properly."

The new gambling statute makes it lawful "to operate, and expose for play," providing the proper licenses are secured from state, county and city, "any game of faro, monte, roulette, keno, fan-tan, twenty-one, blackjack, seven-and-a-half, big injun, klondyke, craps, stud poker, draw poker," or practically what you will.

"About the only forms of betting still prohibited," one of Reno's leading journalists tells me, "are Chinese lottery and cock-fighting, and these are reported to have increased in popularity since the new law was passed.

Speakeasies and night clubs, so well-informed Reno journalists say, have also taken out licenses to operate tables, each having, in general, at least a roulette wheel and a crap game.

Nevada has no liquor-prohibition law, and Sheriff Trathen in Reno was advised that the drink problem was none of his business but was a matter for Federal officers to attend to. Immediately, according to Reno informants, he proceeded to collect licenses from barred-door establishments. A Reno journalist told me:

"Not only has Nevada no prohibition law, but it is not likely to have one. In a referendum in 1926, the people disapproved national prohibition by a vote of three to one and approved the calling of a national convention to seek repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Just how much chance a prohibition law has now in the state was indicated at the last session of the legislature. A bill had been prepared under the direction of the state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It was modeled to conform with the Volstead Act.

"The women tried hard to secure a sponsor for a state prohibition law among the legislators. In the senate and assembly it passed through several hands and finally came to the desk of Senator Duane Bush of the public morals committee. He passed it along and it reached Senator George Friedhoff, a rancher, who rose to the floor with it and announced that he had it in his hands, but that 'if I introduced this bill it would make me the laughing-stock of Nevada.' The bill went back to Senator Bush's desk and after that its history is unknown. It was never introduced."

I have held back, until now, the fact that one shrill note has rung throughout all this agitated lawmaking which we have been considering. It is this:

"The state must have more revenue and we don't dare to increase taxes."

The five states involved in the easier-divorce fight were not the only ones to turn toward desperate measures to enrich the state treasury. In the state of North Carolina there is a county named Buncombe. It lies in a beautiful land ruffled with hills and one of its chief adornments is the lovely city of Asheville. Now, this county of Buncombe was openly mentioned on the floor of the North Carolina legislature one day last March in connection with an astonishing legal proposal. A bill was introduced in the house to permit, "in Buncombe County, horse and dog racing, with betting machines." It provided that Buncombe County should receive generous sums for letting licenses and also a generous portion of all money which changed hands in betting transactions. There are one hundred counties in the state but the legislature of the state of North Carolina favored Buncombe County alone.

A Short-Cut to Solvency

It did the mystifying thing of passing the bill, in spite of wide opposition from religious organizations. The senate also passed the bill on two readings but on March 11th, at the time of the third reading, killed it.

Six weeks later the secret came out. On May 1st, the newspapers reported to the world that Buncombe County, to say nothing of the town of Asheville, was so badly in debt that it found itself unable to pay $104,000 interest on its bonds, due on that date. The refinancing of $9,000,000 in bonds would be necessary. Bankruptcy! Money from racing, which, it was estimated, might yield the city and county as much as $5,000 a day during a racing season, would help out tremendously.

But please do not believe that poor, embarrassed Buncombe County is the only district in the United States where the newer element in lawmaking bodies is seeking revenue for the state by sug-

(Continued on page 52)

BURKE 50·50 AGAINST THE FIELD

48 Golfers *saved on an average of 3¼ strokes a round*

NO "bunk" in this—no "we-wish-it-were-true." Only facts! At the Elks Country Club tournament at Ft. Wayne, Ind., 48 golfers played their usual ball the first 9 holes in the morning. In the afternoon, on the same 9, they used the **Burke 50/50.**

The Tournament Committee analyzed the scores and found that two golfers scored the same each time, 12 lost 31 strokes in the afternoon, and 34 *saved a total of 109 strokes when they played the* **Burke 50/50!**

This means (averaging all 48 players for a full round) a saving of 3¼ strokes a round when the **Burke 50/50** was used!

This result (confirmed in several other tournaments) is all the more striking when you realize that the **Burke 50/50** costs only 50c. It proves that you can score better and yet save from ⅓ to ½ on your ball costs.

Make your own test of the **Burke 50/50.** *If distribution has not yet reached your community, tell us and we will see that you are supplied.*

The **Burke 50/50** *has distance direction and staying powers. It is acknowledged the best ball at its price.*

The Elks Country Club at Ft. Wayne, Ind., where comparative Ball Tests were made in Two-day Tournament.

THIS COURSE is no set up. With a length of 6565 yards and a par 71, it is a severe test of playing ability as well as of golf ball quality.

Of the 48 players in the tournament, 21 shot better than 90. The fact that the **Burke 50/50** helped these Class A golfers reduce their scores makes the result of this test seem all the more remarkable.

FREE! Do you know how to "finish a hole"

properly, or do you waste strokes at that crucial point? Our new booklet "Making the Club Head Work" giving full details of the four new stroke-saving Burke Smith-irons, is now ready. Send for it—it's free.

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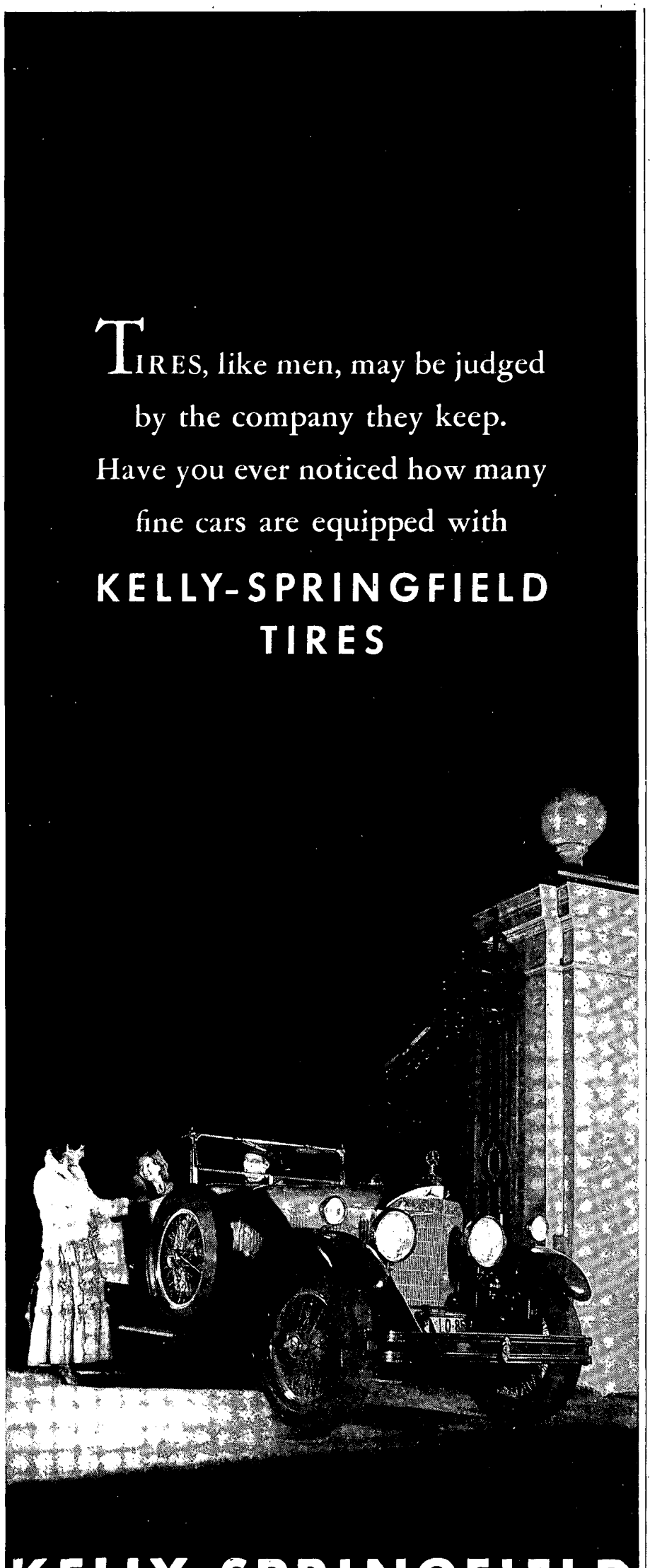
TIRES, like men, may be judged by the company they keep. Have you ever noticed how many fine cars are equipped with

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES



KELLY-SPRINGFIELD

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR CAR TIRES

(*Continued from page 51*)

gesting racing. Horse-racing bills were introduced in recent sessions of state legislatures with results as given below:

Pennsylvania, two bills held in committee at this writing.

Arkansas, killed.

Missouri, killed.

Indiana, allowed to die in the senate.

Rhode Island, on file, unkilled, when legislature adjourned, April 22d.

There's good money for states in horse racing. For instance, here's the meat of the Indiana bill, a fair sample of all bills introduced in various legislatures on the subject:

"License fees to range from $1,500 to $2,500 for each day's meet. Twenty cents for each admission. Promoters not to retain over six and one-half per cent of the wagers as commission. Presumably, the state to retain all of the remainder that does not go back to winning bettors."

The closing paragraph of a horse-racing bill in one legislature ran:

"The immediate need of county fairs and local agricultural exhibitions, the 4-H clubs and Bureau of Animal Husbandry for the revenue provided herein creates an emergency within the meaning of the constitution and this act shall be in force from and after its passage."

Farm Relief—1931 Method

To a farmer, the 4-H clubs are about what the Boy Scouts are to a city man. They are organizations of rural boys and girls to develop "Head, Hand, Heart and Health," and their agricultural activities are supported, in part, from public funds.

Suggest that city gambling be legalized to help support Boy Scout troops and you have something parallel to the idea suggested above.

In the state where this was suggested the law did not pass; the farmer vote, as well as the religious vote, helped to kill it.

The legislation of youth, which finds that its elders have thrown their states into financial difficulties, is extremely "liberal." And so is some of the popular voting.

Mayor Roberts, of Reno, who said in a church pulpit, "I'd be in favor of putting a barrel of free corn liquor on every street corner in this town in order to kill off the bootleggers," was reëlected mayor not many weeks after that speech was made.

"We have the only liberal state in the union," declared Governor F. B. Balzar, of Nevada, after he had announced to reporters: "I have signed both the divorce and the gambling bills."

Legislatures do not meet again, in most states, until 1933.

What feats of "liberalism" the youthful element among legislators will perform in *that* year, especially if some of the state treasuries are more empty than they are now, no religious, moral, financial or political expert dare prophesy.

But here's one fact that stands out: The trend of lawmaking in the state legislatures which, generally speaking, began their sessions in January and ended them in March and April, shows that the younger element on the legislative floors is willing to go a longer way than its elders toward getting money for state expenses.

Some state, in 1933 or 1935, ridden with taxes and deep in debt, may go so far as to vote to fill its coffers from the manufacture and sale of alcohol within its borders, instead of permitting bootleggers to have the liquor millions.

Puzzled and impatient revenue seekers in various states are showing a tendency to change their minds about taking tax money from drinkers and sellers of drinks. Here's what has just happened in Michigan:

Speaker Fred Ming, of the state senate, has fought all his life for aid for tuberculars. Three of his brothers died of the disease and a sister was cured only after a desperate fight. Throughout his political career he has fought for funds to help victims of the disease. Thirty-seven counties in Michigan had no sanitariums for tuberculars.

Speaker Ming requested State Senator Arthur Wood to introduce a bill imposing a tax on malt—on makers, wholesalers, retailers, distributors of malt and wort, or unfermented beer. Trucks carrying these were to be taxed $25 a year. Home-brew makers and illicit brewers in Michigan use trainloads of malt and wort for making beer. It is Federally legal, however, to make and use these products.

"A tax on these home-brew products will yield $2,500,000 a year," announced experts.

"And every cent of this two and a half million dollars a year will be spent in caring for victims of tuberculosis. We'll even pay $1 a day to patients in sanitariums," declared the framers of the bill. "Let the home-brew makers help to take care of tuberculars. The malt and wort makers are getting fat. Let them help people who are growing weak and thin with tuberculosis."

The senate passed the bill. So did the house.

The governor vetoed it. He said, in effect, that it would be taking money from drinkers.

"What's that got to do with it?" was the effect of the legislature's reply.

The law passed over the governor's veto. The vote in the house was three to one against the governor. The legislators showed not the slightest fear of "dry" voters; they seemed to think these "dry" voters would understand their action.

And now, at last, Michigan, will have large funds, "taken from beer drinkers," to care for tuberculars. It is undeniable that some of this money will be state tribute, laid on beer bootleggers, for bootleggers are the chief users of malt and wort.

What's Going to Happen?

Malt and wort, as I have said, are not Federally illegal. But as soon as some smaller and wetter state, sunk in debt and going only a step beyond the dry state of Michigan takes it into its head to exact tribute from whisky and gin bootleggers as Michigan takes it from beer bootleggers, by licensing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, then we shall have our first rebel state since the Civil War.

How will the Federal government control a state like that?

Federal men, if this emergency arises, will go into the state and arrest manufacturers and sellers of drinks which have been legalized by the state.

The defense of the prisoners will be that the state has licensed them to make or sell alcoholic drinks.

The jury will be made up, of course, of residents of the state.

If the jury convicts, the Federal government will have won that particular case. It may have to bring many others.

If the jury, favoring revenue to the state from alcohol, acquits the Federally arrested prisoners, what can Washington do?

The prospect of this problem arising is *not* remote.

Our final test of the Eighteenth Amendment is increasingly likely to arise over the determination of some state to fill its treasury with money which is now going, by millions, into bootleggers' pockets.

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A Friendly Game

Continued from page 16

He was sitting at the card table, with his back to an open window, sorting a pack of cards into four distinct and arbitrarily arranged hands.

"Whatever are you doing, William?" demanded his wife.

"Last night," explained the magistrate, "I had to decide a case that involved a hand at Contract bridge. I made careful notes about this hand, as it presented a nice question of procedure in bidding."

Mrs. Dugan promptly put down the breakfast tray and brought a cup of coffee over to the card table.

"What's the question?" she inquired with avidity.

"It's this: South deals and bids two spades. I am South. West passes. Now, if you held the North hand, how would you bid it?"

Mrs. Dugan studied the situation.

"I'd say four spades," she replied finally—and firmly.

"Precisely what happened in the game in which this hand was played. I should have expected you to exercise better judgment, my dear!"

"Better judgment? Humph! You make game, don't you?"

"There's a little slam in the hand."

"Oh, yes! It's easy to see that with the cards exposed! But—"

"You have a count of two and a half," coldly pointed out the magistrate. "That's enough to raise to five. All the authorities agree—"

"They don't agree about anything," retorted Mrs. Dugan. "And, anyway, I don't play bridge by the book. I use my common sense."

"That's just the trouble with you!" boomed her husband in his judicial bass. "If you'd depend more on rules and precedents, and less on what you call your common sense—"

"Now, look here, Will Dugan! Don't you pull that courtroom manner on me!"

"And don't you lose your temper!" returned the magistrate. He struggled to be calm—struggled and lost. "You've got your father's own temper!" he exploded suddenly.

"My father! You dare to talk about my father! He—"

"I know all about him," shouted the magistrate. "Drunk or sober he was a blustering old windbag!"

"You!" Mrs. Dugan said and choked.

"For twenty years," continued her husband, with unholy vehemence, "I've wanted to express my opinion of that pig-headed, pie-eyed old scalawag, your father! And now that I've done so, I rejoice in my candor! I take pleasure in it! I take—"

"You take *this!*" cried Mrs. Dugan and, snatching the coffee cup from the table, she hurled it directly at His Honor the magistrate's head.

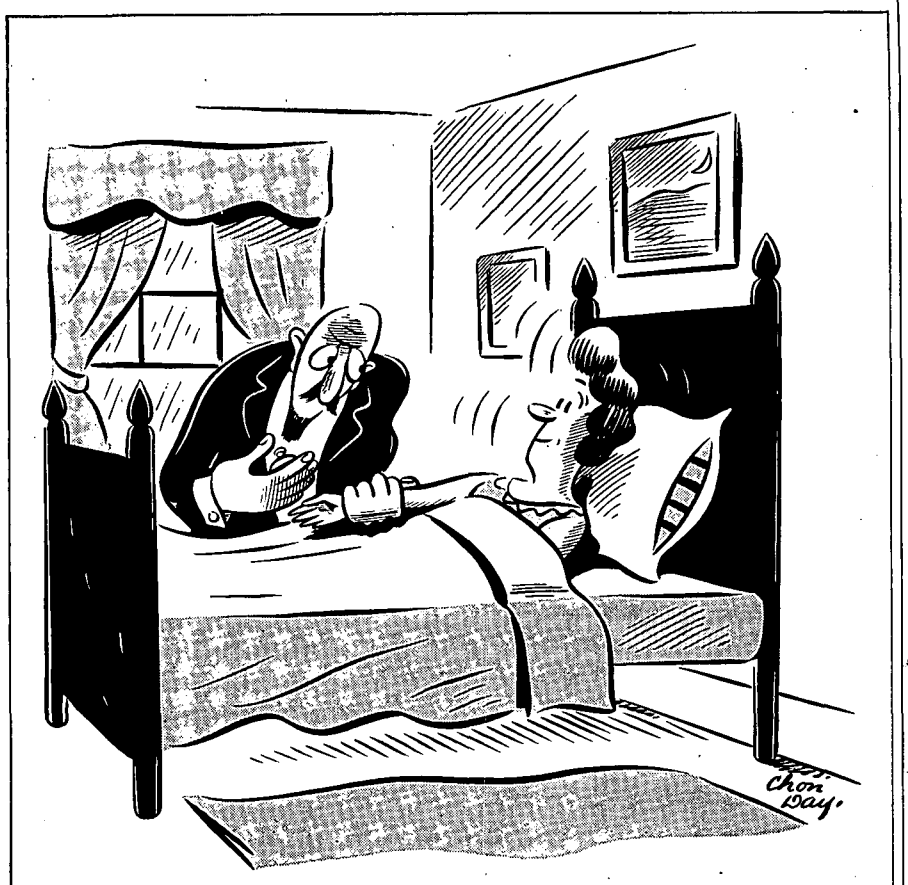
His Honor ducked. The cup sped past his ear toward the open window behind him, and—

SOME time later, in a larger and more expensive apartment on the top floor of the same building, a middle-aged, richly upholstered lady addressed a group of her friends, similarly middle-aged and upholstered.

"My dears," she said, "I have just received a telephone message saying that our good friend Mr. Dickenson has met with an accident. He was struck on the head by some falling object as he was about to enter this building. The wound is not serious, but it needs attention. So I'm afraid we'll have to give up our bridge lesson for today."

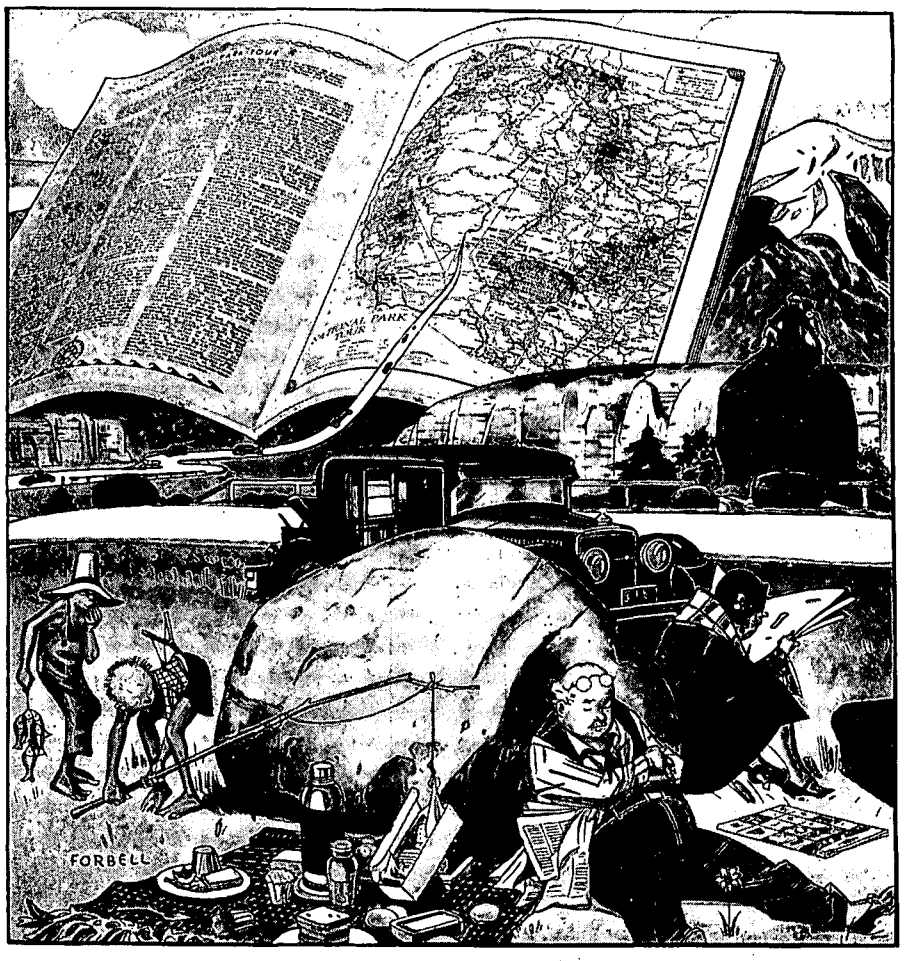
The Hand That Caused All the Trouble

North	East
S. 10-8-7	S. 6-5
H. 9-7	H. K-10-5-4-2
D. A-J-10-5	D. 8-7-6-4
C. K-J-7-6	C. Q-2
West	**South**
S. Q-4-3	S. A-K-J-9-2
H. J-8-6-3	H. A-Q
D. K-Q-9-2	D. 3
C. 8-3	C. A-10-9-5-4



"When are you going to listen, Doctor?"

This is the Summer to "SEE AMERICA" *with Ætna!*



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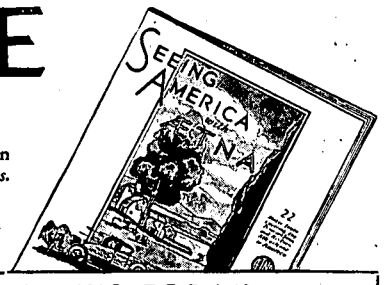

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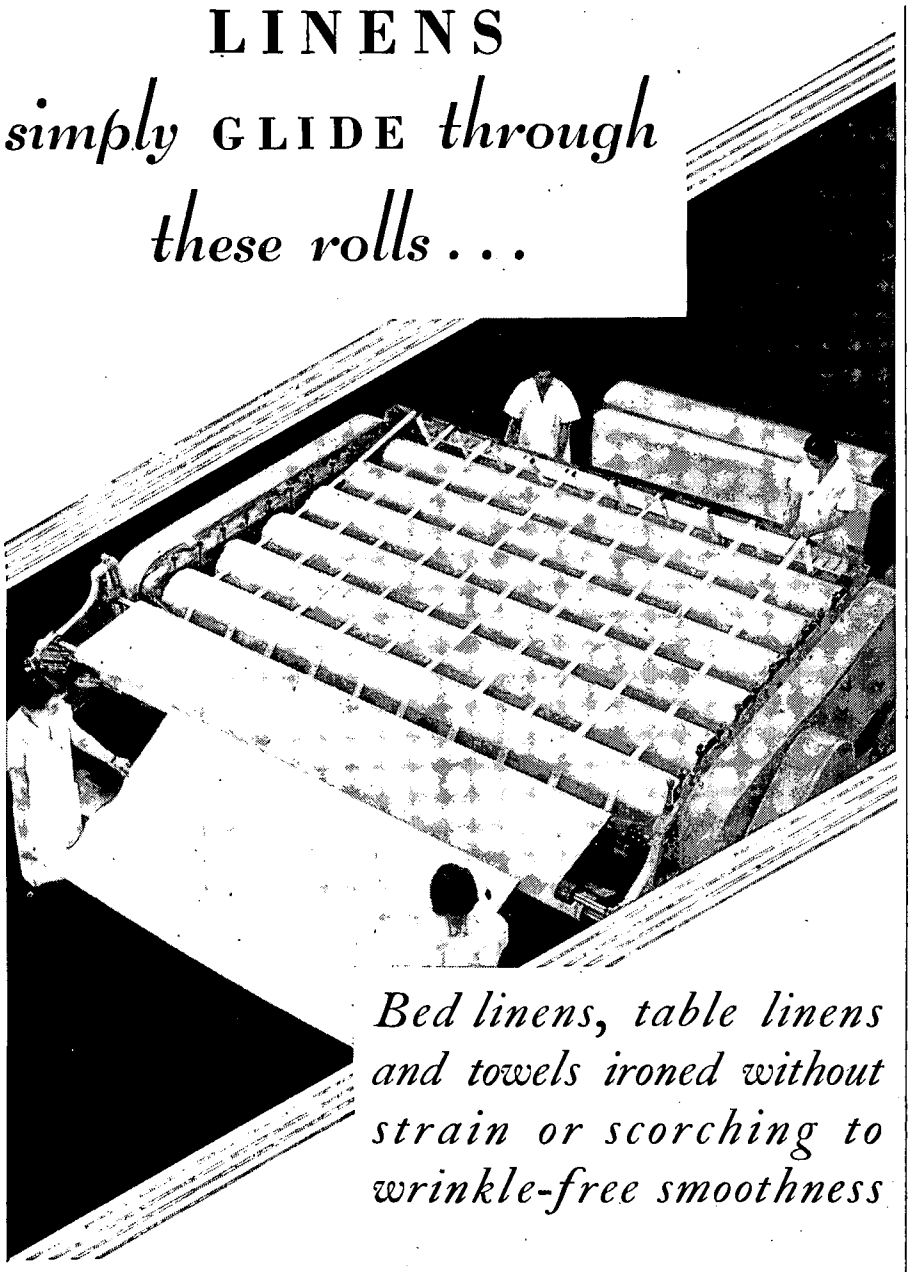
LINENS *simply* GLIDE *through these rolls . . .*



Bed linens, table linens and towels ironed without strain or scorching to wrinkle-free smoothness

IRONING these heavy pieces at home is a dreary task at best. But in summer, when the beach and the woods call so alluringly—it's a task to be avoided for reasons of health as well as happiness.

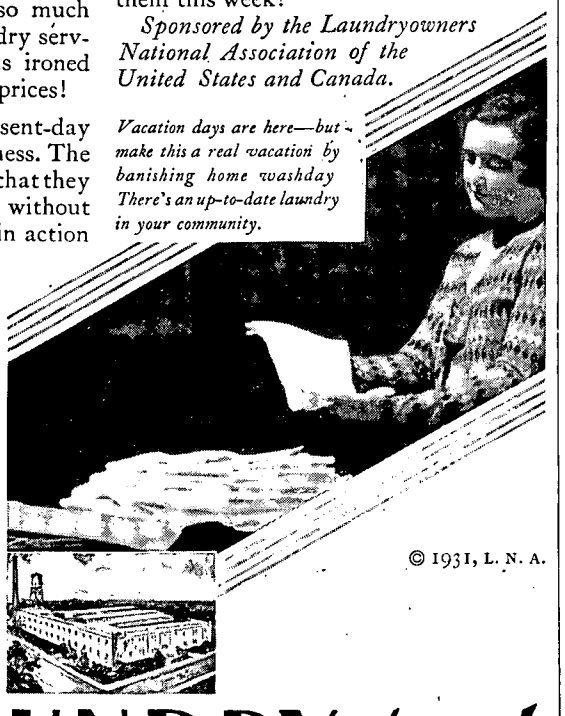
Yet no woman need sweat and slave over big heavy sheets and table-cloths, when today's laundry way is so much easier! There are numerous laundry services now that include all linens ironed and ready to use—at real thrift prices!

The flatwork ironers in present-day laundries are miracles of gentleness. The long, soft rollers are so adjusted that they can handle the bulkiest linens without strain. Yet they are so soothing in action that a sheet of damp tissue paper may be passed from end to end *without tearing!*

All ironing heat is applied through smoothly polished, steam-heated surfaces, a positive safeguard against scorching. And competent inspectors watch each piece as it comes from the ironer, to assure satisfaction in the finished work. Nowadays, laundry service, using the *multiple-suds method*, has achieved new standards of hygienic cleanness. Research scientists at the American Institute of Laundering—the industry's "proving ground"—are constantly studying improved washday methods. And these amazing advances in recent years have influenced 8 million women to "let the laundry do it." Join them this week!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Vacation days are here—but make this a real vacation by banishing home washday There's an up-to-date laundry in your community.



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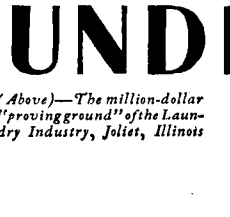

Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

(Above)—The million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

New Business

Continued from page 13

"We are not interested," he said. "I will now bid you good afternoon, as the interview is over."

We walked out of the Palazzo Dillicozo and immediately sent Mr. Joe Stecker a cablegram, informing him that President Immanuel Robezo was still a guy who hated lighthouses. The incident being passed, we settled down in comfortable rooms to enjoy ourselves briefly, having still in our possession a nice sum of money. I mean to say, Omar had money. He carried it in a large envelope, and I was always afraid he'd lose it.

PRESENTLY we bumped into a man named Barton Hoff, an American, who lived at the hotel, drank freely if anyone would buy, and was executive head of the San Marcos Chamber of Commerce. He was a young, pale, listless fellow and represented three American manufacturing concerns who were willing to sell their goods. Mr. Hoff, if he had ever had any pep, was now a somnolent cuss and was forever shaking dice to break the monotony of life in the tropics.

"You may as well go back to America," he advised us in the hotel bar. "There is nothing doing in San Marcos. A man died here the other day in the post office, and they didn't find him for a week."

"I believe you are right," Harmony admitted. "We will return to our homeland, taking great care not to arrive in Seattle."

"I'll just shake you for a dollar," continued Mr. Hoff, and Harmony Childs shook him once and lost.

We would have idled in San Marcos for perhaps a week and then departed, except for one slight change in the program, made by our Mr. Omar Gill, who has less sense than a basket of cats. He came steaming into the hotel a few days later, wearing the exalted expression of a man who has just done something notable.

"I just bought 'em," he announced in a happy voice.

"You just bought them?"

"The whole outfit and we are going to make a pile of money. I knew this trip would be lucky."

Harmony turned slowly in his chair and regarded our smallest and silliest member with an unfaltering gaze. The horrid thought came to me that Omar meant Mr. Andrado and the castor oil.

"The iron rabbit?" Harmony asked, scowling.

"I bought everything he had."

"You paid for them?"

"I paid cash, two hundred and ninety dollars, and the stuff is now mine. I went over to the dog track with Mr. Andrado and looked 'em over and you never did see such interesting water buffaloes."

"Wait a minute," said Harmony, who never loses his presence of mind in a crisis. "You spent our hotel and steamboat money on greyhounds and iron rabbits?"

"I spent what I had," said Omar. "You have to snap up a bargain when opportunity beckons. Think of the sensation in America when we arrive with the first pure-white water buffaloes that have ever landed!"

"I'll think of it," said the boss. "And if you have spent the expense money, how are we going to get back?"

Harmony paced to and fro, a bit shaken by the suddenness of our poverty.

"How much money have you left?" I demanded.

"Not much," said Omar. "My idea is that a person should always grab a thing while he can get it. Things work out."

So we sent a cablegram to Joe Stecker, asking if he would kindly send us fresh funds, that we might leave San Marcos. He sent back a short cablegram reading "No."

"We are now fixed perfectly," said Harmony. "The hotel people will put us into the street and in due time the buzzards will get us, all because we have a genius with us who knows a bargain when he sees one."

That very afternoon, Mr. O. Gill, emerging from a fresh inspection of his insane purchase, happened to get himself caught in a tropic rain squall and returned to the Grand National in a town taxicab, one of the very few. We were aware of sudden commotion in the hotel lobby and the sound of Omar's voice raised in angry denunciation. The taxicab man had demanded three dollars, American money. He had transported our litttle pal about six city blocks, short blocks, and Omar was squawking to high heaven. A policeman eventually took a hand and commanded him to pay or spend the evening with him. Omar paid.

"This is plain robbery," said Harmony.

"Of course there is a slight reason for the high charge," Omar said. "Gasoline is eighty cents a gallon in San Marcos."

"What!" Harmony shouted.

"I said gasoline is eighty cents a gallon. No wonder you see very few automobiles."

Harmony rose up from a couch and began pacing the room like the cat in the movies. For the first time since we left America he seemed excited and alive. He seized his hat.

"George, you better come with me," he said.

"Where?"

"I want to talk to Barton Hoff. I want to make sure gasoline is eighty cents a gallon, because if it is, daylight doth appear."

WE HURRIED around the corner to the Chamber of Commerce and found Mr. Hoff asleep on a couch.

"Say," shouted Harmony, entering, "you want to know what's the matter with this town?"

"I do know what's the matter with it," responded Hoff.

"You know the main thing that's wrong?"

"No."

"Gasoline at eighty cents a gallon."

"Sure, but what are you going to do about it? Gasoline now dribbles into this harbor in a thin stream, brought by an occasional tramp steamer. American companies refuse to bother with such small peanuts, and so do the British, the trade being too slight for profit. It's frightfully expensive to get gas into this sweet country, as things now stand."

"Nobody can drive a car with eighty-cent gas, unless he's a rich man."

"I know that. What of it?"

"Listen," said Harmony earnestly, and he then made one of his good speeches. When Harmony is interested, he can talk convincingly and in due time Hoff awakened.

"Are there twenty-five business men in this town who drive motor cars?" our leader asked in conclusion.

"There are."

"Then here's what you do, and don't delay. You get these twenty-five to

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chip into a fund for their own advantage. With that fund, you get Mr. Joe Stecker to load a steamer at San Pedro, California, with gasoline in five- and ten-gallon tins. You can buy gasoline in San Pedro for nine cents a gallon, loaded on the boat. The steamer brings it down here to your dock, and the days of your eighty-cent gasoline are gone forever."

"That isn't a bad idea," said Hoff. "You come back and see me tomorrow. And before you go, I'll shake you for a buck."

"No," said Harmony. "You get out and see these business men. Funny they never thought of it themselves."

THE next morning we returned to the Chamber of Commerce and found half a dozen gentlemen conferring with Barton Hoff. One of them ran the movie theaters in San Marcos. They were talking rather animatedly as we entered, but hushed up and faded from the scene.

"How's it working out?" we asked.

"Splendid," said Hoff. "We find we don't need twenty-five men. Twenty will be enough. The fund is already subscribed."

"Then," said Harmony with a smile, "maybe I ought to cable Mr. Stecker, telling him to get a steamer ready."

"That will be taken care of," said Hoff. "I shall attend to it myself."

"Fair enough, but don't forget us. We come into this little deal, Mr. Hoff. The Twin Star Company will presently owe us a commission and so will the oil company at San Pedro."

"If I were you, I shouldn't worry, Mr. Childs. Just leave everything to me. Before I go down the street, I have just time to shake you for a dollar."

Harmony shook, lost, and we left, and that was the day that marked a sudden and violent transition in the affairs of San Marcos. Cables were rushed up north to the Twin Star people and other cables carried orders to San Pedro, where the White Oak Oil Company has its tanks, hundreds of them, scattered about like the pimples on a yokel.

In the meantime, we loafed about San Marcos, enjoying its simple beauties and feeling like people who had done the community a good turn and who had money coming. Our hotel bill expanded and Mr. Hoff graciously assured the landlord it would be paid in due time. We had no cash on hand and we continued to have no cash on hand. True, Omar owned his iron rabbit, his greyhounds and his castor oil, but they were neither eatable nor salable.

In the far-away North, Mr. Stecker of the Twin Star Line loaded up a steamer, the Anaconda Prince, with gasoline in tins, fives and tens, the first shipment of its kind ever made to San Marcos, and in the course of time, the Anaconda Prince poked her nose between the jagged rocks of the entrance and oozed along up the bay to the dock.

Eager hands began unloading, and that was the day gasoline first sold in San Marcos for thirty cents a gallon, a reasonable and sane price. Customers could purchase all they desired and the filling stations did a rushing business. Old cars came out from behind the barn and coughed their way down the main street, chock-full of motive power, and Harmony Childs beamed with pleasure as he surveyed his handiwork. Omar went around town telling natives that we had done it for them because we liked them. People began riding, even when they had no place to go.

"Kindly cable money," we directed Joe Stecker, and in answer thereto we received a message reading, "What for?" Harmony hurried around to interview Barton Hoff.

"Where is our share of the loot?" he asked politely. "Where is our commission? Did or did we not put over this important bit of business?"

Mr. Hoff smiled and merely urged us to remain calm.

"Just be calm," he said genially. "Don't do anything at all; you'll get somebody sore. You will be taken care of, but it will do you no good to go yelling around, as you do not understand business methods."

We waited. Days passed. Weeks passed. A startling transformation was taking place before our eyes and that which had been dead came hurriedly to life. A nation cast aside its

(Continued on page 56)

"Just come to think of it—can you cook?"

Since we all want to star on our own little stage . . .

let's learn about Welch's from her

LENORE ULRIC

Star of Pagan Lady

the unforgettable "Tiger Rose" and "Lulu Belle"... a joyous, burning flame of life! How does she keep the fires renewed? She replaces energy with food and, mindful of her lithe figure, she drinks plenty of Welch's. Welch's is quick energy. Welch's is non-fattening. Welch's is health and pep. But more than that, Welch's is a treat to the taste. "The tang of Welch's is inimitable," declares Miss Ulric. "I find it an especially appetizing breakfast fruit course . . . a wonderfully refreshing drink throughout the day."

"Drink a Bunch of Grapes"

the new JUNIOR size 10¢
wherever refreshments are sold
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All the world's a stage. And we, to play our parts successfully, need more vitality than most of us have. That's why we need more Welch's, the vitalizing juice of luscious Concord grapes.

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☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Orange
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Name _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)
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City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from page 55)

rigor mortis and sprang into being. New filling stations were built, with signs reading "Gas—Thirty Cents" and the populace went wild. Up in America, Mr. Stecker loaded another Prince ship with another cargo of the powerful fluid that makes business hum, and three large yellow motor busses came in on a steamer from England.

Business responded immediately and a New York group of financiers started a new hotel. Motor manufacturers in America, who never could sell cars to San Marcos, established branches and Barton Hoff landed four new jobs, all profitable. Steamship lines that had avoided the country took notice and strange steamers came snooping into port, all carrying cash-laden tourists.

"Yes," said Harmony, looking at the amazing sight. "And nobody has slipped us as much as a thin dime. Even Hoff is getting distant and chill. We have been as honest men for the first time in six years. We haven't cheated a soul, have we?"

"Not a living human," I agreed. "We have done good to everyone."

"And we started this country on the road to success," added Harmony. "This place is made. It's a beautiful spot and now the tourists know it. The town will be crowded forever more."

WE HAD fresh evidence of that without delay. The gloomy president of San Marcos, Mr. Immanuel Robezo, at first refused to believe the evidence of his eyes. Long accustomed to tranquillity and sweet doing nothing, he looked in amazement at the inflowing crowd of trippers, with their purses in their hands.

He looked at the new shops springing up on the main streets and at his people buying motor cars and riding about in joy. It dawned upon his fat mind that San Marcos stood at the threshold of a new era and, convinced of this, he directed his engineers to get busy and straighten out the channel that had caused so much trouble.

"Make a straight, wide channel," he commanded.

"Yes, sir," the engineers said.

"And put a swell lighthouse out there on the rock so that the ships of all nations may enter our glorious harbor."

"You said it, kid," the engineers replied and they began building a lighthouse, the same lighthouse that had kept Stecker awake nights.

"Well, I'll be the brother of a codfish," shouted Harmony Childs, dropping his feet from the table. "They're going to build a lighthouse." The San Marcos Gazette fell from his nerveless fingers and Omar pounced upon it.

The paper contained a drawing of the new channel and an imaginary picture of the lighthouse.

"And it won't cost Joe Stecker a cent," Harmony yelled. "This must be worth thousands and thousands of dollars to him."

Hurrying down to the cable office, we informed Mr. Stecker that the great deed had been finally done and that San Marcos was putting in its own lighthouse. "Cable cash," our message ended. We received an answer in four hours.

"I am informed of the new lighthouse," cabled Joe, "and also that you had nothing whatever to do with it. You have no cash coming."

Harmony read this message aloud to Omar and me in the still of a tropic calm. He read it over three or four times, as though he enjoyed the cruel words.

"And that goes to show you," our chief said, "that a person should always lead an honest life, striving to do good to his fellow man. We gave up our former habits and turned honest, didn't we?"

"We did."

"We got Mr. Stecker a lighthouse for nothing."

"Absolutely," said Omar.

"We created new business for his steamers."

"No doubt about it."

"We made orders for the oil company in San Pedro."

"Quite so."

"And take a peek at the new shops on Main Street, the taxicabs and busses carrying tourists. All this we did, for had we remained away, San Marcos would still be asleep in the sun."

"Why do you relate this to me and Omar?" I inquired. "You suppose we don't know it?"

"I am reciting these items," explained our leader, "because, at the moment, the only ones not sharing in this new prosperity are now in this room. It says in the book if you are honest and energetic, reward shall be yours, but there is something wrong."

He then prowled about our rooms, whistling a faded tune, poking gently into bags and bits of luggage as though in search of something. He wore an air of amiable detachment as he shoved the suitcases aside and unbuckled straps.

Still whistling in a low tone, he finally found what he was seeking amid the débris of our luggage and rose to his feet. It was a small, square, black box, made of metal. He removed the top and then replaced it. He put the little box into his vest pocket, picked up his hat and stood leaning against the door.

"There is a steamer sailing for America this evening at five," he said quietly. "We will be on board the said steamer, hotel bill paid, so you boys may as well spend the time packing up."

"What about money?"

"Money," said Harmony, "is a curious commodity and doesn't care where it goes. We will have money anon."

He sauntered slowly out and down the corridor and was gone the better part of two hours, during which time Omar and I packed, as we long ago learned to depend upon our chief. When he again appeared, his countenance was bathed in a faint grin. He tossed his hat on the bed and began emptying his pockets. Good American spending bills appeared on all sides and the white coverlet of the bed was dotted with tens and twenties. Omar looked puzzled, his mouth wide open.

"Four thousand," said Harmony. "Little over. Took me about one hour to get it."

"From Mr. Hoff?"

"From Mr. Hoff."

"You mean he paid up?" Omar asked in surprise.

"Involuntarily he did. He has been shaking dice this afternoon with one Harmony Childs, who rarely takes his own dice along, but did so on this occasion."

HE REMOVED the little black box from his vest and two dice fell upon the floor. The cubes showed a seven.

"Those babies," said Harmony gently, "will do anything for me, except stand up and sing the national anthem."

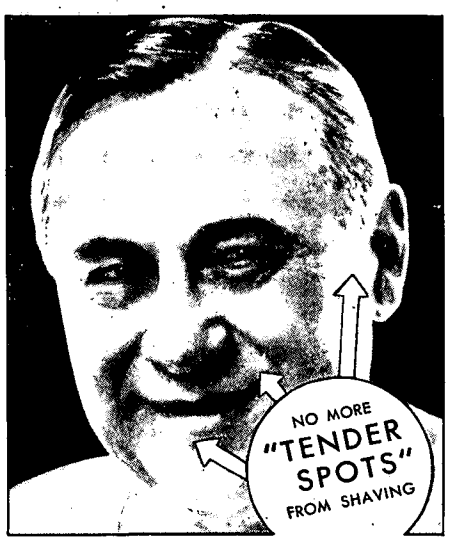
"Well, won't I be dad-burned?" exclaimed Omar. "However, four thousand doesn't pay us."

"It gets us home," said our leader.

One hour later, we moved aboard an Italian liner bound for New Orleans, and as Omar Gill trudged up the gangplank, passengers observed he was carrying a large and heavy box.

"What's that?" I asked.

"This is my iron rabbit," said Omar. "I carry it along for luck. Where would we be without our luck?"



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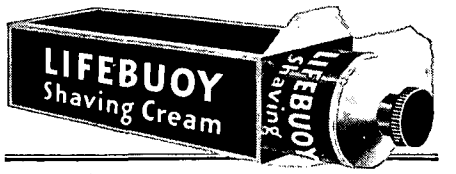
Lather up with Lifebuoy—shave as you usually do. Tender spots will feel the difference at once. The razor skims over them light as a feather—shaves them clean. Even the toughest stubble comes off clean—no pulling—no razor rash—no sting or burn, *while* shaving or *after*. The reason? Lifebuoy lather *soothes, shields, lubricates*. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy today. Or send for a free trial tube—to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. E-6, Cambridge, Mass.



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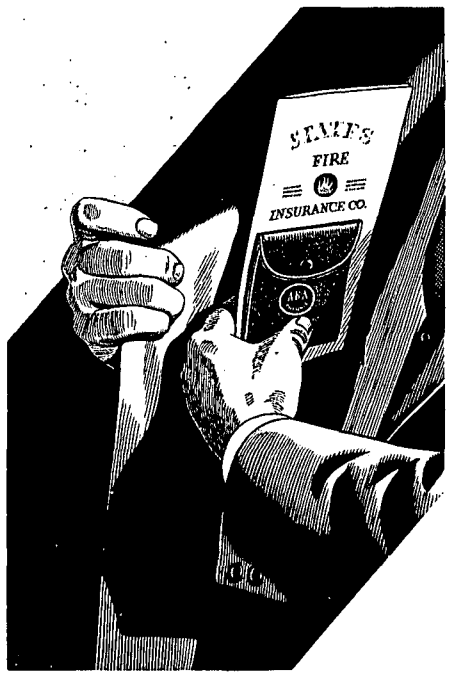
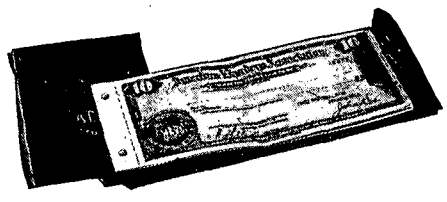


MONEY THAT FIRE COULDN'T DESTROY

A fire . . . swift . . . destructive . . . everything in ashes. The insurance covered all loss . . . except one hundred and thirty dollars that had been burned. *But this, too, was recovered, for it was in A. B. A. Cheques.*

Kept in the house for convenience or carried with you when traveling, A. B. A. Cheques are positive insurance against the loss of your money by fire, theft or destruction in any form.

A. B. A. Cheques are safer than cash, and readily spendable. Get them at your own bank . . . use them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

"No, my dear, I won't be home for dinner. I'm right in the middle of a big deal. Yes, important contract!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. K-9-7-5	
	H. Q-10-8-4	
	D. A-9-2	
	C. 3-2	
West		*East*
S. A-Q-J-8-2		S. 10-6-4-3
H. K-J-7		H. A-9-5-2
D. 8		D. 7-6-5-4
C. 10-6-5-4		C. Q
	South (Dealer)	
	S. None	
	H. 6-3	
	D. K-Q-J-10-3	
	C. A-K-J-9-8-7	

IN THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, South opened with the artificial two-Club bid, which indicated that he wished North to make a choice between two declarations that South would name. West felt strong enough to overcall with two Spades. North, having an Ace and a King (also a Queen), the Spades stopped, and a No Trump type of hand if—as was most probable—one of South's suits was Clubs, called two No Trumps. East, anxious to get the bidding to so high a point that South would not be able to name his two suits, bid three Spades and South showed both his suits by bidding four Diamonds, thus giving his partner a choice between that suit and Clubs, because the higher-valued of two suits is always named first.

West passed the four-Diamond bid, and North indicated his preference for Diamonds and reached a game-bid simultaneously by calling five Diamonds.

In Auction Bridge the bidding would be: South one Diamond, West one Spade, North one No Trump, East pass; South two Clubs, West pass, North two No Trumps, East pass; South three Clubs, West pass, and North three Diamonds.

In the play at Contract, West's Spade having been raised by East, the Ace of Spades seemed to be West's soundest opening lead. Neither minor could be considered; and the opening from King-Jack and one small Heart looked anything but advantageous (although, as a matter of fact, it almost certainly would have saved game). The Spade lead proved unfortunate as South was able to trump the first round; with Ace-Nine-Deuce of trumps in dummy, Declarer ruffed with one of South's honors, thus leaving dummy two entries.

To trick 2 South led the Ace of Clubs; and when East dropped the Queen Declarer considered it was a singleton and that West originally had four Clubs headed by the Ten. Therefore South's Clubs would not run unless North could ruff one, and it would not do to lead a Club honor at this point and permit East to ruff.

So to trick 3 South led the Trey of trumps, winning in dummy with the Nine; and to trick 4 dummy led the King of Spades on which South discarded a losing Heart, thereby limiting his Heart losers to one. Dummy next led a Club, which looked like a slip in view of East's presumable ability to ruff; but really it was an insurance play against East's having four trumps. If East had no more Clubs, it was very possible—perhaps even probable—that the adverse trumps division had been East four, West one, as West's Spade bid indicated length in that suit. Therefore a Club lead from North must be effective whether East ruffed or not. If East followed suit, Declarer would draw the trumps and run his Clubs; if East discarded, South would win, lead a small Club, ruffing with Dummy's Ace, and then draw the trumps; if East ruffed North's Club lead, his trumps would be reduced by one and West's Club Ten would be left unguarded.

It worked just that way. East ruffed and led the Ace and another Heart; but with East's trumps reduced, South could ruff the second Heart and still draw the two remaining adverse trumps. By winning the last trump trick in closed hand, Declarer made his five-odd without difficulty.

If West and East had started by taking in two Heart tricks, Declarer's game-going aspirations probably would have been checkmated; but selecting King-Jack and one small as the suit to open here would only have been justified by second sight or a "high-chair."

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-K-9-6-5-4	S. 10-7
H. 7-4	H. A-9-8-3
D. 6	D. 10-8-7-5-4
C. 10-8-7-3	C. Q-4
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. Q-J	S. 8-3-2
H. Q-J-10-6-5-2	H. K
D. J	D. A-K-Q-9-3-2
C. A-K-J-9	C. 6-5-2

Gastrogen *stops* Indigestion *and stops it quickly!*

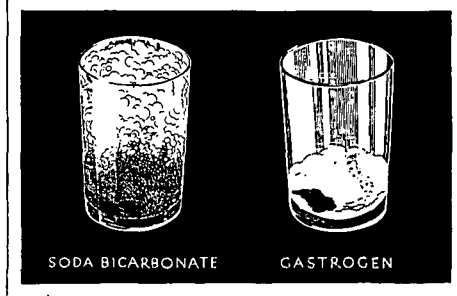
DON'T be bothered with loginess and discomfort after meals. Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets at the first sign of after-eating heaviness. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion will be quickly and quietly relieved.

Gastrogen restores internal comfort with none of the embarrassing hiccups or gas that follow the use of bicarbonate of soda. For, unlike "bi-carb", *it contains only insoluble* antacids, hence can't retard digestion or alkalize the stomach.

Gastrogen is as quick in effect as it's harmless. Its spicy, aromatic taste will delight. Stop at your druggist. Get a tin of 15 tablets for 20¢ or a bottle of 60 for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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73 West Street, New York City
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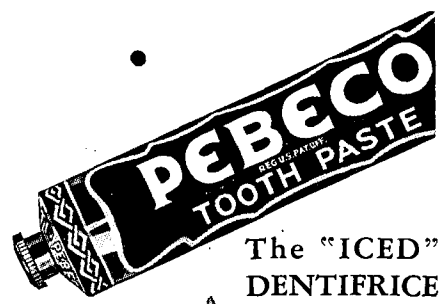

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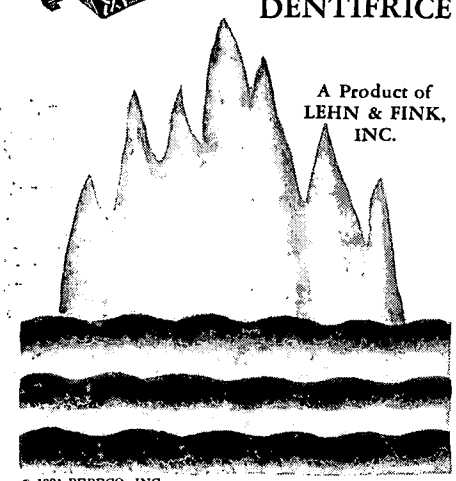

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Protection

Continued from page 21

said the night man, grinning; but Harworth paid no attention to him.

Sandy spun the big car around in the middle of the garage and Harworth shouted the address at him as he leaped in.

It was a cold night. A strong, chill wind was blowing in from the lake and it was snowing sparsely, the flakes melting as they struck the pavement.

When the limousine drew up at the curb outside the apartment building, Harworth leaped out and said:

"Wait!"

Sandy nodded and, switching on the light above him, took a detective-story magazine out of his pocket.

LOUISE let Harworth in. Her face was pale and drawn and her eyes were red from crying.

"Where is he?" Harworth asked.

Louise pointed, then covered her face with her handkerchief and began to sob.

"Never mind now," said Harworth, "we'll get everything fixed up O. K."

"I didn't know who else to call," said Louise. "One time you said. . . ."

"Sure, sure," said Harworth, simulating a confidence he was far from feeling. "I'm glad you called me."

He patted Louise on the shoulder and then turned and went into her bedroom. Burne was lying stretched out across the bed. His face was chalk-white and he was groaning. He had his coat and vest off and his right shirt sleeve was ripped from wrist to shoulder. Louise had tried to bandage his arm with a face-towel which was soaked with blood.

Louise came in behind Harworth and said:

"It's terrible. He's lost so much blood."

"What about a doctor?"

There was a short silence, then Burne moved his head slowly and looked at Harworth.

"We couldn't call one. Can't you get me out of this mess?"

Harworth turned to look at Louise. He thought she was going to faint.

"You see," said Burne, "it'd be an awful scandal. It'd get in the papers." Then, groaning, he burst out: "For God's sake, Harworth, can't you do something?"

Harworth took in the situation.

"Yes, I'll have you fixed up in no time. Phone in the hall?"

"Yes," said Louise.

"We don't want a doctor," said Burne.

"Leave it to me," said Harworth.

He went out and called Molina.

While he was gone Louise said:

"Don't worry, Arthur: he'll get everything straightened out."

"And I never was even decent to him."

"Never mind," said Louise. Then: "Does your arm still hurt?"

"It hurts like the devil."

Harworth came back and said:

"Everything's O. K. I've got a doctor who'll take care of this for you and not make any report. Do you think you can get an overcoat on over that arm so you can go in my car?"

"I'll try," said Burne, sitting up slowly and gritting his teeth to keep from crying.

Louise ran and got his overcoat and together they got him into it. Once he had to lie back and rest for a moment as the room swam before his eyes. Harworth put Burne's hat on him, then he said:

"Now we'll take it easy. You'll make it all right. If anybody sees you they'll think you're drunk."

"Especially if they know me," said Burne, with a sickly smile.

Harworth turned to look at Louise; her face was so white that he was scared.

"Are you all right?" he demanded.

She cried out suddenly:

"The maid. She heard it. Do you suppose . . . I forgot all about her."

"Where is she?" asked Harworth.

"In the kitchen, I think," said Louise, "if she hasn't gone for the police."

Harworth left the room. Burne lay back with a groan and Louise sat down beside him and tried to soothe him. Harworth found the maid sitting in the kitchen. As soon as he came in she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I didn't have nothing to do with it, Boss. She shot him. Miss Joyce shot him. I seen her with the gun in her hand."

She was confused and terrified, and thought that Harworth was a detective.

"You didn't see anything," said Harworth, harshly, "you don't know anything at all. If this gets out I'll know where it came from, so don't open your mouth."

The maid put her hands over her face and began to sob.

"I don't know nothing. I didn't see nothing," she said.

Harworth took a ten-dollar bill from his fold and put it in her hand.

"You stay here till you hear from Miss Joyce. Don't say a word to anybody."

"Yessuh. Nossuh," said the maid, looking at the money.

Harworth scowled at her.

"I'll put you in jail the rest of your life if you ever say a word."

"I won't say nothing. Not me. I'm mum."

When Harworth came in Burne was lying on the bed with his eyes closed. Louise was sitting beside him but got up immediately.

"Let's go," said Harworth.

"He's asleep or something," said Louise.

Harworth saw that she was on the verge of panic.

"Burne!" he called, sharply.

Burne opened his eyes and stared at them vaguely.

"Oh," he said, "I thought we'd gone."

Burne was only half-conscious and, afraid that he would get delirious and be too difficult for Louise and himself to manage, Harworth went down after Sandy.

"Sandy," he said, "this is between us. You don't know a thing."

Sandy nodded, and put up his magazine.

DOCTOR CVENGROS was a tall, dark man of uncertain nationality. He was almost entirely bald and he wore thick-lensed glasses, through which he peered vaguely. There was something furtive about him. Harworth did not like his looks.

Cvengros nodded when Harworth told him he had been recommended by Molina.

"Ja!" said Cvengros. "He caldt!"

"Everything's all right then."

"Ja!"

Harworth and Cvengros carried Burne, who had fainted, into the operating-room. Louise sat down in the waiting-room and tried to look at the pictures in a magazine.

Cvengros gave Harworth a gentle shove.

"You go. Vait. I fix."

But Burne opened his eyes, saw Harworth, and said:

"Everything all right, Harworth? Damn' nice of you, putting yourself out. Keep an eye on Louise, won't you?"

"Sure," said Harworth, "don't you worry."

Burne closed his eyes and began to groan.

Cvengros, who had taken off his glasses, was staring at Harworth.

"Go! Go! Vait outside. I fix."

Harworth went out. Louise was sitting with her head bent, staring at a magazine. Without a word Harworth sat down beside her. She seemed so frail, so helpless! He wanted to put his arm around her, but did not.

In a moment Cvengros came back smiling.

"All right. I fix. No danger."

Then he came over to Louise and held out his hand. She looked up in surprise. He was offering her two capsules.

"You take. I know."

Harworth glanced at him. With a dazed look, Louise took the capsules and Cvengros got her a glass of water.

"You feel better," he said, smiling. "Nerves. I know."

Louise swallowed the capsules and drank the water.

"Now," said Cvengros, "I tell you. I keep him here, three, four days. After that he is well. I fix."

"You're sure he'll be all right?" said Harworth.

"Of course. Good as new."

Cvengros laughed. Louise said:

"I'll go see Arthur."

"No," said Cvengros, "he's asleep." Then he turned and motioned for Harworth to follow him, saying to Louise: "Vait!"

HARWORTH followed him into a little room at the side of the office. Cvengros shut the door.

"You see I take chances. This vill cost one thousand dollars. Now."

Harworth sat down and wrote a check for five hundred and handed it to the doctor, who began to shake his head.

"You get the rest when he's well," said Harworth. "Molina knows me. I'm good for it."

Cvengros shrugged and pocketed the check.

"It's awful, eh? They get jealous. They shoot."

"Say," said Harworth, "you got this all wrong. It was an accident."

"Sure," said Cvengros, winking. "His wife?"

"The less you talk about this, the better."

Cvengros shrugged and opened the door. Harworth went out. Louise was standing, waiting.

"Three, four days," said Cvengros, smiling. "Good as new."

They went out. When the door was shut Louise said:

"What a horrible man!"

"Sure," said Harworth, "but what could we do?"

Louise put her hand on his arm.

"I'd've been crazy if you hadn't come. I didn't know what to do."

She began to cry. Harworth helped her into the limousine.

"Where to?" asked Sandy.

Harworth looked at Louise, who said:

"No place. I want to ride for a while. Do you mind?"

"Of course not," said Harworth.

They rode. It was late now and The Loop was nearly deserted. A cold, strong wind was blowing in from the lake and big snowflakes were dancing down past the street lights. Sandy turned north at Randolph and started

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out Michigan Boulevard. The big skyscrapers stood dark and solitary; the town was quiet under the falling snow. They crossed the bridge beyond Wacker Drive. Below them a freighter was moored; there was a lone light in the cabin, whose roof was covered with snow. When they got beyond the Drake Hotel they felt the force of the wind blowing in from the open lake; it whistled round the windows of the limousine. Ahead of them the snowflakes eddied and whirled in the beams from the headlights.

Louise said:

"I can't thank you enough. What could we have done?"

She seemed calmer now. He felt her presence more strongly. He remembered the night at Robert Joyce's when she had agreed to go to the fights with him; it seemed very long ago. He had nearly given up hope of ever being friendly with her. But now here she was riding with him, depending on him. Funny!

"Glad I could help you," he said.

"It was terrible. Poor Arthur. He seemed too hopeless. I felt so sorry for him."

Harworth said nothing.

"What time is it?" asked Louise.

Harworth looked at his watch.

"Ten after one."

"Is that all? What a long evening!"

She began to shiver.

"Cold?" he inquired.

"Yes, a little. I'd like to go home."

Harworth reached for the speaking tube, but she stopped him.

"No," she said, "I can't go home. I wouldn't sleep a wink. Take me to Helen's. I hate to run in on her at this hour, but she won't mind. Anyway, I've got to tell her about Arthur some time."

Harworth spoke through the tube to Sandy.

THE clerk was sitting behind the desk, nodding over a magazine; but seeing them, he got up immediately.

"Good evening, Mr. Harworth."

"Good evening. Will you call Mrs. Magnussen's apartment, please?"

"Mrs. Magnussen does not wish to be disturbed."

"This is urgent."

"Well, that's the orders I've got. But I guess it's all right."

Louise stood leaning on the desk, looking at Harworth out of the corner of her eye. She liked his assurance; he had a way of doing things. Could he be so awful as she had once imagined? She felt comfortable with him; he was a bulwark against the world. But imagine Helen running after him; it was a regular scandal; everybody was talking about it!

"She'll speak to you," said the clerk.

Harworth picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Frank. What a time of night to come here. I'm sorry I can't see you."

He was ready to reply when he heard a man's voice; he heard it vaguely, but he knew it was coming from Helen's apartment. It said:

"Well, I should hope not!"

Helen said:

"Just a minute, Frank."

He smiled. She had her hand over the transmitter no doubt and was squelching the owner of the voice.

"Hello," she said in a moment. "I couldn't find anything to sit on. Have you anything startling to say?"

"Well," said Harworth, "Louise is down here with me. . . ."

"Louise . . . with you!"

"Yes. She wants to stay with you tonight. She's very nervous. She'll explain everything to you."

"But, Frank!"

He said nothing. Helen hesitated for a long time, then she said:

"Tell her to come up! I'm ready for bed, Frank, or I'd ask you up too."

"Don't bother about me."

The vague masculine voice cut in again faintly; he recognized it and smiled when he heard Helen saying: "Shhh!"

"Send Louise up, Frank."

Harworth hesitated but he couldn't resist the temptation and, before Helen could hang up, he said:

"You might tell Magnussen I'd like to see him. I'd like to have him drop around."

There was a pause. Then Helen said:

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing," said Harworth, hanging up.

THE mystery was explained—now he understood Jo's coolness at Stromberg's; Helen's evasiveness. She and Magnussen had made it up.

"You had quite a conversation," said Louise. "Doesn't she want me?"

"Of course."

He walked with her to the elevator and offered his hand. She took it and pressed it.

"I feel ever so much better," she said. "I thought I was going to faint at the doctor's office. But now since I know Arthur's all right. . . ."

She shrugged and smiled.

Harworth said nothing. He was hurt, though he would scarcely admit it to himself. Helen had lied to him, deliberately lied. He was of no account; just a part-time cavalier, a sort of boudoir mountebank, who helped pass the hours for a willful, fickle woman.

"I thought of you first," said Louise. "I knew I could depend on you."

"Of course," said Harworth. "Good night." He bowed slightly and walked away.

Louise stood looking after him, puzzled. Generally he was so polite, so considerate. What had made him so abrupt of a sudden?

Going up in the elevator she glanced in the mirror and started at the sight of her pale face. She hastily got out her rouge and lipstick. Helen was always so critical!

"I like him," she thought, gazing at her reflection. "I like him a lot."

Helen let her in.

"My dear!" she said, "whatever has happened?"

Magnussen looked into the hallway.

"Hello, Louise," he said, smiling.

"Well," she said.

Helen laughed.

"Are you surprised? Dick wants me to marry him again. What would you do?"

Magnussen said:

"I'm a little tight. Maybe that accounts for it."

"Don't apologize," said Helen. Her face was flushed and she was in a very good humor.

Louise looked at them and said:

"It's about Arthur. Let's sit down. I may as well tell you."

They went into the living-room and sat down. Louise refused a drink. Magnussen asked:

"Are you going to take Harworth up where Helen left off?"

"Hardly!"

Helen looked at her sharply, but said nothing.

"You could do much worse," said Magnussen. "Helen has seldom shown better judgment. In Paris it was a cheap actor."

Louise sat silent, looking at them.

Harworth was very much depressed. Stein was worse and the doctor had been forced to give him a hypodermic to ease his pain. Stein was sleeping now, breathing heavily. Joseph went about

(*Continued on page 60*)

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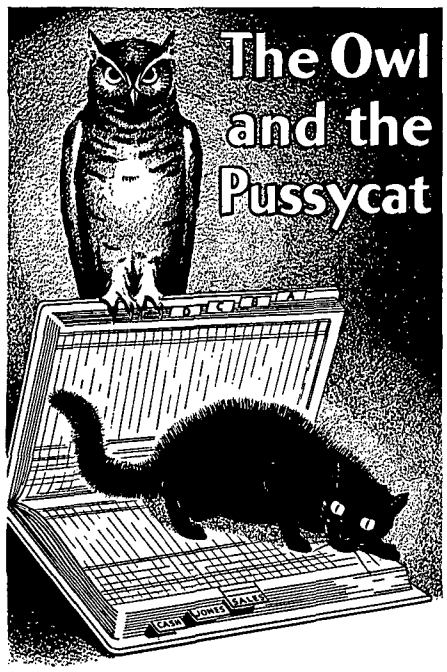

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(Continued from page 59)

on tiptoes, looking very grave. The house was quiet.

Harworth got a book, fixed his reading light, put his feet on an ottoman and tried to relax. He read for half an hour or so, shifting about in his chair, smoking one cigarette after another, and running his hand through his hair. Finally he noticed how still the room was. The silence was heavy; it pressed against his eardrums. In the room beyond the library he heard the big clock ticking the hours away.

He put down his book and sat thinking. His contact with Helen and her circle had modified his conceptions. Now he was more natural, normal. He had discarded the monocle, the unapproachable air, the Prussian bow, much of the gravity; his actions were more spontaneous, his attitude less difficult and artificial. He had begun to accept life as it is, without knowing it.

But neither of these attitudes was reasoned. Harworth had, strictly speaking, no general ideas at all, no philosophy. The meteoric figure, the monocled and correct Francis Cecil Harworth, was pure fiction and sprang from his unadmitted desire "to be a gentleman." The second figure, the natural, somewhat likable, even affable, young man who associated on seemingly equal terms with the "best society" was the result of influence. The essential Frank Keogh was neither of these, though he approached the second more nearly than the first, and Helen's break with him, severing him from her unacknowledged but powerful influence, left him floundering.

Now, since his contact with Helen was at an end, he admitted to himself that he had never really been "one of them." They invited him to call on them, yes. They were seen with him in public places and treated him with civility, but as far as actual society was concerned he was beyond the pale. Often, with a sinking feeling, he had read in the society columns that Mrs. Helen Magnussen, Mr. Robert Joyce, Mr. Arthur Burne, and Miss Louise Joyce had been present at a party Mr. So-and-So had given at his Lake Forest home. Or they were present at a luncheon at the Drake given by Miss Blank. None of them ever referred to these in his hearing.

HARWORTH was aware that his success with these people, such as it was, was due to one of Helen's many whims. He was "different" from the men she knew, perhaps even a little "dangerous," and this interested and amused her. They had had a pretty good time together, but now it was over. Of course if he had wanted to he could have caused her quite a lot of unpleasantness. But he had too much pride for that. He had caught her lying to him; she had broken an engagement. That settled it.

He had never cared particularly for Helen beyond the fact that she was a good-looking, well-dressed, and willing woman. In dropping her, he was doing himself no violence as far as affection was concerned; but that was the least of it. In reality he was cutting himself off from a class of people whose position he had aspired to all his life. He was thrown back on his own resources.

Now, since his break with Helen, he had no refuge at all. Lily was making herself obnoxious and threatening to sue him for breach of promise. Stein was lying in his bedroom, just beyond, his strength gone, his faculties beginning to fail, a weak old man.

He was alone.

He sat looking down at the carpet, the book dangling from his hand. The house was profoundly still and in the silence he heard again the big clock in the room beyond the library ticking off the hours.

In a flash there came to him a realization of the impermanence of things. Ordinarily he moved in a solid world, a world with definite outlines, but now, due to the stillness and his depression, he sensed the fluidity of life, the mystery of living. Why, he was no more than a ridiculous mite, puffing himself up against eternity; a microscopic, posturing figure in a hostile, confused and ceaselessly changing universe.

He felt slightly dizzy and sat for a long time without moving, awed by his thoughts.

CANOVI took off his cap, lit a cigarette, then handed Harworth a paper.

"On the second page," he said grinning.

Harworth turned to the second page and read an account of the robbery of Lily Devereaux's apartment. It was headed: Dancer's Apartment Looted.

"Well?"

Canovi put down his cigarette, took a big wallet from an inside pocket and tossed it to Harworth, who went through it, finding the letters.

"Good," he said; then: "What else did you take?"

"I took about fifty bucks in dough, just to make it look good."

Harworth nodded, read the letters over, flushing slightly, then he burned each one carefully and threw the ashes in the wastebasket.

"Well," said Canovi, "that's that."

Harworth nodded and, getting up, went to the wall-safe, counted out five hundred dollars and gave it to Canovi, who said:

"It's all here, Boss. The fifty's velvet, eh?"

"Yeah."

"Much obliged."

Harworth said nothing. Canovi was repulsive to him and he could scarcely look at him.

"Well," said Canovi, "all set for the election? It's going to be a dandy. A peach. Oh, boy!"

Harworth said nothing.

"Yeah," said Canovi. "Joe's tired of getting the run-around. Just wait. We'll own the town pretty soon."

"If you're lucky."

Canovi cocked his head on one side. "Don't say 'you,' Boss. Say 'we.' You're in heavy with Joe Molina; don't forget that. What a break!"

There was a long silence. Harworth was fidgety, but Canovi sat contentedly smoking. Finally he said:

"Boss, know anything about a guy named Campi?"

Harworth looked up.

"Yes. He's Lily's dancing partner."

"He's thick with her, ain't he?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Well, he is, all right. And you can bet your shirt he's in with her on this letter business."

"Probably."

"All right. He's got a cousin working for Monahan. It's a tip, Boss. Monahan's had his eyes on you ever since you peddled them restaurants to Joe. Watch your step, that's all. Just watch your step. Monahan wanted them restaurants himself, and may do you dirt."

There was a short silence and the phone rang. Harworth answered it. It was a man; he refused to give his name. Harworth told him he would not talk to him, but the man said: "Wait! Wait! Have you seen the papers?"

"Yes," said Harworth.

"All right. We know who stole them letters and we're figuring on getting him."

Harworth glanced at Canovi.

"Here's how it is," said the man; "mail them letters back and no questions asked. If you don't, kiss a certain wop good-by. That's all."

(To be continued next week)

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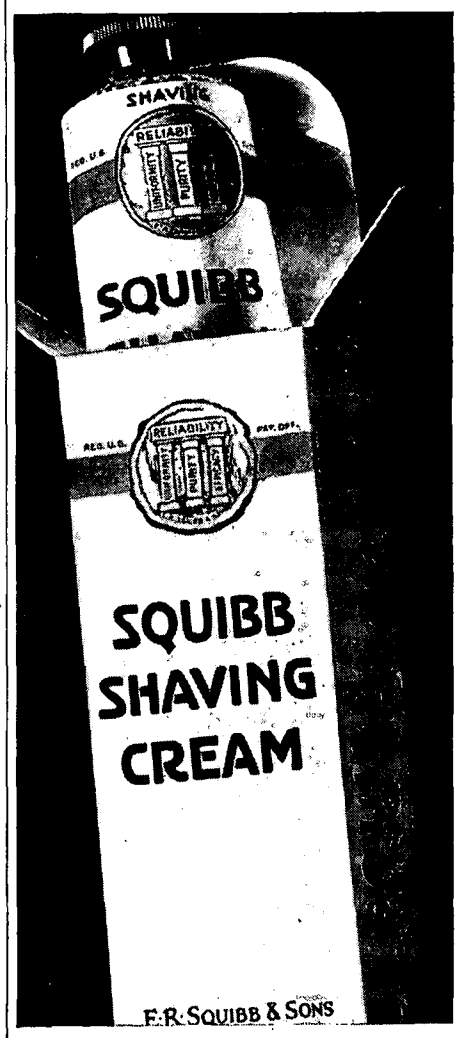

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 24

Cordova found sleep difficult to achieve. Up to now the placidity of his life had never been disturbed by anything more serious than a topped drive, or an underdone chop at his favorite restaurant. There had been sorrows, naturally. His father's death five years ago—his mother had died in his infancy—had been a tragedy, of course. But youth has been supplied by nature with an instinctive understanding that parents are not here forever, and it realizes that today's grief will give way to tomorrow's gentle melancholy, and that this latter will give way to pleasant recollections.

BUT there had been in his life nothing of the worry that less fortunate young men encounter. His health had always been perfect. He had a normal gregariousness, and there were no houses or clubs barred to Richard Cordova. He knew all the resorts at home and abroad and had friends in all of them. All in all, he was a fairly happy young man.

Women liked him, and he liked them. He had had schoolboy infatuations, but no serious love affair. He had intended to marry some day, and until that time should come he would avoid unpleasant and cheap entanglements. No saint, but no rounder.

And now he knew that he intended to marry Del Carmichael. That is, if she would have him. It was this thought that contributed to his restlessness. Looking from his window out upon the now dark and menacing waters of the lake, his mind refused to concentrate. One second he reviewed his amazing conversation with Carmichael and the other two members of his triumvirate, and the next he saw the blue shadow at the base of Del Carmichael's throat, saw the ash-blond hair, the graceful figure.

Ambition and love. The two things had entered his life almost simultaneously, but the latter was the more important. Yet, because he had inherited cool British sagacity and canny Yankee shrewdness, as well as a trace of warm Spanish blood, he tried to forget Del's charm and beauty while he estimated other qualities.

She was the niece of Daniel Carmichael. Well, that should be sufficient to establish her eligibility to be the wife of Richard Cordova. But—and he jeered at himself—there was also the not-too-remote possibility that the thing that had stirred his pulses had not effected Del Carmichael likewise. For all Cordova knew to the contrary, the girl was engaged to another man. Or, even if she were fancy-free, she might remain so as far as he was concerned.

But that, of course, was one of the hazards of love, and must be faced. But if blind adoration would help his cause, then she would have it. It would be great to be inducted into the mayoralty on one's return from a honeymoon! The mayoralty? Who could tell to what higher place that office might lead?

And his mind came back to the offer made and accepted. What a strange man Carmichael was! A tremendous financier and a great politician. What mattered certain crudities in the assembling of his art treasures? What mattered a *nouveau riche* formality in his way of living? What mattered any incongruity? After all, the man had achieved tremendously, was a power in the nation's affairs.

Upon this estimate of his host, Cordova finally fell asleep. . . .

He awakened, conscious of a bright June sun pouring into the room. From where he lay he could see the pine-covered bulk of Mount Warumkeg, with the great gray scars that were cliffs. He lay for a moment, his mind hazily recalling last night's events.

Something thudded on the floor. He looked and saw a pebble roll along the rug and come to a stop at the far wall. There were two other pebbles—fairly sizable stones at that—lying on the rug. He leaped out of bed and, pajama-clad, approached the opened window.

On the lawn below, slim and boyish in as scanty a bathing suit as Cordova had ever seen, stood Deborah Carmichael.

"Sleepyhead," she jeered. "I said 'seven,' and it's quarter past. Did the pebble hit you?"

"If it had," he replied, "I'd have gone into a deep sleep."

"No danger," she said. "Not really. I've hit squirrels with stones. Are you coming? Just slip into a bathrobe. There are lots of suits in the boathouse."

Cordova didn't know whether to laugh or be annoyed. After all, it was sweet of her to want him to swim with her. Further, it was difficult to be annoyed with anyone on a morning like this.

"With you right away," he called.

A minute later he was shuffling across a dewy lawn in his bedroom slippers. Deborah was waiting for him at the dock. She led him into the boathouse, and pointed out a dressing-room.

"I put three suits in there," she said. "One of them ought to fit."

The first one did, and she surveyed him approvingly as he joined her on the dock.

"You're huskier than I thought," she commented. "Swim out there?"

"There" was an islet fifty yards from shore. She waited for no reply, but dived neatly into the lake. Cordova followed. The water was too cold to permit the lazy floating that he enjoyed; one must move violently to get warm, and he was puffing as they reached the little island.

DEBORAH curled herself up on a little stretch of sandy beach.

"Well, are you going to be mayor of New York?" she asked.

Cordova stared at her.

"Little girls," he said, "shouldn't listen at doors and then ask questions."

"Young men," she returned placidly, "shouldn't consider twenty-eight an advanced age. And if they were fifty-eight they shouldn't be rude."

"Apology offered," said Cordova.

"Apology accepted," said the girl. "With reservations."

"Such as?" he asked.

"They aren't important," she evaded. "And you haven't answered my question."

"How can I?" he protested. "There are several hundred thousand voters to be considered."

"Huh," scoffed the girl. "Uncle Dan has them where he wants them. Yes, you're going to be mayor, I guess."

"You sound as though you didn't like the idea," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders, and glistening drops of water fell to the white sand.

"I didn't mean to sound that way. I think it's swell. You can greet Channel swimmers and golf champions, can't you?"

"I don't believe you think it's swell at all," he said.

(Continued on page 62)

When you are tired

will pep you up.

It's an aid to good health.

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KEEP COOL buy a VICTOR BREEZE SPREADER

The NO-DRAFT Fan

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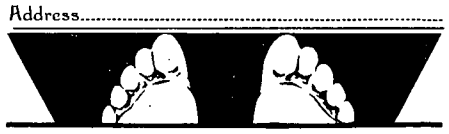

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Street.....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

(Continued from page 61)

"Oh, but I do," she said. "Only—whose mayor will you be?"

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Exactly what I asked. Will you be your own mayor or Uncle Dan's mayor?"

"Wouldn't you want me to be Mr. Carmichael's mayor?" he asked.

"Now, please don't talk to me as though I wore rompers," she said. "I'm eighteen—girls eighteen are frequently as old, mentally, as men of twenty-eight. Ever hear that?"

"It seems to me I heard a woman say so once," retorted Cordova.

She smiled impishly.

"Always believe what women tell you," she said. "Well, whose mayor are you going to be?"

"The people's," he replied.

She looked at him, gravely.

"You know," she said, "I think you mean that."

"I know I do," he told her.

"I LIKE that. Yes, I do. You know, when Del and I left you last night, I was thinking of that scene in the Bible—you know where He was taken up on the mountain top and shown the kingdoms of the world—"

"Now that," he interrupted, "seems pretty sacrilegious to me."

"No, it isn't," she said. "I mean, it's the only parallel I could think of, and—"

"Do you think you're quite fair to your uncle?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, I might have known you'd not get what I was driving at," she almost moaned. "I—I guess I am young, after all. I don't seem able to put things the way I want to put them. Uncle is—well, he's swell. No one could be finer than Uncle. But—he has his own way—*always*. Sometimes he licks a man and sometimes he buys him—but he's always top dog. And I—somehow I didn't want you to let anyone be top dog around you."

"Nobody is," said Cordova grimly.

"I'm glad," she said. "Don't think I'm not for Uncle. I think he's wonderful. Only—oh, I've listened to politics since I can remember. I knew why Uncle sent for you. I didn't have to listen behind any door, Mr. Cordova."

"I thought my apology had been accepted," he smiled.

"All right. But sometimes people apologize when they think they're right. Uncle told me why he was sending for you. And that's all right. He has power, and has a right to use his power legitimately. But what's all right for one man to do is sometimes wrong for another man to permit him to do. I mean—Uncle might dictate to a man holding office. His motives might be of the highest. I think they always are. But the other man is the officeholder; he ought not to let *anyone* dictate to him. He should do only what *he* thinks is right. Do you understand now?"

"I understand," said Cordova, "that you are paying me the very high compliment of hoping that I am strong as well as honest."

"That's exactly it," she said. "Only—I didn't mean it as a compliment. I meant it—I don't know exactly how I meant it. It seems to me that this is a very heavy conversation for before breakfast, don't you think?"

"I apologize again; it's completely my fault—"

"Now, you're making fun of me. But I guess I deserve it. There's Del."

She didn't need to point out to Cordova the radiant figure that was crossing the lawn. He rose to his feet and started for the water. The young girl with him grimaced slightly, then shrugged as imperceptibly. She stood ankle deep beside him.

"I don't suppose I'd have said—what I've been saying to you—to anyone else, Mr. Cordova," she said. "You're sure—*positive*—that you haven't misunderstood me?"

"I only know that you've shown a very flattering interest," he said.

"Then I'll hand you over to Del, now," she said.

Cordova, plunging into the chilly waters again, wondered what the deuce she meant by that last remark. A strange little imp. Old beyond her years, and honest beyond words to express. And she wasn't warning him against her uncle. Strangely, that wasn't in her mind at all, he didn't think. Then, because Del Carmichael stood on the dock, he forgot her younger cousin.

"Brrr," Del shivered prettily. "I don't see how you can do it. I don't believe you wanted to. I think Deborah made you."

"Guess I'm guilty," laughed Deborah. "I threw stones at him as he lay in bed—"

The older girl laughed.

"She thinks you're seventeen, Mr. Cordova. We're breakfasting on the veranda. If you don't want to change—"

"I think I'd better," he interposed. "This wet bathing suit—but I'll hurry."

"Do," she smiled. And the warmth of that smile dissipated the chill of his wet swimming-suit.

In his bath, drying himself, he swore softly at the absent Webbing for not having ignored his master's orders to pack nothing save linen and dinner things. Webbing should have known—if his master didn't—that flannels would be required. He spent an extra minute slicking down his black hair, and never had he shaved so carefully.

He found the whole household—so much of it, at any rate, as he had met—on the veranda. The fragrant odors of bacon, of pancakes, of coffee, were grateful to an appetite made keen by the morning swim. The senator greeted him cordially. Martine was gruffly friendly, and Grenfell was oilily effusive.

"Early riser, eh?" said Carmichael.

"I woke him," said Deborah. "And we had a great talk. I asked him whose mayor he'd be."

Carmichael put down his coffee cup.

"You did, eh? And what did Mr. Cordova say to that?"

Cordova colored as he awaited her reply.

"Well, he said that he wouldn't be your mayor nor his own mayor. He said that he'd be the people's mayor."

Martine nodded heavily.

"I don't guess, Daniel," he said slowly, "that you made any mistake in asking Mr. Cordova down here."

"I don't think I did, Bert," said the senator. "You stick to that, Cordova, and you and I will never have any quarrel."

CORDOVA was contemptuous of himself for the sudden fear that had swept over him. It was all very well to express independence to this chit of a girl, but having it repeated sounded as though he had been guilty of youthful brashness. But he was glad that it had been repeated, now that he saw the older man's reception of his independence. And he was glad for something else: for a moment he had been fearful of losing Carmichael's favor. Thus early in his ambitions he was fearful lest they be not realized. Well, it was good to become aware of one's weaknesses. Already ambition had gained such a clutch upon him that he was ready to temporize. But never again. A weakness discovered is a weakness half-conquered. He would completely conquer it.

"I'm going to try that west cove, Bert," said the senator suddenly. "Want to go along, Cordova?"

"I'm not much of a fisherman," said the young man. "And I must be in New York tomorrow morning."

"Plenty of time. You'll have to leave here right after lunch, though. Well, you won't think I'm rude if I cast a few flies?"

"I'd feel badly if I kept you from your sport," said Cordova.

The party broke up right after breakfast, the three older men departing in canoes for the fishing-ground. Deborah, at the last minute, decided to go with them, and Cordova was left alone with the girl who fascinated him.

"Tennis?" she suggested. "I can find you shoes and flannels, I think."

"Do you want to?" he asked.

"Not particularly. I thought you might wish—"

"I'd rather just—well, just talk to you," he said.

"Will you entertain me?" she asked.

He colored.

"I'll try."

"Begin," she said.

THE three men and Deborah returned almost before Cordova realized it. He had spent the most entrancing morning of his life. Once again it seemed to him that he had done most of the talking, but, even so, she hadn't seemed to mind. And she had sung for him, accompanying herself on an accordion. And they had gone out in a canoe. If he had been entranced with her before, he was obsessed with her when the morning ended.

"I—may I write—just to tell you how things are going on—politically?" he said.

"Of course," she assented. "But you'll come down again soon, won't you?"

"I shall await an invitation," he promised eagerly.

Luncheon, too, was served on the veranda, and at its termination Carmichael announced that a boat was ready to convey his guest to the railroad station.

"I'll be in New York in a week or so," he added, "and until then let matters rock along. We're going to spring you as a surprise, Cordova, and I don't want a hint of what we've discussed to leak out."

"I'll not talk," said Cordova.

He shook hands with his host, with Martine and with Grenfell. He turned to Del Carmichael, pleading in his eyes. But she didn't understand, or chose to ignore the plea. She gave him her hand, hoped to see him soon, and that was all.

"I think," said Deborah, "that I'll take Mr. Cordova to the landing."

"That's too much trouble," protested Cordova.

But she had her way, dismissing the grizzled boatman as they reached the dock. She ran the speed-boat competently and silently. But as they neared the far end of the lake, she glanced over her shoulder at Cordova.

"You wanted Del to sail you over, didn't you?"

"Now, look here," began Cordova.

"That's all right. Del *is* beautiful, isn't she?"

Cordova made no reply, nor did she speak again except, when the boat reached shore, to wish him good-by and to express the polite hope that they would be seeing each other soon again.

But as the little craft shot out into the lake, her white teeth gritted together and she said aloud, "I'll get him."

And at exactly that moment her cousin was smiling at her uncle, and was saying, "I've got him."

(To be continued next week)

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Take a Deep Breath

Continued from page 25

Now, if you're curious as to whether or not you breathe correctly, unbuckle your belt and slip it up a few inches, halfway between waistline and bust line. Exhale and pull your belt in as tight as you can until you're empty as a pricked balloon. Now take a whopper of a breath and see how many notches you can expand. It is here that chest expansion should be measured, instead of under the armpits as your old gym teacher believed.

Don't try to expand by swelling out in front. The old opera singer with her ample breath pouch over her tummy is an illustration of what abdominal breathing alone will do for you. Expansion should come not only in front but across the back and sides. To see how much rear expansion you get, put your hands at the small of your back, thumbs forward, middle fingers touching behind. Give yourself a tight squeeze, exhaling as much as you can. Then inhale and see how far you can force your hands apart. Your ribs are a flexible cage that protects your lungs. As your lungs expand, the bony cage should expand all around.

Don't Be Shallow

One way to learn how to breathe deeply is to get the sensation of packing your breath well in against the back of your ribs.

"Ordinarily breathing should be unconscious," says Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, "but every day deep-breathing exercises should be employed. People who are shut in all day may partly compensate for the evils of indoor living by stepping out of doors and taking a dozen deep breaths whenever the opportunity presents itself."

"Do your heavy breathing in the morning when you first wake up," says Helen Hayes. "Repeat it whenever you feel fatigue or nervousness creeping over you. It will also cure the insomnia that may attack you at night."

All the experts agree that without the help of your diaphragm you can never breathe as you should. The diaphragm is the suction pump that actually draws in the air. There is no more important muscle in your body. The diaphragm is the floor of the chest. It is a dome-shaped muscle, with the dome inverted. As we inhale, the dome drops downward, increasing the chest cavity for the air to rush in. As we exhale, the dome flattens upward, forcing the air out. Without the help of this important muscle you cannot make a sound. You cannot pant, sigh, cough, grunt or clear your throat.

Men as a rule breathe more deeply than women. A man's diaphragm is placed lower than a woman's, which gives his chest more room; and his more active habits of life have made this muscle stronger. Women, with a few glowing exceptions such as athletes, actresses and singers, are shallow breathers. In the hustle and bustle of life in general, they are apt to neglect their diaphragms.

Happily nature taught us how to use the diaphragm. Infants breathe correctly; so do sleeping persons. When we grow up or wake up we allow inhibitions to restrict free diaphragmatic action. A good way to reëducate your diaphragm, once it has gone wrong, is to lie flat on your back, discard the galling cares of the world and let the great muscle work naturally. If you do this until it becomes a habit you will breathe this way on your feet. The always spectacular Jeritza, whose operatic performances usually have a touch of the acrobatic in them, has made it a point from time to time to sing a favorite aria lying on her back. She says she learned to sing in that position.

To be thoroughly aired, we must breathe clean air, which is rarely found in large cities. Fortunately, however, by years of city living most of us have built up an immunity against the filth and dust that obscure the sun.

Your nose, if you will use it, does a lot toward cleansing the air that reaches your lungs. It serves as a filter, which is one of the big arguments against mouth breathing. It also moistens the air and air should be moist to be healthful.

The air in most of our homes and offices during the heating season is drier than the air over the Sahara desert, as has been proved by experiments which measure the relative humidity of air content. We let in cold air, heat it to a temperature of seventy-five degrees and so extract all the moisture from it. This air, seeking its normal amount of moisture, extracts it from the furniture, the draperies, even the paper on the wall. If it dries out inanimate things what does it do to the human body? Your skin becomes dry, your hair brittle and, still worse, the mucous lining of your air passages is forced to give up its moisture. The result is colds and sinus trouble.

Why does the office girl sit and shiver though the thermometer reads eighty degrees? If anyone ventures to open the window she howls about the draft. It's because the hot dry air about her causes such a rapid evaporation of bodily moisture as to produce a sensation of chill. The only remedy for this is to get more moisture into the room. If her office can't install proper air-conditioning apparatus, she can at least set a pan of water on the radiator. It might save her some hot-cold chills.

Indoor air, to be fit to breathe, should be kept in motion. Ideally every office, every room in your home should have cross ventilation. A fireplace helps.

Give Us Air!

Fans will keep air in motion. Lacking all of these, you can help by opening the window from both top and bottom. When you sit in a crowded theater you soon complain that the air has grown stale. What has really happened is that the air immediately in front of your own nose has grown stale. There is probably plenty of good air left in the room but you aren't getting any of it. The trick is to keep it circulating. If no means are provided for this, circulate yourself a little. It will make you feel better.

The only purpose of breathing is to get oxygen into our systems, for without oxygen we should quickly die. Every vital process in the body is dependent on oxygen for its performance. Physicians tell us that the proper oxygen content of air is twenty-one per cent, but life can be sustained if it is only seventeen per cent—and that's about all most of us get. Of course the more oxygen you have, the brighter will be your color, the more pep you will have; the smarter you'll be. This is why the doctor sends you off to the seashore or mountains when you're low. He wants you to drink in more oxygen.

Breathe, breathe, *that is the tonic that everyone suggests.* If you're low in body, sunk in mind, awkward, ugly, rasping—even if you're a little bit crazy, "breathe" is the chorus of advice.

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Twenty-one billion dollars, if you're up on your statistics, is quite a wad of money. Yet it is a very conservative estimate of the amount the men of America spend every year for play.

Of course, you're entitled to your own ideas of what is meant by "play." Some men get a kick out of seeing Jim Londos rassle. Others adore backgammon. And over a million more scale the real heights of delight when they shave each morning with an Enders Razor.

We've peeked through bathroom keyholes and observed some of these men going through the morning shaving ritual. One chubby fellow with a flock of double chins burst into grand opera as he detoured with his Enders around the curves. Another, with a forest of stubble, executed a *pas seul* for sheer joy when the keen Enders blade began to mow down his whiskers. And a peppery old colonel, who really should have known better, cooed like a turtledove as he raced over the facial circuit in 10 seconds flat.

Just in case you don't know it, any good dealer will be glad to exchange an Enders razor and six blades for a lone dollar bill. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

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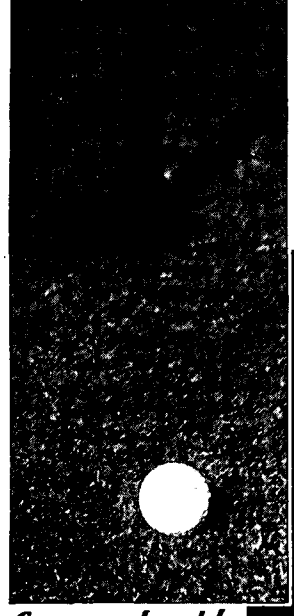

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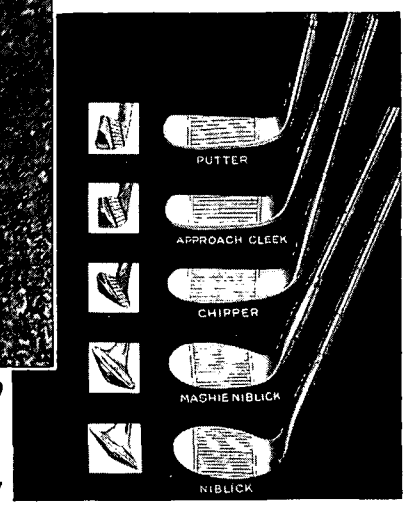

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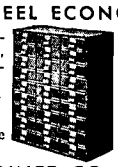

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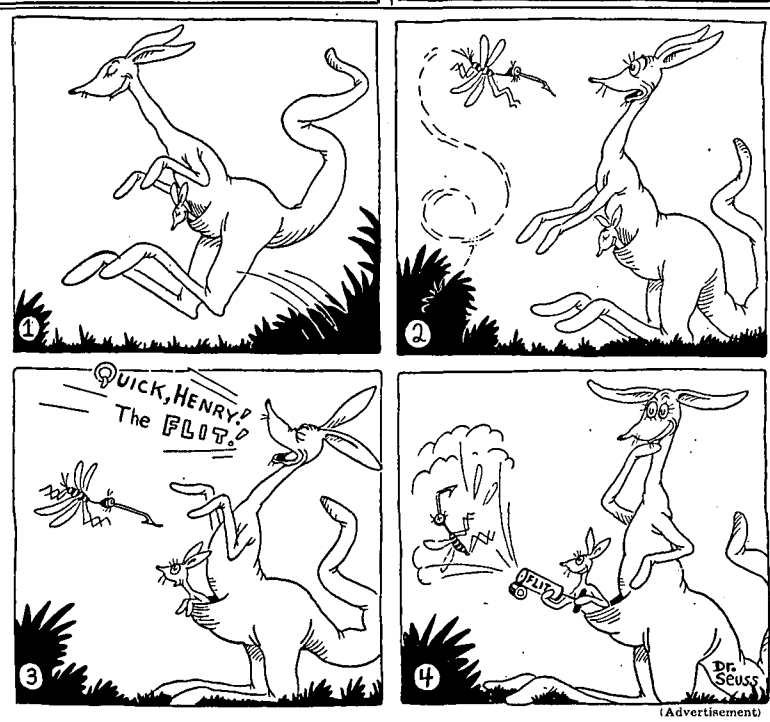


(Advertisement)

George Gits Furnished

Continued from page 26

bank where he borrows money to finance his crop. He borrows plenty, for the colonel hates to squeeze copper pennies when golden millions are flowing his way.

It may be remarked that in arranging this loan the banker of 1931 did exactly what the British spinner did in 1866: asked no questions about how much corn and vegetables or pork the colonel expected to raise. The banker inquires only about cotton, for cotton alone will bring home cash to discharge the debt. Therefore Colonel Rye must plant a big acreage in cotton.

Jake Drops In

Having a reasonable balance to draw on, Colonel Rye signs his first check for a high-powered car—and drives back to Faunsdale Plantation, which contains about six hundred acres of open land, whose cultivation will require forty black tenant families, not one of which can show a red cent.

Much as the colonel detests it, he must do some mighty close figuring. From January through September, 214 black mouths will eat up the money he has just borrowed.

For two weeks after his successful raid at the bank, the colonel kept busier than a bird dog, making arrangements with tenants. Most of the old Faunsdale families wanted to stay; others felt the tingle of itching feet, a proclivity to ramble and change their quarters. So Colonel Rye found himself with seven vacant cabins.

Home-seekers drifted to him from other plantations; one of them, a loose-hung, gangling mulatto named Jake, showed up at Faunsdale and opened his palaver:

"Mornin', Cunnel. I'm seekin' a situation."

"All right. Where'd you work last year? How much cotton did you make? Did you pay out?"

Colonel Rye asked the orthodox questions, while Jake, on his side of their bargaining, betrayed no undue excitement until, "Cunnel," he inquired, "how much furnish does you give out?"

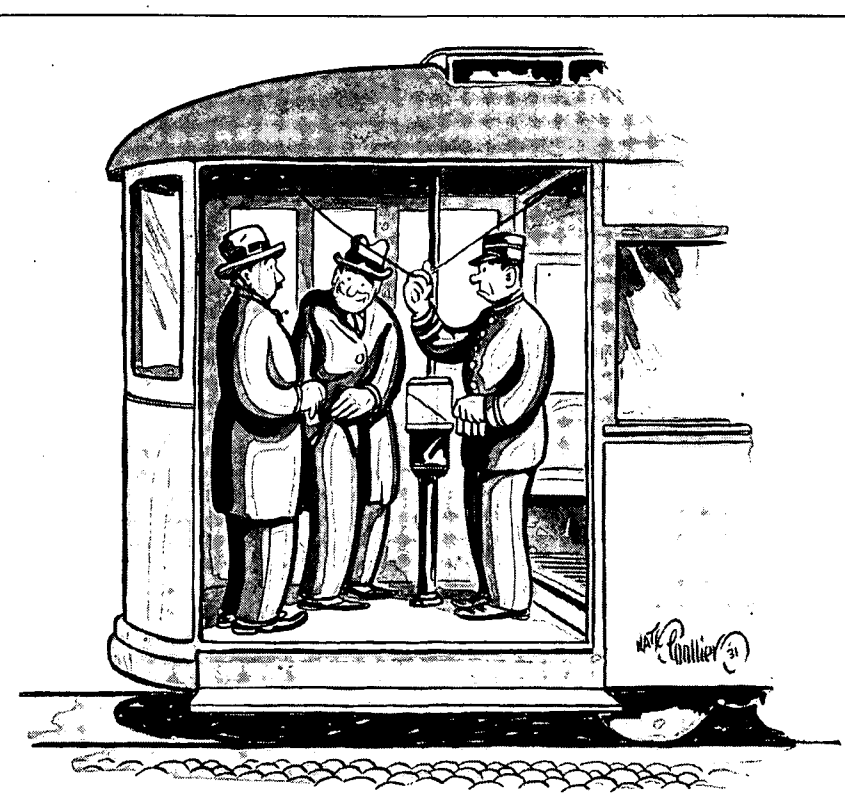
That's the vital point. "Furnish" in Afro-American vocabulary signifies the amount and variety of supplies that his boss will provide on credit.

Every Saturday the plantation commissary issues a standard ration, which cautious planters hold to a minimum, so that they lose as little as possible in bad years. Meat, meal and molasses, that's the formula; but tenants lie awake at nights and study excuses to add a few frills—a bass drum for the band, gasoline for a funeral, a full dress suit, most anything. Jake would buy a second-hand submarine if the boss would let him have one on credit.

At yellow Jake's confab in the colonel's office, landlord and tenant agreed that Jake should get one half of the prospective lint; that one quarter of the lint should cover his rent, and one quarter pay for the use of personal property such as mules, gear, wagons, etc. So the planter and Jake go fifty-fifty. Included in Jake's land rent he gets a cabin, abundant firewood and pasturage for live stock. He may also have assigned to him ample ground, free of rent, to cultivate his kitchen garden. But Jake rarely bothers about a garden.

Land is Too Stationary

Long-staple cotton is the only major crop in the United States that is grown by pauper labor. No matter how much money a delta Negro makes, he has always been and will always be a pauper. Let no reader regard this as a wholesale denunciation of our black friends. The high-class planter never blames Jake for his inevitable limitations. He may cuss him out with half a smile, but well the colonel realizes that if Negro tenants were thrifty and economical, there would be no place in our delta for any white planter, no function for him to perform. The blacks would own the country. They spend more than enough cash for gingersnaps and gasoline to buy the land over and over again. In prosperous seasons, like a baby with a basket of gold, these wastrel children chuck their dollars at the jaybirds without fear of a tomorrow.



"Nix, Fred, you paid for dinner and the theater. This is on me!"

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At the close of 1929, when Washington County marketed the biggest crop in its history, Uncle Nelse on Faunsdale had cleaned up more than five hundred dollars clear profit for himself.

But Nelse didn't consider the possibility of buying land. Land is too stationary, and prosperous Nelse yearned for something that traveled, traveled fast. So early one morning he thrust in his kinky head at Colonel Rye's door, and said, "Cunnel, I 'quires fo' hundred dollars."

"Four hundred? You had over five hundred yesterday. What do you want with more?"

"Ottermobile."

"Buy a car?"

"Sholy, suh. I can't 'tend to my bizness no longer widout a ottermobile. I paid dat white man five hundred dollars, cash, an' 'quires fo' hundred mo' to fetch it home."

Nelse had lived for thirty years on Faunsdale and reared his family, yet when Colonel Rye refused a four-hundred-dollar advance against the uncertainties of next year's crop, Nelse moved his brood to another plantation where he started deep in debt. Instead of having cash to supply himself through a season, he drew rations on credit.

They Don't Crave Much

John M. Parker, former governor of Louisiana, is a New Orleans business man and planter of wide experience, in his own state as well as in Mississippi. For more than a generation the governor has kept careful tab on his tenants, to ascertain the actual number of days that they devote to plowing, planting, chopping out, laying by, picking, ginning and hauling.

According to Governor Parker's figures a cotton crop requires from ninety-five to one hundred and four days' work, less than half the effort expended by the average city laborer, clerk, or professional man. In plain English, an unskilled farm hand expects to spend one hundred days per year providing all the necessities for his family, then drive a car for two hundred and sixty-five days. The amazing thing is that in fair seasons many Negroes do it; but a commercial enterprise could not operate on such a schedule.

This hundred days of labor is not performed all at one time. The cropper works in spurts, with periods of idleness between. So that every small farmer on alluvial land, whether he be white or black, has abundant leisure to raise foodstuffs and live stock without neglecting his cotton. The rich soil of Washington County can grow cheaper hay than Kansas. Hogs run wild and fatten off pecans in the swamps. Green vegetables for the tenant's table would flourish at his door. Nevertheless that tenant eats beans out of a can, milk out of a can, sausage out of a can, bought from the commissary on credit. And he hopes to pay for everything by one hundred days' toil in the cotton patch!

Many practical planters claim that they can buy corn cheaper than they can raise it. Here's the argument: An acre of cotton in a favorable season may gross one hundred dollars. The value of the corn on that same acre would be much less, therefore the planter buys corn and saves money. True on paper, but he can only buy corn out of his *profits*, and that planter is a rare bird who actually takes his profit and lays in corn. No, he uses the cash for some urgent need, and when his mules get hungry he must out-talk a banker for the means to feed them.

Someone has sarcastically described cotton as "a liability that is mortgaged in January, planted in May and left in the field at Christmas," a jocular half-truth, with its grain of fact. Here's how it happens: Any dilettante may grow more lint than he can gather, so planters must import hired pickers to help their tenants, and much staple is sometimes lost from a scarcity of labor.

In low-priced seasons when the Negro has taken up an extravagant "furnish" from the commissary, he realizes that his share of the crop will not cover the debt, and there will be no money left for him. Therefore the discouraged black does not rush his picking. He's going to move anyhow.

But suppose a fecund sun has warmed the earth, and rains have fallen; suppose that a drought has cut down the Texas yield; suppose that women's skirts are lengthened by two feet, demanding additional millions of yards of cloth; and suppose that English mills are bidding for staple. Bullish factors boost the price, so that even George Washington will have plenty of cash.

Black folks do not grasp at all the wealth of Crœsus. They crave only just so much. Many a tenant "sets his mark" at a ramshackle car, fifty dollars, shoes, a saxophone. Therefore, when George has gathered and ginned sufficient lint to pay his "furnish," and gets cash for "his mark," he crams his automobile full of friends and hits the public road. The fields are white with unpicked cotton as the Negroes limp past them in a sputtering flivver.

Nobody felt happier than Colonel Darius Faunsdale in the mellow sunshine of April, 1930. Colonel Rye joked and joshed as he superintended his gangs of jubilee-singing Negroes. With sturdy tractors he plowed his lands very deep, prepared a friable seed bed, and finished planting on May 8th. Prospects were brilliant, the colonel's genial heart expanded, and tenants were not restricted to the pound of flesh that was nominated in their "furnish" bond. Negroes, too, had big ideas and ran up big accounts.

Then the skies opened and nineteen inches of rain fell in twelve days, dissolving his loose earth into a loblolly. Upon that mush there blazed 118 days of scorching sun which baked Washington County into one vast brick. Cotton seeds had little more chance to germinate than if dropped upon the concrete sidewalks of Broadway.

The prolonged drought burned them up. From an average of $80 an acre in 1929, the planters' gross revenue fell below $25 per acre in 1930, a debacle that threw nine thousand farm families flat on their backs.

Reaching the Limit

The Federal Reserve, through its Intermediate Bank and the Long Staple Coöperative Association, is evolving a system of finance, and a reduction of acreage. To curtail production as a remedy for low prices is often preached, but never applied by concerted action. Where one community cuts its acreage in half, hundreds of independent farmers double theirs and think their increase won't be noticed. Then they expect to profit by twice the crop at advanced quotations.

During 1931 delta cotton acreage will be automatically curtailed, to an extent as yet unknown, simply because many planters are unable to finance so much. Furthermore, a banking consensus seems determined to refuse loans unless the farmer limits his cotton, and also limits his expenditures by producing foodstuffs upon which to live at home.

Yet the veterans like Colonel Darius Faunsdale look forward with eyes that are unafraid. They come of that dauntless breed which conquered this imperial domain from the jungles. Colonel Rye is thinking courageously of the future. George, too. But George's thoughts are largely of "furnish."

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Fewer and Better

WHILE the churches continue to debate the right and wrong of birth control, the American public has apparently adopted the practice.

The census figures tell the story. In not one American city having over 50,000 population hitherto reported are enough children being born to maintain even a stationary population. In most of the cities there are only two thirds to three fourths of the number of children required to prevent a decline in the normal population increase.

Taking the country as a whole, the population is still increasing about 1½ per cent a year. Statisticians estimate, however, that within forty years the population will be stationary at something less than 170,000,000. Then, if we have not changed our immigration laws or our habits, there may be a slight decrease.

The importance of this change can hardly be overestimated. It is directly attributable to birth control.

Although some of the churches strenuously oppose this practice and others incline to give it qualified approval, the people, of all creeds and of none, seem to be accepting it.

Their motives are obvious. In the cities, certainly, children are expensive. In the country large families provided necessary labor before farm machinery was so highly developed. Even in the rural regions, however, the usefulness of large families is passing. Consequently the country families are also becoming smaller.

The economic and social pressure which persuades families to limit the number of children is very heavy. It cannot be lightened because the whole tendency of our time is to increase the cost of education and to postpone the age at which children become wage earners.

The average man and woman want to do as well as possible by their children. It is possible to provide for three when six or ten would mean hardships beyond those willingly endured by ambitious people.

So, apparently, the prevailing majority has quietly decided in favor of the small and consciously limited family. Men and women want no more children than they are able to feed, clothe and educate decently.

Women, moreover, with the new ideas of independence, are unwilling to assume the ceaseless drudgery which repeated childbearing involves. Birth control is silently accepted because women think that both they and their children will be benefited.

The census figures indicate that this question is being settled, not by churches or governments, but within the families most directly concerned. Consequently, whatever the churches ultimately decide, or whatever laws governments finally enact, will be after the fact. The decision already is being reported in the vital statistics of the nation.

The consequences of this decision are far-reaching. Dr. O. E. Baker of the Department of Agriculture points to birth control as one of the principal factors affecting the prices of farm products. Dr. Baker thinks that the demand for crops will never be more than twenty-five or thirty per cent greater than it is today.

If, therefore, farmers want to prosper they will have to limit their production to a domestic market which will increase very slowly and then remain stationary.

Another tremendous effect of small families is to increase the average age of the population. General R. E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, talked about this recently from the standpoint of a mail-order merchant.

Older people desire and need and buy different articles from those purchased by a younger population. As General Wood said:

"It means that, as an older people, older in the sense of age average, the demand for goods and the balance of sales will be greatly changed. It means that the infants' wear department will be relatively less important and that golf goods may become more important. I leave to your imagination the more profound effects in economics and politics that this single change in age distribution will bring."

France long ago arrived at this condition and despite its stable population, or if you prefer, because of it, France has been getting along very well. France, however, has among the nations very practical and sophisticated opinions. A middle-aged people inclines to be hard-boiled.

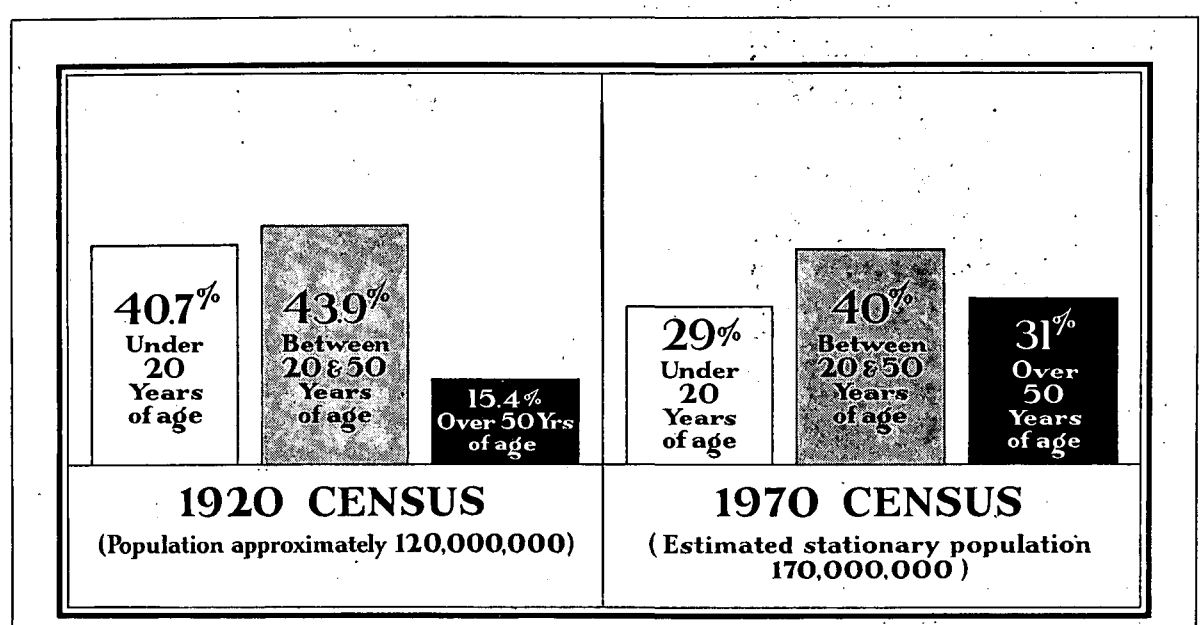
We, too, will adjust ourselves to the new conditions which we are creating.

For one thing, we will have to abandon the silly and cruel prejudice against the employment of older men and women.

Where today the gray hair of forty is a barrier to be overcome in the search for new employment, it will be no such handicap as the surplus of youthful applicants for jobs diminishes.

We are now midstream in a vast change far more important than prohibition, business conditions, or any of the other problems which seem pressing at the moment.

Fewer children are being born. Far more attention is being paid to health. Consequently, death rates also fall. The expectation of life has been greatly extended. The emphasis of our generation has been laid on providing more health, more education and better opportunities for smaller families. This is a new chapter in history.



Drawn from figures compiled by Louis I. Dublin, Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

We are becoming, literally, an older nation; a fact of tremendous economic significance directly traceable to a falling birth rate

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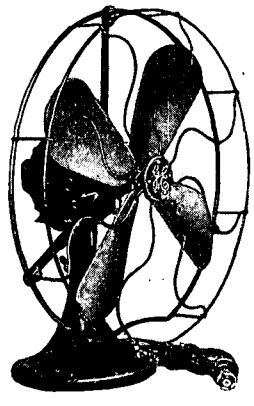

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